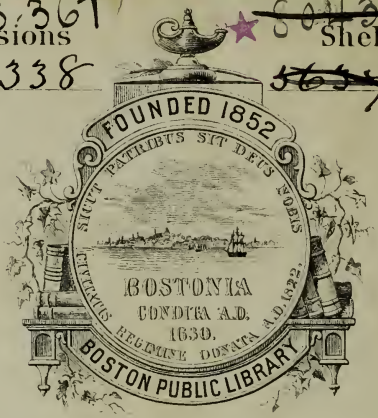
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HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,

FOR

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The Church and the Home.

"In psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."



BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1872.

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PREFACE.

THE leading aim of this work is to aid in congregational singing. It is well known that books on a similar plan have already come into general use in other denominations, and have been found to be of great advantage in increasing the interest of public worship; and a desire for a hymn and tune book expressly adapted to our wants and tastes has been growing more and more urgent, till it seemed a clear case both of duty and interest for the Association to assume the task of meeting it.

The book is not the expression of any hostility to choir music. On the contrary, it has been desired to make it, as far as possible, an acceptable collection of the most approved music for choir use; but with the hope, that it will promote a happy and successful union of choir and congregation, in at least a part of this pleasant portion of religious service.

Even if we had been possessed of a collection of hymns generally recognized as a denominational standard, the nature of this work would have compelled an entire re-arrangement. In the absence of any such generally received collection, it seemed obviously best to make a new one, with more attention to the fitness of words for musical use than is generally given when only hymns are thought of.

With this reference to musical use as the foremost consideration, an endeavor has been made to bring together a collection of hymns

as far as possible representing the very various tastes and tendencies of religious thought among us. No especial effort has been made to gather new material. No theory has been followed as to changes of text. But the aim has been to cull from our already familiar and accepted wealth of sacred poetry that portion which is best adapted for musical use, and to follow that reading which seemed on the whole to be the best in each particular case.

The number of hymns is a medium between the extremes desired by different persons: some considering it an object to reduce the number to five hundred, or even less; others as earnestly approving an extension considerably beyond the number inserted.

In the arrangement of the hymns, the natural order of topics has been followed, as far as the need of grouping similar metres did not compel a departure from it. This was judged preferable to the more usual course of making the order of the hymns wholly subordinate to the musical adaptation.

In respect to a class of hymns addressed to Christ, as to the propriety of which there are considerable differences of opinion among us, the rule followed has been inclusive rather than exclusive: to insert hymns expressive of the highest standard of Christian faith, and ascribing to the Saviour all that is rightfully implied in his mediatorship and his own solemn assertions,—"I and my Father are one;" and "he that honoreth the Son honoreth the Father."

Those portions have been made most full which afford the material for devout enjoyment in all religious services, in preference to extending the number of occasional hymns, which are less often available, and more likely to grow obsolete by the change of the special circumstances that give tone and a transient interest to their thought or sentiment.

Our thanks are due to the authors and publishers for the kind permission given to use selections from Miss H. M. Kimball's volume

of hymns, from Whittier's "Tent on the Beach," and from the "Hymns of the Spirit." Also to the compiler and publishers of "Elim, or Hymns of Holy Refreshment." From members of our own fellowship we have received many courtesies in the permission to use their works, original and selected, to which much of what is most valuable in this collection is due.

In selecting the tunes, no fixed rule has been followed. The old and long familiar have been generally preferred, but not to the exclusion of more recent compositions, when these approved themselves as well adapted for the object of the work. While the aim has been to promote a higher taste, it has not been assumed to be the function of this book to correct bad taste, or to compel the exclusive use of music scientifically correct, but to put into an available form the best selection of tunes actually known and approved among us.

In arranging the tunes, it has been the usual course to place two of similar metre on the pages facing each other, and of such a kind that in some respect one should be the complement of the other; an old tune facing a newer one; a simpler, one more difficult; a quieter, one more lively, &c., so as to allow of more freedom of choice, and to extend the range of tunes available for congregational use.

The chants, with a few exceptions, are intended to supply music for the selections introduced in the Liturgy, leaving it open to choirs to substitute other music of a richer or more difficult order, according to their ability and taste.

A special business arrangement has been made for the use of tunes of which Messrs. Mason Brothers are owners of the copyright; and it is to be understood, that all tunes taken from their publications are used by their permission. A similar arrangement has been made for the use of tunes from the collections published by O. Ditson & Co., with whose kind consent also free resort has

been had to the rich stores of Charles Zeuner's music, of most of which this firm is proprietor and publisher. Acknowledgments are due also to the editors of several of these collections, for their kind assent to such use of their own compositions; and to the proprietors of the "National Church Harmony," for the use of "Woodland," and other tunes from that collection.

A few words may be allowed here respecting the conditions of success in congregational singing. The first is a hearty and devout spirit in the people, rendering them alive to the object of the exercise, and leading to a *general* participation in it. The second, and hardly less indispensable, is practice. Choirs do not expect to sing well without careful practice; why should a congregation? Some regularly organized plan to secure general musical culture, and stated rehearsals, should be a part of the working apparatus of each church. It will conduce much to its success also, if the book is made a familiar companion in the home circle, for which it is well adapted. It is also well to have a number of practised and able singers so grouped in the church, whether as a choir or in a central part of the room, that they may serve as leaders, and give assurance to other and less skilful singers.

Where such efforts are not made, congregational singing is very likely to run out into the lifeless and at last tedious repetition of a very few tunes, which, though they may be the best, become stale and repulsive by such disproportioned and hard usage; so that both the music and the worship suffer wrong. For this reason, it is desirable that the general practice should be to use with each hymn one of the tunes which accompany it, on the same or opposite page, though this is not a necessary result of the plan of the book.

It is devoutly hoped that this work, which has been prepared with great labor and expense, may add to the enjoyment of our Christian worship both at church and at home; may quicken, warm, and

elevate the feelings; and pour into all hearts new tides of joy and gladness in the worship of the all-wise and good Father; or, if so need be, exercise a soothing and comforting influence in the seasons of sorrow. With this hope, it is commended to the blessing of God, whose high praises it is the noblest privilege of man to sound forth.

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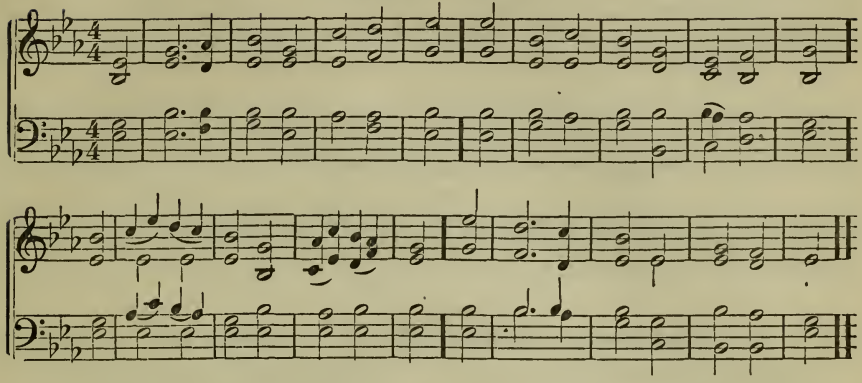
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I. SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

SAMSON. L. M. HANDEL.



1.

Praise to our Creator. Ps. 100. WATTS.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

2.

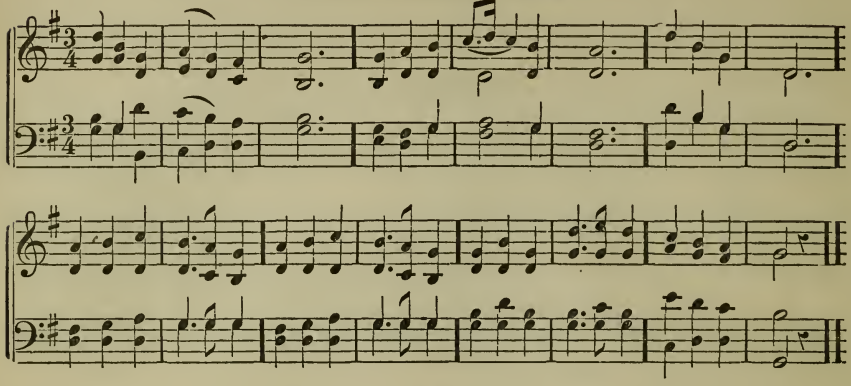
The House of God SALISBURY COL.

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



3.

Solemn Invocation. ANONYMOUS.

1 COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored!
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

4.

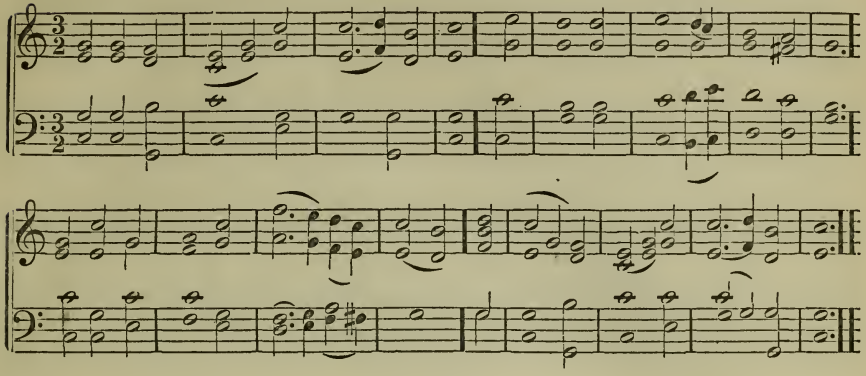
Let there be Light. MARRIOTT.

1 THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
Oh now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,—
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

WARRINGTON. L.M. R. HARRISON.



5. *Public Worship.* TATE & BRADY.

1 Oh come! loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
With joy and fear, devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall!

6. *Creator Spirit.* BREVIARY.

1 Oh come, Creator Spirit blest!
Within these souls of thine to rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Come, Holy Spirit! now descend;
Most blessed gift which God can send;
Thou Fire of Love, and Fount of Life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

3 With patience firm and purpose high
The weakness of our flesh supply;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

7. *The Lord's Day.* NEWTON

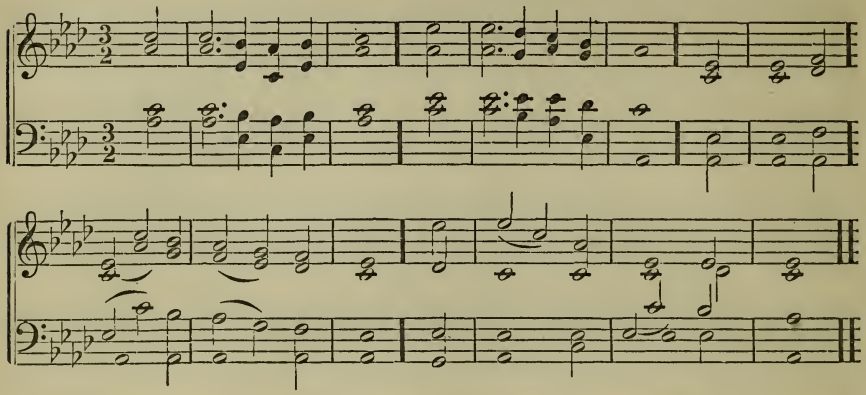
1 How welcome to the soul, when pressed
With six days' noise and care and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides us from the world awhile!

2 How happy they whose lot is cast
Where Christ invites the weary yet!
They find their sorrows quickly past,
And all their burdens soon forget.

3 Though pinched with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed,
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.

4 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
And here thy promised presence seek:
Open thy hand with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

LEIGHTON. S.M. Greatorex Collection (by permission).



8. *Call to Worship.* Ps. 95. Watts.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

9. *Enjoyment in Worship.* Spirit of the Psalms.

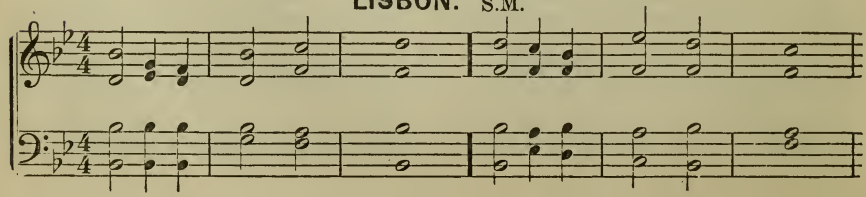
1 Sweet is the task, O Lord!
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

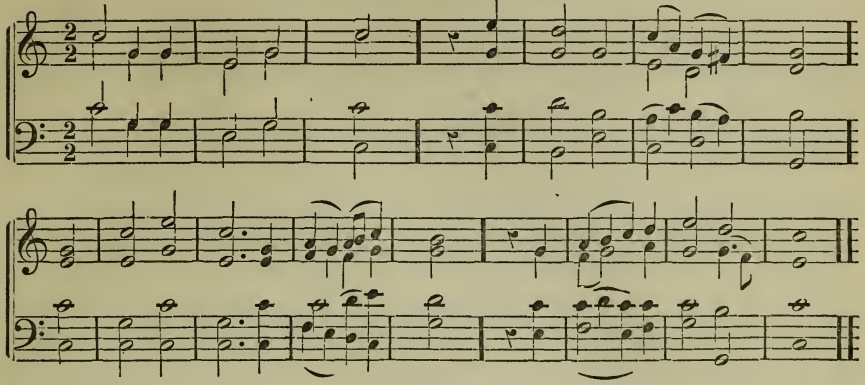
3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven!

LISBON. S.M.



SILVER STREET. S.M.



10.

The Sabbath welcomed. WATTS.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

11.

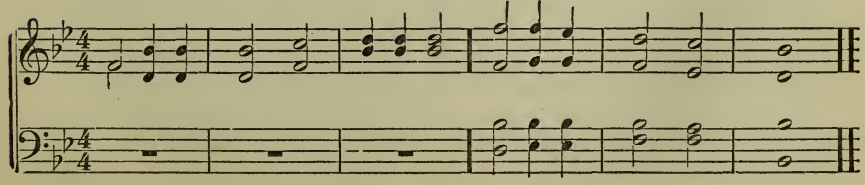
Praise. MONTGOMERY.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

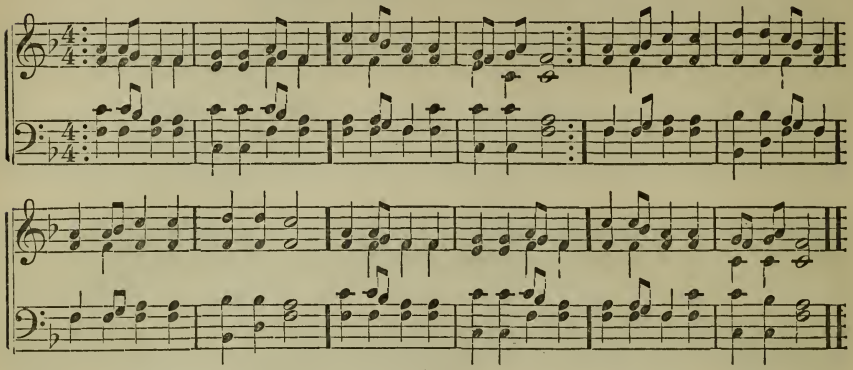
2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.



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12. *Surrounding the Mercy Seat.* J. Taylor.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause;
Still thy Providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,—
Lord! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

13. *Divine Love.* Wesley's Col

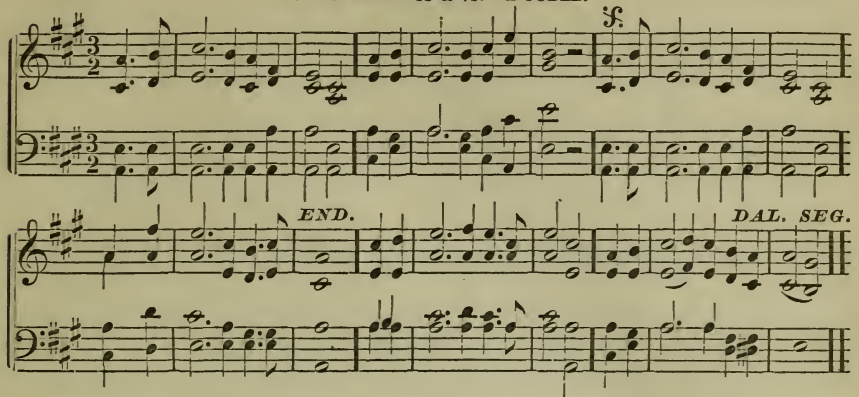
1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! thou art all compassion,—
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, oh breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find, thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

14. *Doxology.*

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. DOUBLE.



15.

Sabbath Morning. ANONYMOUS.

1 WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the sabbath morn, returning,
Shows a week has passed away.
Let us think how time is gliding;
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift our life's vain dreams are passing;
Like the startled dove they fly,
Or the clouds, each other chasing
Over yonder quiet sky.

3 Father, now one prayer we raise thee:
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let us cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.
Then, when years have gathered o'er us,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before us;
There our treasure will be laid.

16.

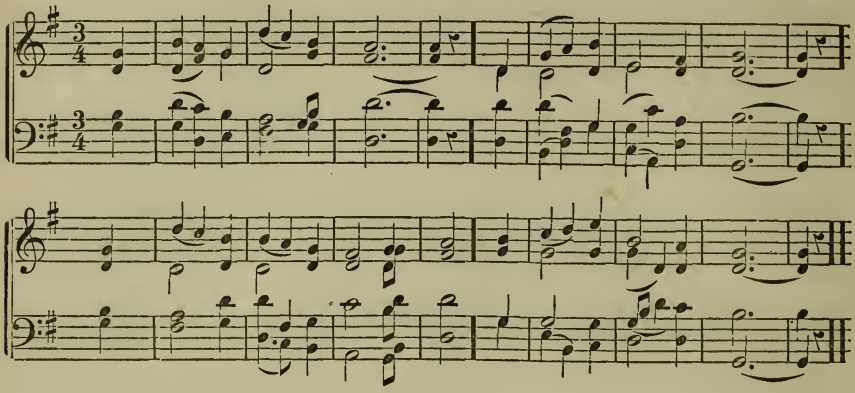
"*The Lord is in his holy temple.*" ANON.

1 GOD is in his holy temple:
Earthly thoughts, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

2 God is in his holy temple, —
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

THATCHER. S.M.

HANDEL.



17. *Invitation to the House of God.* E. TAYLOR.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted! come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

4 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call, —

5 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace
And heaven on earth be won.

18. *The Lord's Prayer.* MONTGOMERY.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now!
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

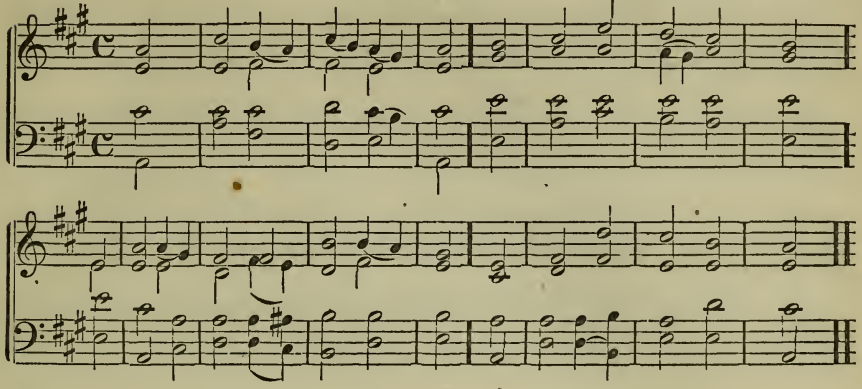
3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

ATHOL. S.M.

REV. R. HARRISON.



19.

For the Spirit. HART.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beam arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Lead us to thine abode;
And to our wondering view reveal
Thy mercies, O our God!

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit! in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
And rise at length to thee.

20.

The Sabbath. BULFINCH.

1 Hail to the sabbath day!—
The day divinely given;
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

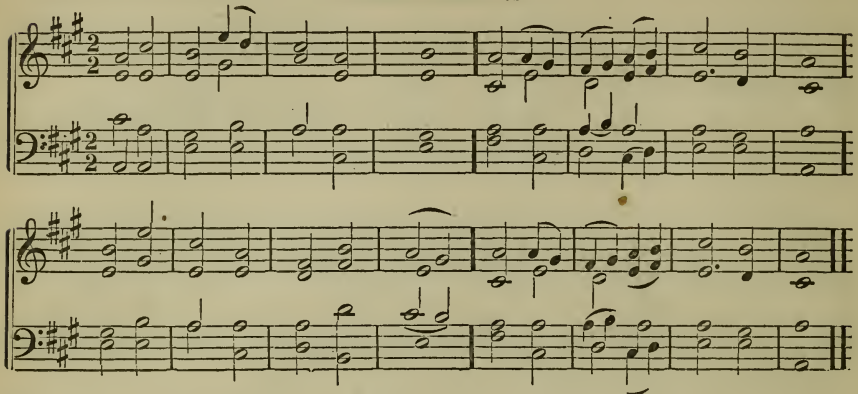
2 Lord! in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts, we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod,
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light!

WANSTED. 7s.



21.

Humble Worship. BOWRING.

1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God! to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought,
When on thy great name we call:
Man is naught, is less than naught;
Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell,
Yet presume to look to thee
'Midst thy light ineffable.

4 Oh, receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne!
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

22.

God's Presence invoked. F. H. HEDGE.

1 SOVEREIGN and transforming grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

2 Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray,
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

3 Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom,
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

4 Work in all,—in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

23.

God our Life. TOPLADY

1 LORD, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

2 Source and Giver of repose!
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

ALSEN. 7s.

Arranged by Dr. MASON



24.

Engagedness in Devotion. J. TAYLOR.

1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear:
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

25.

The House of Prayer. HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 IN this peaceful house of prayer,
Stronger faith, O God! we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care,
Thou the strengthening message speak.

2 In our greatest trials we,
Calm, through thee, the way have trod:
In the smallest, may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God!

3 Of thy presence and thy love
We more steadfast feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow every simplest deed.

4 In our work and in our homes
Christian men we fain would be;
Learn how daily life affords
Noblest opportunity.

26.

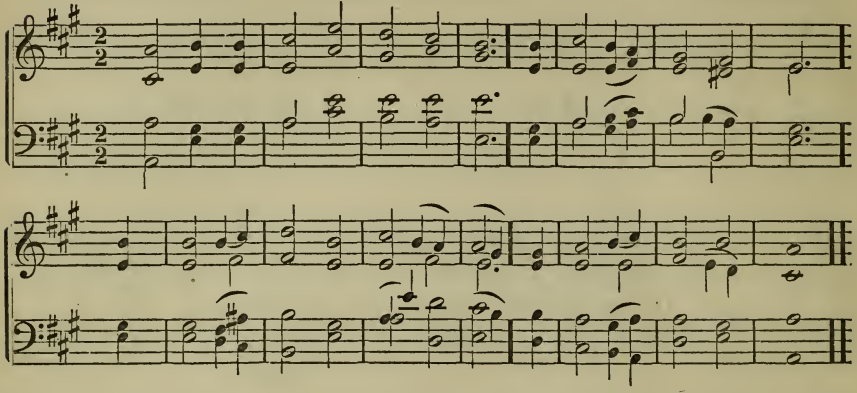
For a Blessing on Public Worship. MONTGOMERY.

1 To thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there:
While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue:
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

DEDHAM. C.M. WM. GARDINER.



27. *Homage and Devotion.* JERVIS.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

28. *Pure Worship.* BOWRING

1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere, —
The tribute of the good.

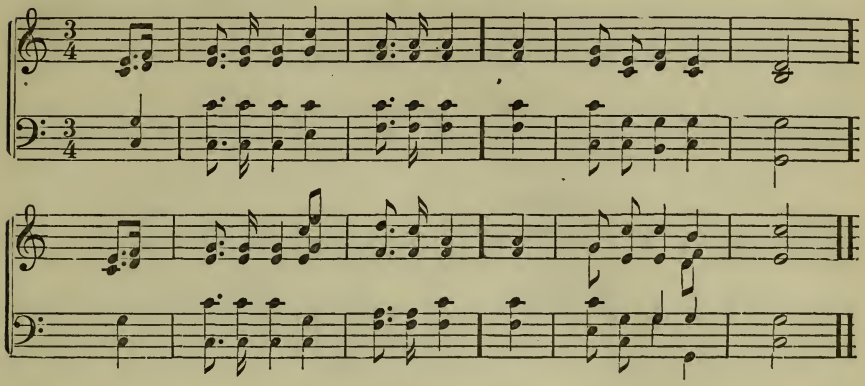
3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 Oh may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above!

29. *God may be worshipped in every Place.* DEENNAN.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

ACUSHNET. C.M. MODERN HARP (by permission).



2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds, unknown:
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

30. *The Sabbath of the Soul.* MRS. BARBAULD, *alt.*

1 O FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here:
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

31. *Joy in the Presence of God.* Ps. 53. DODDRIDGE.

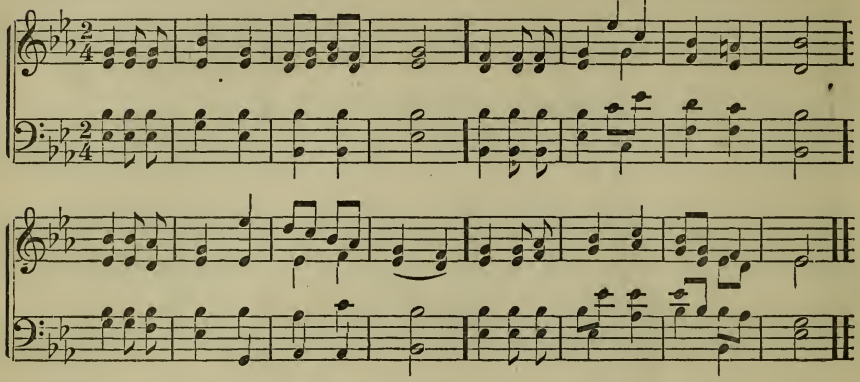
1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God;
With rays of beauty shine:
Oh let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine!

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

DOANE. L.M. MODERN HARP (by permission).



32. *Lord's Day Morning.* STENNETT.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

33. *Supplication.* H. WARE, JR.

1 GREAT God! the followers of thy Son
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 Oh grant thy blessing here to-day!
Oh give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread:
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

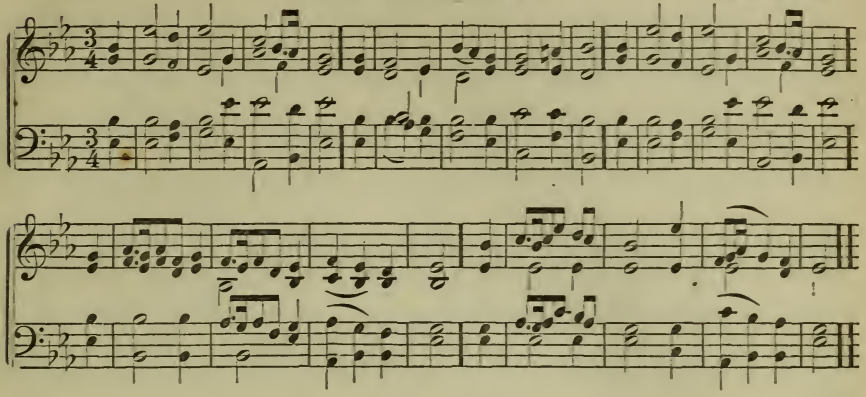
4 May faith and hope and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven!

34. *The Sabbath.* MRS. GILMAN.

1 WE bless thee for this sacred day, —
Thou who hast every blessing given, —
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
May we improve thy calm repose,
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys, its woes!

SURREY. L.M. COSTELLOW.



3 Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew!

4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne!

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day! begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

35. *The Eternal Sabbath.* DODDRIDGE.

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues;

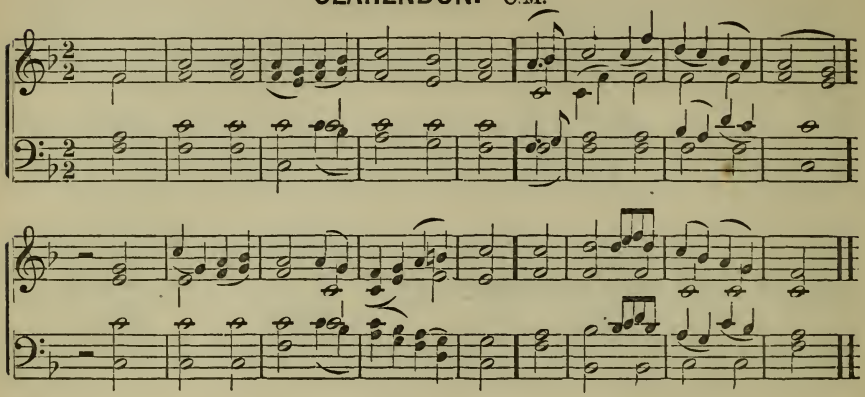
36. *The Sacrifice of the Heart.* MRS. BARBAULD.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

CLARENDON. C.M.



37.

Sincere Worship. H. ALFORD.

1 O THOU who hast thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown! —

2 While in the house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

3 When we our voices lift in praise,
Give thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeignèd thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

4 And, in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

38.

The Lord's Day. CODMAN'S COLL.

1 BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise, —

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

39.

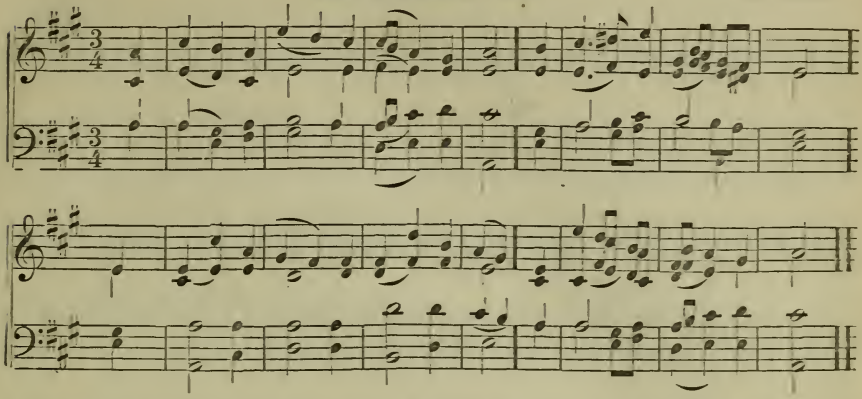
For Guidance and Protection. LOGAN.

1 GOD of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blessed,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest!

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

EDINBURGH. C.M.

J. JOLLY.



3 Oh spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God
And portion evermore.

40. *Resurrection of Christ. Morning.* MRS. BARBAULD.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light,
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

41. *The Hour of Prayer.* ORIG. HYMNS

1 EARTH'S busy sounds and ceaseless din,
Wake not this morning air!
A holy calm should welcome in
This solemn hour of prayer.

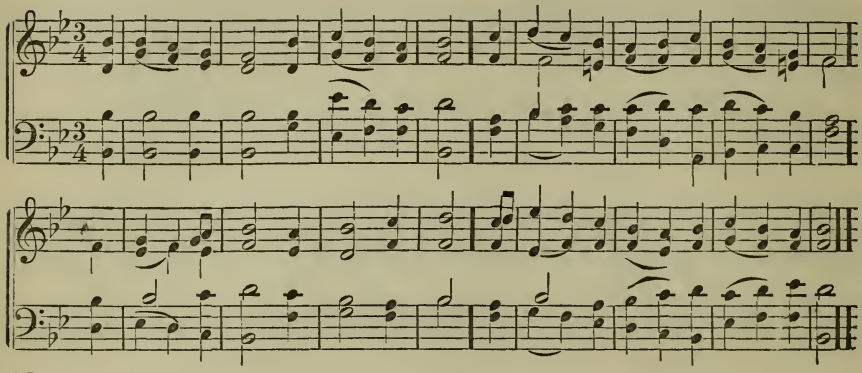
2 Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,
And hushed within the breast;
A holy joy should welcome there,
This happy day of rest.

3 Each better thought the spirit knows,
This hour the spirit fill;
And thou, from whom its being flows,
Oh teach it all thy will!

4 Then shall this day, which God hath blest,
Hallow life's every hour;
And bear us to our better rest,
Eternal, perfect, sure.

ALL SAINTS. L.M.

W. KNAPP.



42.

God with us. N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

1 O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2 That truth be with the heart believed,
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received, —
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

4 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

43.

Universal Worship. PIERPONT.

1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue! —

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer -
The incense of the heart — may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung! —
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

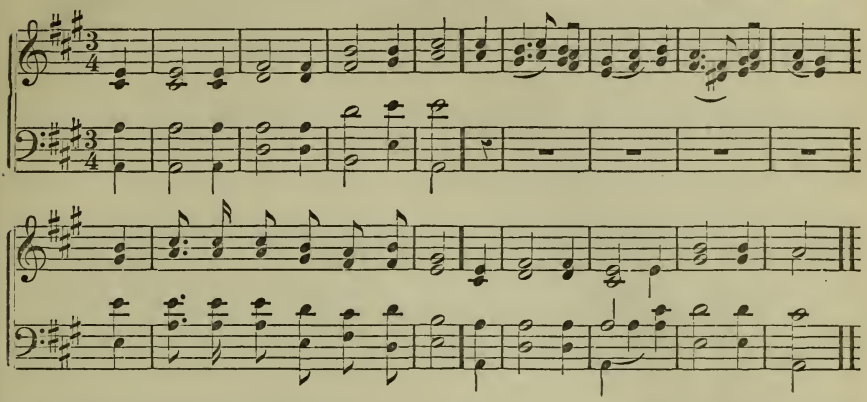
44.

Subjection to our Father. DODDRIDGE.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot:
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They, wondering, to their Father rise:
His power how vast! his thoughts how wise!

PRISCILLA. L.M. AMERICAN HARP.



3 Oh may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace,
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love!

45. *The Hour of Prayer.* RAFFLES.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast;
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

46. *Spiritual Worship* COWPER.

1 O LORD! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

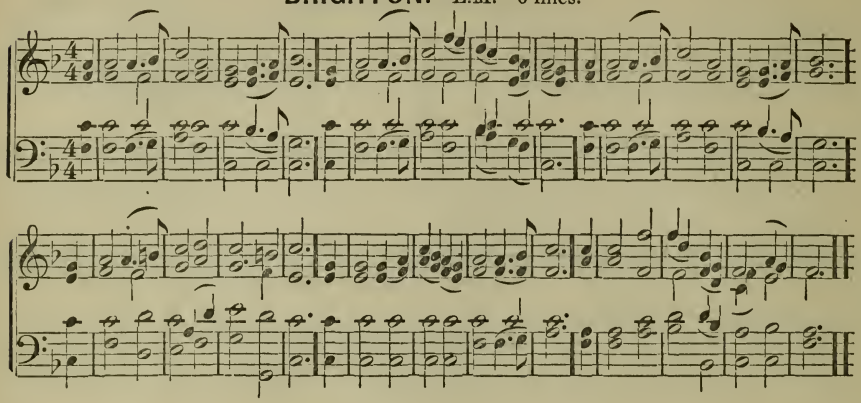
3 With heavenly grace our souls endue;
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes

47. *Doxology.*

BE thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

BRIGHTON. L.M. 6 lines.



48. *Morning or Evening.* CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1 As every day, thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father! till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh lead me onward to the skies!

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Father, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

49. *Spiritual Needs.* C. WESLEY.

1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 Oh that the Comforter would come.
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

50. *"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day."* EPISCOPAL COL.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine,
Demands the soul's collected powers:
With joy to thee we now resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 All-seeing God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And, where thou art, intrude no more!
Oh may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
And bid thy words, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart:
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Our souls shall then adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

51. *The Gate of Heaven.* E. H. CHAPIN.

1 OUR Father, — God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret majesty.
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

2 Lord, be the spot, where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down;
Or learn of him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

52. *The Sabbath.* CH. PSALMODY.

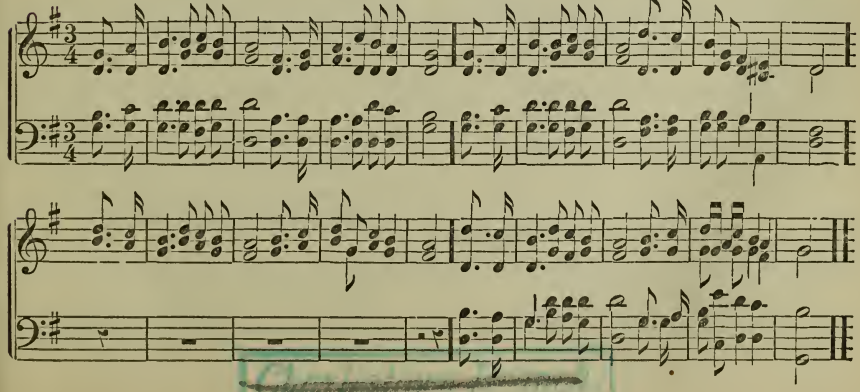
1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day, —
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee!

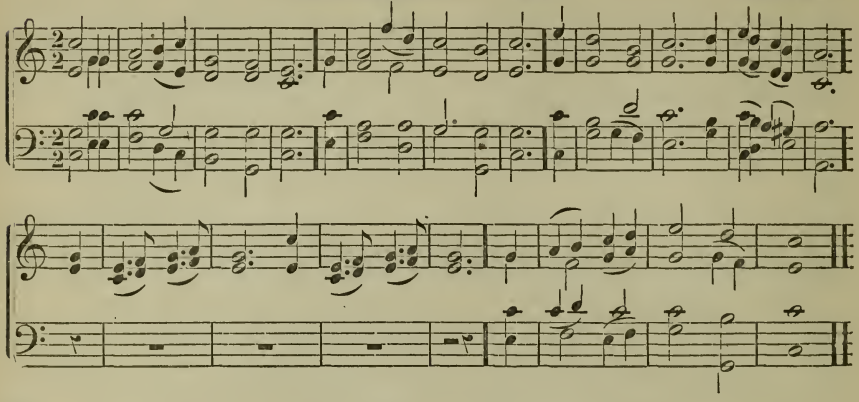
3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear!
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints!
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

"SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK." L. MASON.



LANESBORO'. C.M. ENGLISH.



53. *"Early will I seek thee."* Ps. 63. WATTS.

1 EARLY, my God! without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

54. *Invoking God's Aid.* H. WARE, JR.

1 FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer:
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of my Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

3 Oh help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown,
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown!

4 O Father! kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

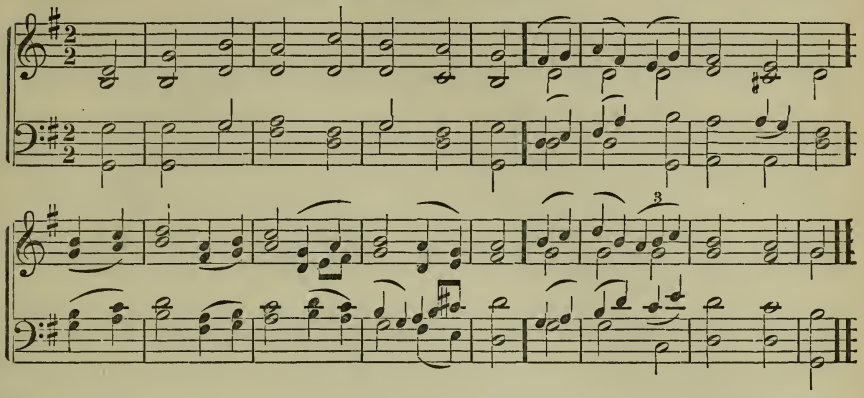
55. *The Lord's Day.* EDMESTON

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

MEDFIELD. C.M.

Arranged by Dr. MASON.



3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul!

5 And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death. —
O love of God, to thee!

56. *The manifold Grace of God.* E. SCUDDER.

1 THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O love of God most free! —

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow, —
O love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace, —
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control, —
O love of God most kind!

57. *Invoking Compassion.* BRYANT.

1 O GOD! whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook,
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look;

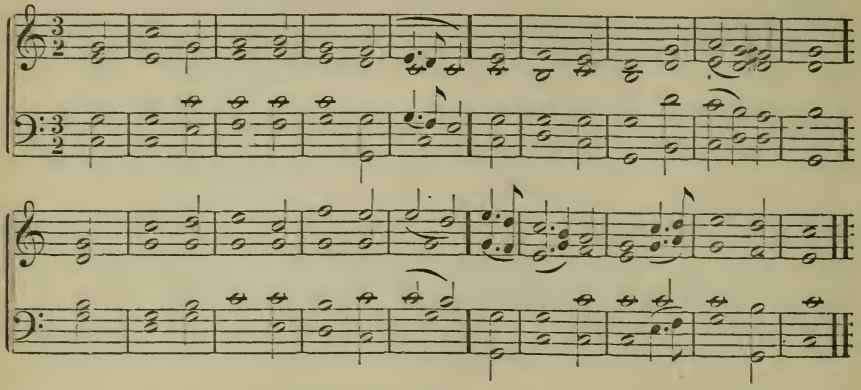
2 For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.

3 Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear
Art ready to forgive.

4 Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace,
Our truest bliss to find;
In mercy view our erring race,
So feeble and so blind.

WINCHESTER. L.M.

DR. CROFT.



58. *The Love of God.* STERLING.

1 O Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered brood;
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

59. *Morning.* BISHOP KENN.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins like morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

PARK STREET. L.M.

VENUA.



60.

Universal Praise. JOHN BOWDLER.

1 SING to the Lord with cheerful voice;
From realm to realm the notes shall sound,
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full hosanna round.

2 When, starting from the shades of night,
At dread Jehovah's high behest,
The sun arrayed his limbs in light,
And earth her virgin beauty drest, —

3 Thy praise transported nature sung,
In pealing chorus, loud and far;
The echoing vault with rapture rung,
And shouted every morning star.

4 Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,
Shall bid the song of rapture sound;
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full hosanna round.

61.

The Peace and Comfort of Worship. WATTS.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
From this world's worthless joys afar,
Away from earth, our souls retreat.
And wait and worship near thy feet.

2 Within the temple of thy grace,
We bow before our Father's face;
Thy grace and glory we adore,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Here, when our spirit faints and dies,
And conscience smarts with inward stings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

4 Father, our souls would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But, if our feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in our heart.

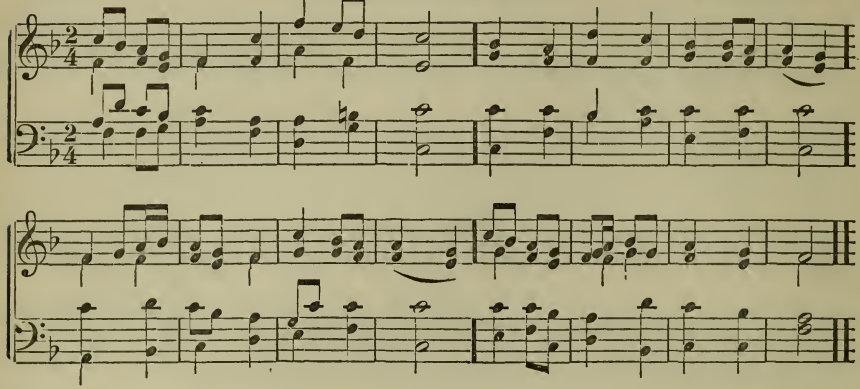
62.

Daily Bread. MORAVIAN.

1 THY name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power,
Thy will be done, and day by day
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

2 Lord, evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven:
Water of life on us bestow;
Thou art the Source, the Giver thou.

ALCESTER. 7s. ANCIENT LYRE.



63. *Morning Hymn.* EPISCOPAL COL.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come, —
Lord, may we be thine to-day!
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand and watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
Oh receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

64. *Morning Hymn.* FURNESS.

1 In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day:
What this day shall be my lot, —
Light or darkness, — know I not.

2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast, —
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh shine!

3 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

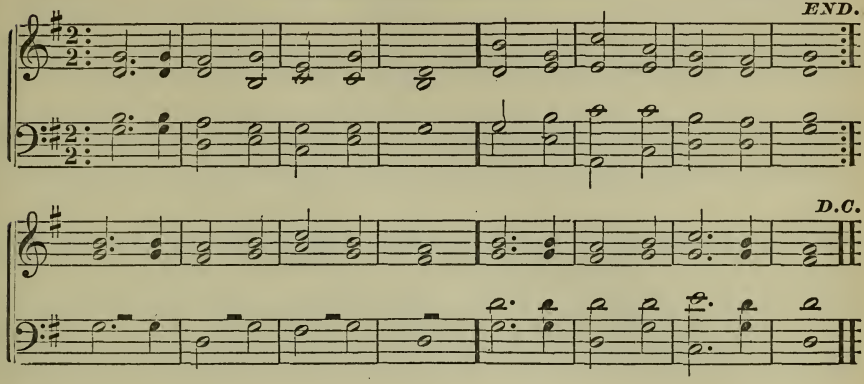
4 Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God! from tears;
Every step thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend.

65. *Safety in God.* SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

1 They who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell though danger's nigh;
Lo! his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love have nought to fear.

CONVENT BELL. 7s. Double. SPANISH AIR.



66. *The Accepted Offering.* J. TAYLOR.

1 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars, when we bow? —
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring, —
Love to thee and all mankind.

67. *Lowly Praise.* BOWRING.

1 Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till thy blessing makes it more.

2 More of truth and more of might,
More of love and more of light,
More of reason and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given.
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

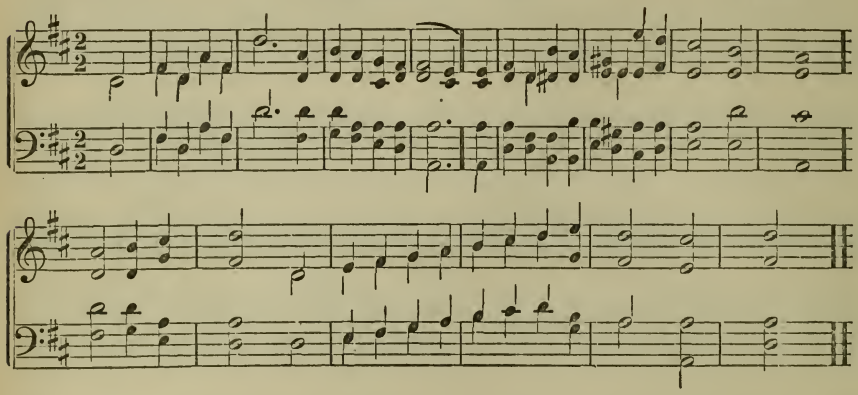
68. *A Blessing desired.* KELLY

1 Father, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove:
Oh may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless, —
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success:
Thine the work, the glory thine.

DARWELL. H.M.

DARWELL.



69. *Longing for the House of God.* WATTS.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

70. *Gentiles brought into the Temple.* DODDRIDGE.

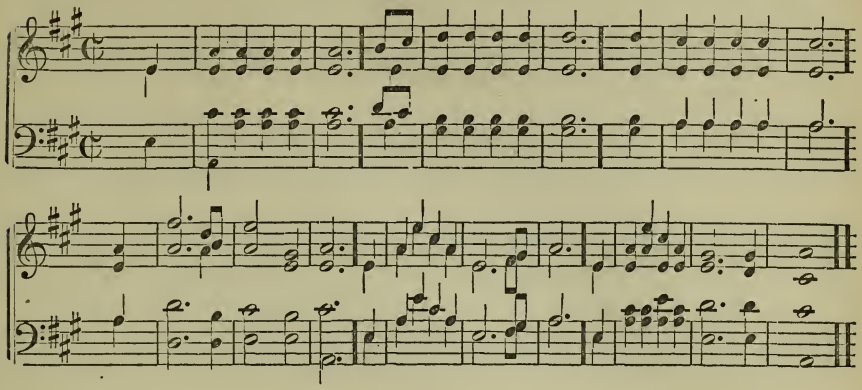
1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a house of prayer!

2 Though once estrangèd far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own.
Strangers no more, to thee we come,
And find our home, and rest secure.

3 To thee ourselves we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father-King, thy covenant-grace
Our souls embrace, — thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house,
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows!
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir on Zion's hill.

ZION. H.M. HAYDN'S CREATION.



71.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit. CAMPBELL'S COL.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high.
We plead the promise of thy word:
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou;
We, children of thy grace:
Oh let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place!
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise!

72.

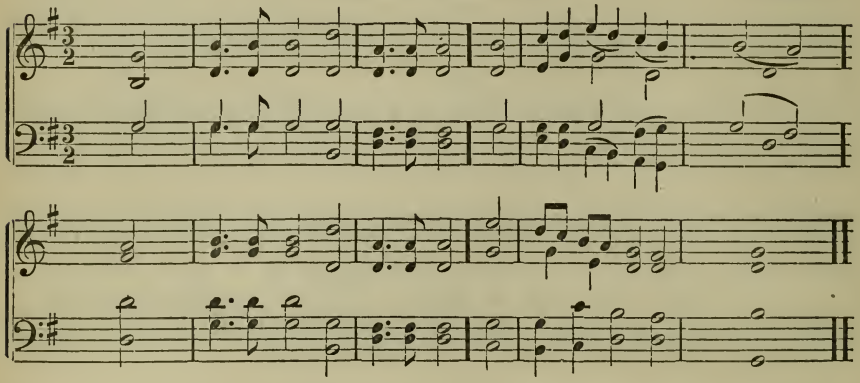
Universal Praise. TATE & BRADY.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim, to sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, from changes free:
His firm decree stands ever fast.

WOODSTOCK. C.M. DUTTON.



73. *Secret Prayer.* MRS. BROWN.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

74. *God the only Object of Worship.* PS. 81. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

1 O GOD, our strength! to thee the song,
With grateful hearts, we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord!
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

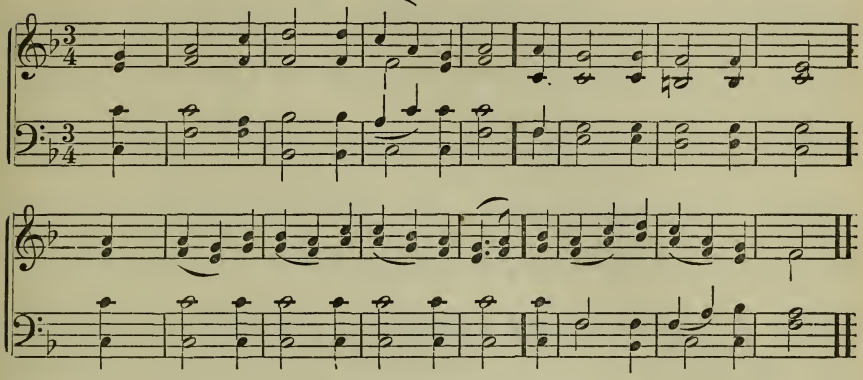
4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee!

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord!
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

5637.1

ETERNITY. C.M.

CH. ZEUNER.



75. *A Sabbath Morning.* ANONYMOUS.

1 How sweet, how calm, this sabbath morn!
How pure the air that breathes,
And soft the sounds upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreaths!

2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer,
For peace and joy and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.

3 Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed;
Each anxious care that mars thy peace
In faith and love be hushed.

76. *Prayer for Divine Direction.* CAPPE'S SELECTION.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise

3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God!

77. *The Ways of Wisdom.* SCOTCH PARAPHRASES

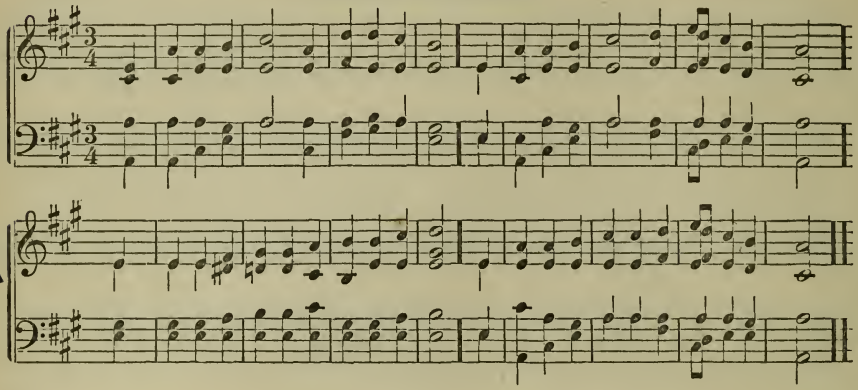
1 WISDOM has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

2 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LYONS. 10s & 11s.



78. *"Who is like unto the Lord our God?"* GRANT.

1 Oh worship the King, all-glorious above;
Oh gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh tell of his might, oh sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

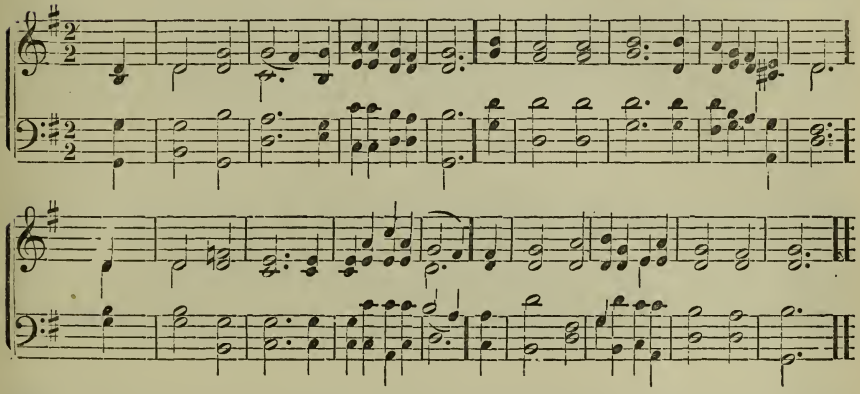
79. *Thanksgiving.* TATE.

1 Oh praise ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

HAVRE. 10s. DR. L. MASON.



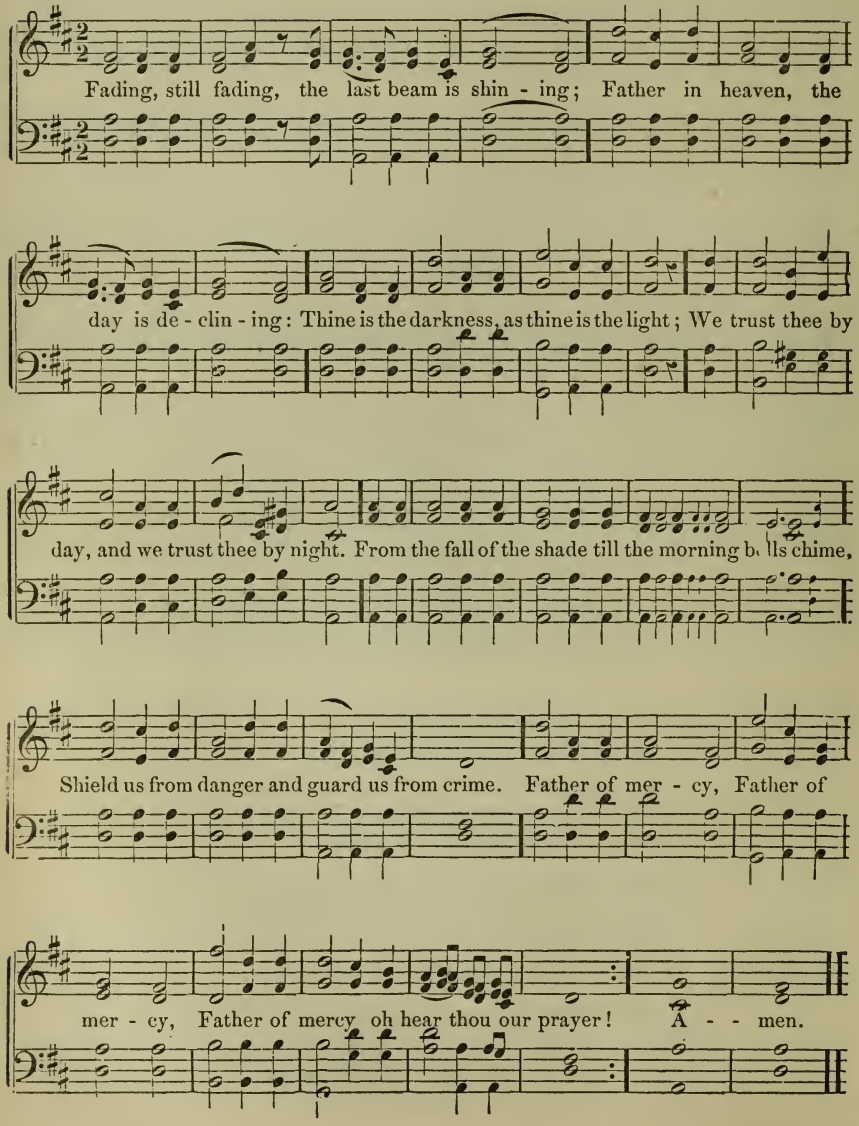
80. "*The Night cometh.*" LYTE

1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories fade away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not! abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me.

"FADING, STILL FADING."

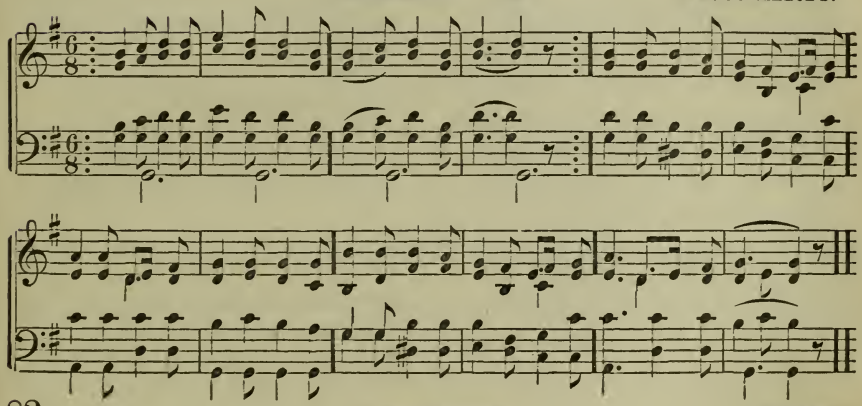


81. *"The Day is Thine, the Night also."*

1 Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Father in heaven! the day is declining;
Thine is the darkness, as thine is the light;
We trust thee by day, and we trust thee by night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield us from danger and guard us from crime.
Father of mercy, oh hear thou our prayer!

2 Father in heaven, oh hear when we call,
Thou, the Protector and Saviour of all!
Fainting and feeble, we trust in thy might;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.
Father of mercy, oh hear thou our prayer!

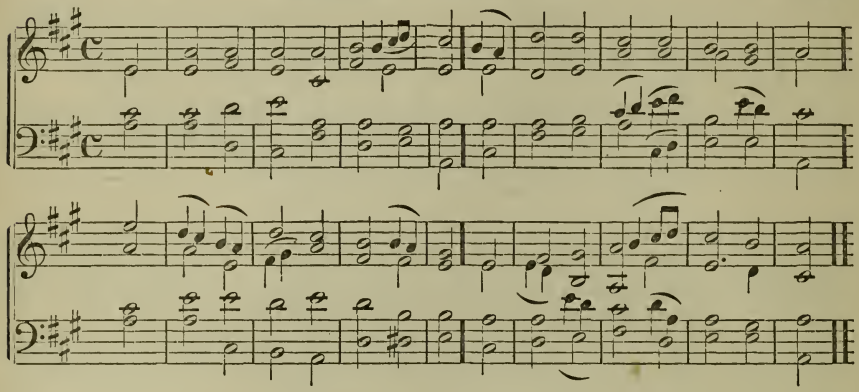
BENARES. P.M. HINDOO MELODY.



82. *Evening Aspiration.* Bp. Heber

God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night, —
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

EVENING HYMN. L.M. TALLIS.



83. *Evening Hymn.* KENN.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Be thou my guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

4 Lord, let my heart for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

84. *Morning or Evening Song.* WATTS.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night.
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

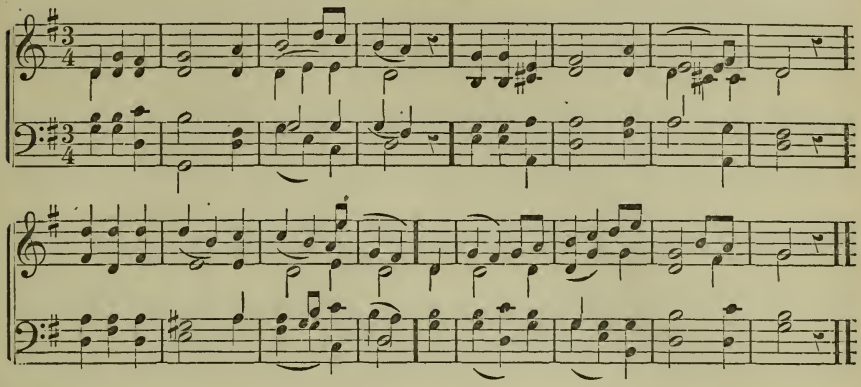
85. *Manna.* HEBER.

1 THY bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and barren wilderness;
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

2 And, oh, when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow, —

3 Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul can live;
And grant thy children, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

SOUTH STREET. L.M. HAYDN.



86. *"Abide with us, for it is evening."* KEBLE.

1 'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

87. *Evening Worship.* BOWRING.

1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light?
How all thy boundless love declare?
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer.

2 We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.

3 For thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain,
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.

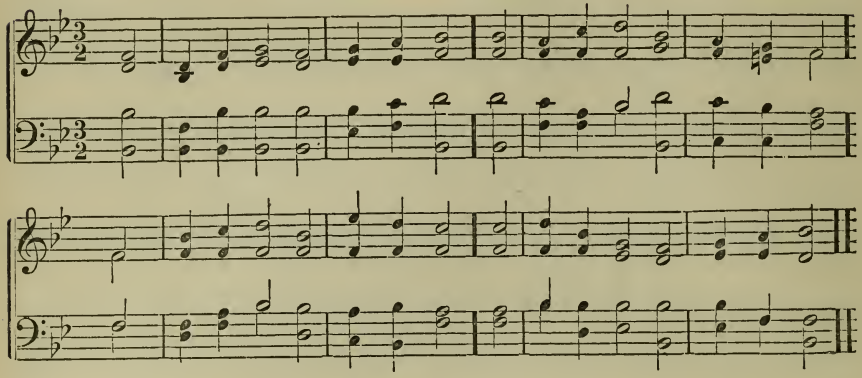
4 Help us to praise thee, Lord of light;
Help us thy boundless love declare;
And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

88. *Evening Hymn.*

1 O Thou true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day,—

2 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

HEBRON. L.M. DR. L. MASON.



89. *An Evening Hymn.* WATTS.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Oh may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

90. *An Evening Hymn.* COLLYER.

1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still, with every setting sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day is gone,
But soon a fairer shall arise, —
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

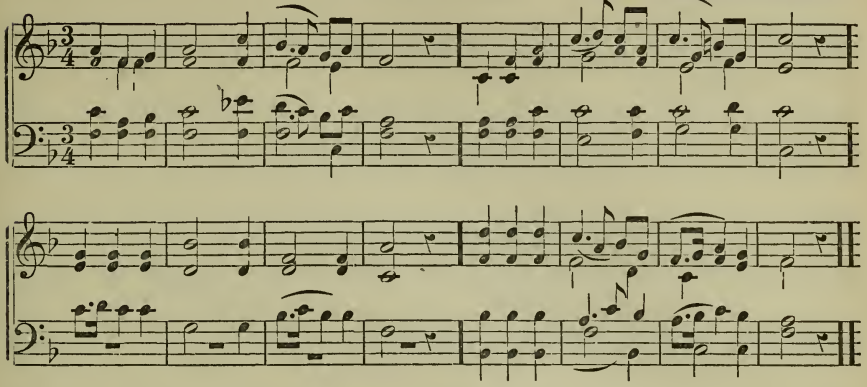
4 Another fleeting day is gone:
In solemn silence rest, my soul;
And bow before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

91. *The Bread of Life.* WESLEY'S COL.

1 FATHER, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given,
Oh grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven!

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more.

LINWOOD. L.M. MODERN HARP (by permission).



92. *The Close of the Sabbath.* EDMESTON.

1 SWEET is the light of sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there:
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,—
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And, while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

93. *The Still Hour.*

1 GENTLY the shades of night descend;
Thy temple, Lord, is calm and still;
A thousand lamps of ether blend,
A thousand fires that temple fill.

2 Thou bidd'st the cares of earth depart;
Heaven's peace is wafted from above;
A sabbath stillness fills the heart,
Devotion's calm and holy love

3 And man, even from the dust, may rise,
Borne on the pinions of thy grace,
Up to angelic mysteries,
And find in thee his resting-place.

94. *Evening Prayer.* BREVIARY.

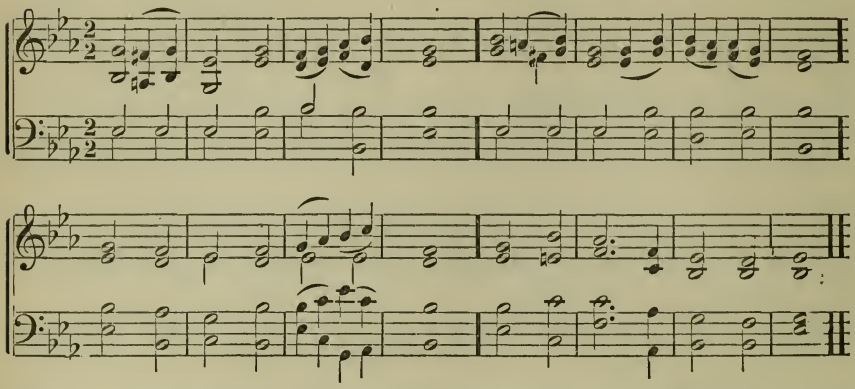
1 O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin;

2 Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day,—
Thick flows the flood of darkness down:
Oh hear us as we weep and pray!

3 Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime,
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.



95. *Evening Meditation.*

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon the sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 When from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

96. *Sabbath Evening.*

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy sabbath-day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad:
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Saviour, may our sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the sabbath ne'er shall close!

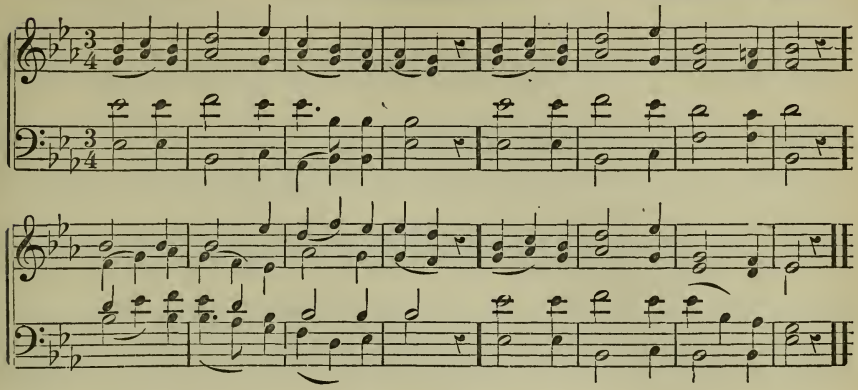
97. *Parting of Christians.* NEWTON.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Father, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

DALLAS. 7s. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



98.

Eternal Light. FURNESS.

1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness; oh how still
Is the working of his will!

2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

99.

Sabbath Evening. ANON.

1 ERE another sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of Heaven.

3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last!

4 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above,
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

100.

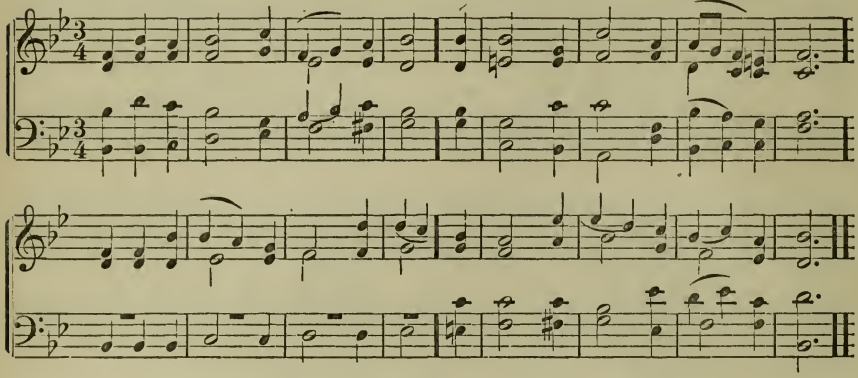
Benediction. J NEWTON.

1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, —
Jesus Christ, our King and Head, —
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

GERMANY. L.M.

Arranged from Beethoven by Dr. MASON.



101.

Vesper Hymn. S. LONGFELLOW.

1 AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!

3 O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell!

102.

Evening Worship. W. H. BURLEIGH.

1 O HOLY Father! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We lift to thee our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness, and thy power.

2 For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, their Father and their Friend.

3 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars, — we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

4 In grief console, in gladness bless,
In darkness guide, in sickness cheer;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear.

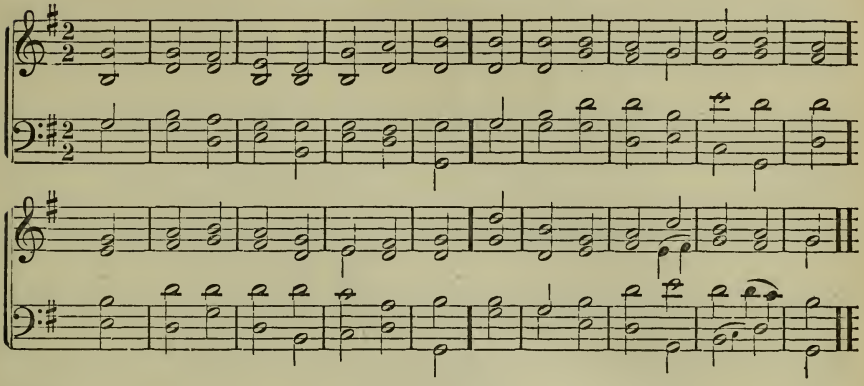
103.

Close of Worship. ANONYMOUS

1 ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God! we crave.
From folly and from sin to save.

2 Oh may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above!

OLD HUNDRED. L.M.



104. *Praise.* WATTS.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

105. *Our Guide and Stay.* ANON.

1 For mercies past we praise thee, Lord, —
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,
Thy helping arm, thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

2 Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, thine arm our stay.

3 Be ours thy blessed presence still;
United hearts, unchanging love:
No thought that contradicts thy will;
No wish that centres not above.

106. *Christian Farewell.* DODDRIDGE.

1 Thy presence, ever-living God,
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

107. *Vesper Hymn.* CASWALL.

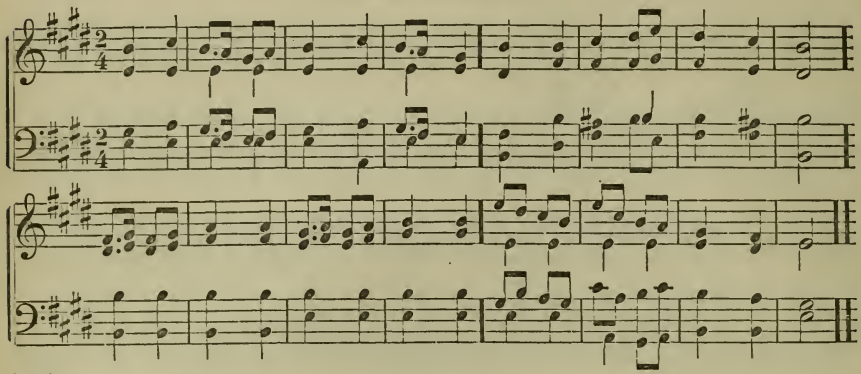
1 Lord of eternal purity,
Who dost the world with light adorn,
And paint the tracts of azure sky
With lively hues of eve and morn, —

2 Scatter our night, eternal God,
And kindle thy pure beam within;
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
And break the deadly bonds of sin.

108. *Vespers.* BREVIARY.

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
To thee our voice at eve we raise;
Oh grant us, with thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify!

SICILY. 8s & 7s.



109.

Benediction. ANON.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!

110.

Closing Hymn. HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below;
And beside the waters lead us
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore:
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

111.

Peace be with you. S. F. ADAMS.

1 PART in peace; with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

2 Part in peace: such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

112.

Evening. MARTINEAU'S COL.

1 THOU, whose favors, without number,
All our days with gladness bless, —
Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

2 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

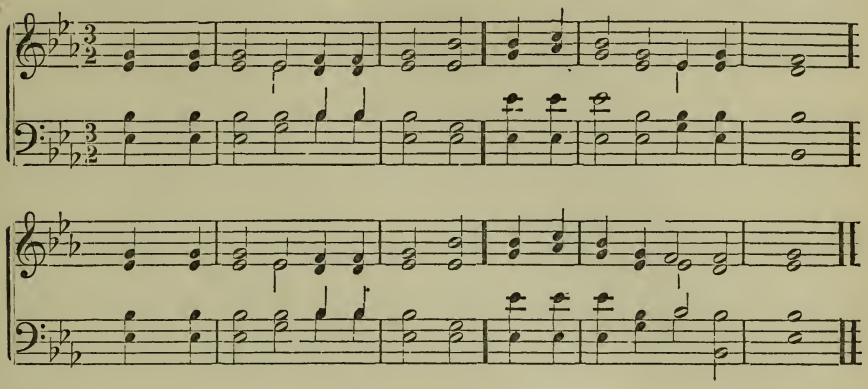
113.

The Benediction of Peace. ANON.

1 FATHER, give thy benediction,
Give thy peace, before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

2 Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

CHESTER. 8s & 7s. MODERN HARP (by permission).



114. *Prayer for Guidance.* HASTINGS.

1 GENTLY, Lord, oh! gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
May we wake among the blest;
And, by all the saints attended,
Ever on thy bosom rest!

115. *Prayer for the Spirit.* JAY.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;

2 Oh may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give!
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive.

116. *Close of Evening Worship.* C. ROBBINS.

1 Lo! the day of rest declineth;
Gather fast the shades of night:
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

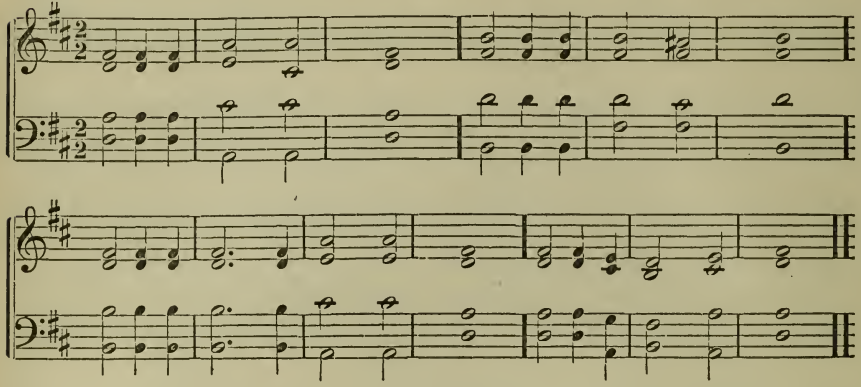
2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

117. *Benediction.* J. NEWTON.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford!

SHAWMUT. S.M. L. MASON.



118. *Universal Praise.* WATTS.

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

119. *Evening.* J. MASON NEALE.

1 The day, O Lord! is spent;
Abide with us and rest:
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er:
O Sun of Righteousness! do thou
Shine on us evermore.

120. *God our Constant Benefactor.* STEELE.

1 My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

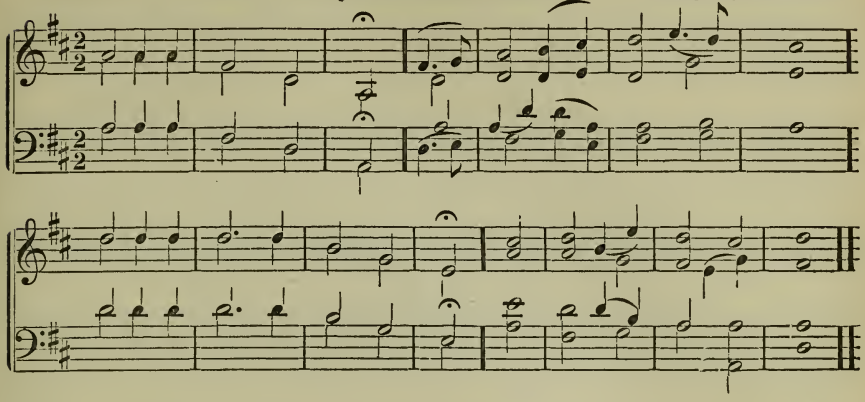
3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 Oh let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

121. *Praise for Preserving Grace.* WATTS

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

CLAPTON. S.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



122. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* WATTS.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

123. *God working in the Soul.* CH. PSALMIST.

1 'TIS God the spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do:
His is the power by which we act;
His be the glory too.

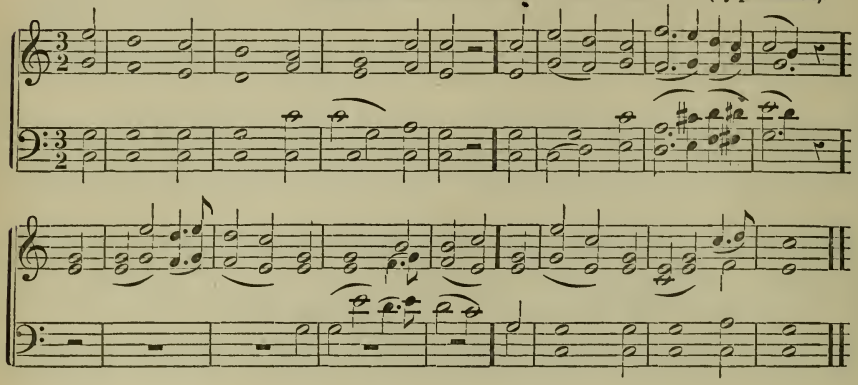
124. *The Fountain of Living Waters.*—Jer. ii. 13. GUYON

1 THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply:
The morning sees them amply filled;
At evening they are dry.

3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of Life! for thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

BEMERTON. C.M. GREATOREX'S COL. (by permission).



125.

Evening Prayer. HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

2 Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

3 We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.

5 We pray thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea:
Are not the depths of parents' love,
O Father! known to thee?

6 We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

126.

The Day. S. D. ROBBINS.

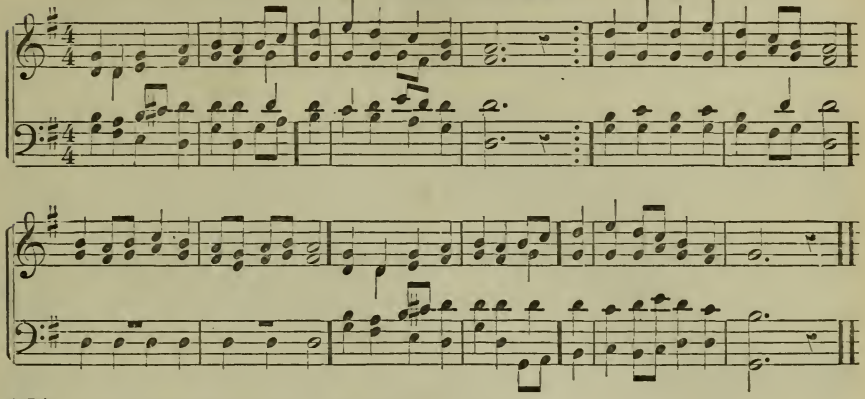
1 THOU art my morning, God of light;
Thy day-spring wakes my soul;
Thy radiant smile subdues the night,
And shall the day control.

2 And thou my noon, O Father! art;
Thy central warmth I own:
The glowing fulness of my heart
Pulses from thee alone.

3 And thou my evening: let me rest,
When life declines, in thee;
As sinks the sun into the west,
Thou wilt my guardian be.

4 A brighter morning round thy throne
Shall dawn with light more fair:
Father, I trust in thee alone;
Thou wilt awake me there

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



127.

"*Rise, my Soul.*" RIPPON'S COL.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings, —
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun, —
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

128.

Quiet Religion. WESLEYAN.

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place, —
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin and noise
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent I am now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

129.

He Careth for Thee. WESLEY

GOD shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin.
Lean upon thy Father's breast;
It is he thy spirit keeps:
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy Guardian never sleeps.

II. GOD'S ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE.

ST. PAUL'S. L.M. DR. GREEN.



130. *God Self-existent.* WALKER'S COL.

1 ALL-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain,
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being, Source of good,
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou for ever art the same.
I AM is thy memorial still.

131. *Eternity and Sovereignty of God.* Ps. 93. TATE & BRADY.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

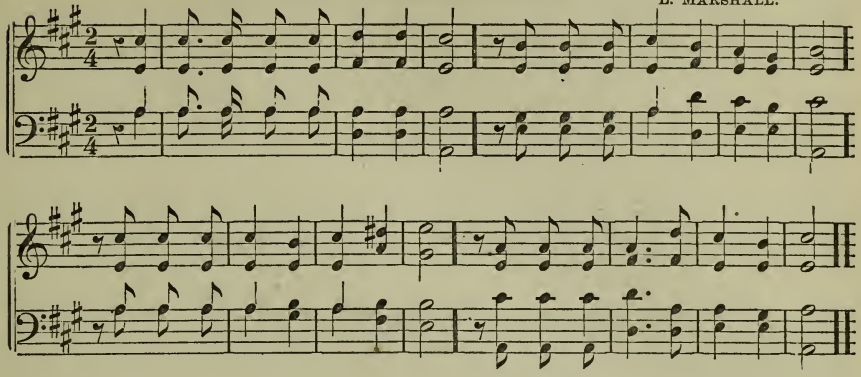
2 How surely stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord! and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell.
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

132. *Eternity of God.* SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood;
Before the birth of ancient time;
From everlasting, — thou art God.

CHAMBER ST. CHANT. L.M. SACRED STAR (by permission). L. MARSHALL.



2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day:
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er;
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord! the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

133.

Praise to the only true God. Ps. 86. BROWNE.

1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed:
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.

3 Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

134.

Seeing the Invisible. DODDRIDGE.

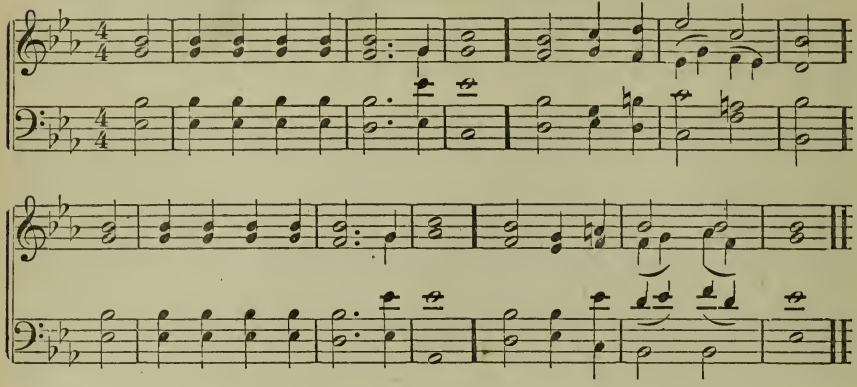
1 ETERNAL and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendors none can bear,
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God, to thee.

3 Oh ever conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire!
Behold! it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

4 This one petition would it urge, —
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

TALLIS CHANT. C.M.



135. *Man frail, and God eternal.* Ps. 90. WATTS.

1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home, —

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God, —
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light:
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

136. *Eternal Dominion of God.* WATTS.

1 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

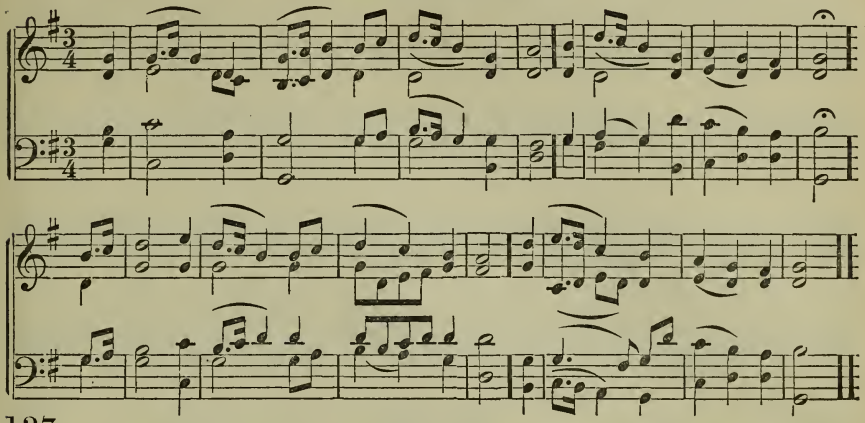
2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

ST. MARTIN'S. C.M.



137.

Divine Goodness in Affliction. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face;
And mingles, with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease,
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

138.

Pious Education of Children. Ps. 78. WATTS.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which, in our younger years, we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known, —
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

139.

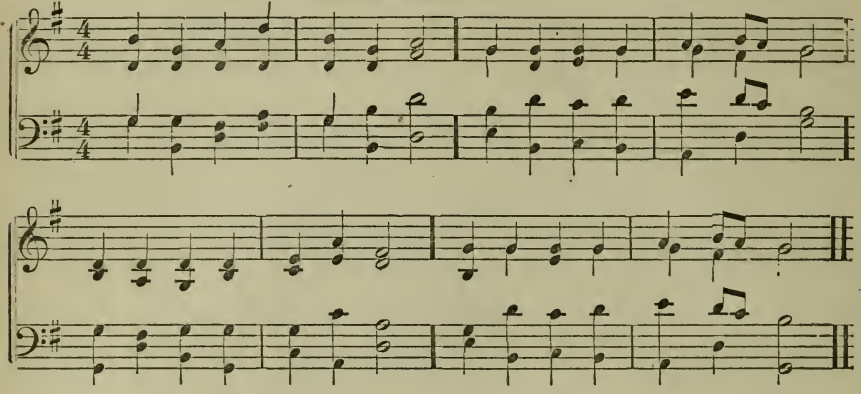
"*His Greatness is Unsearchable.*" HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 GREAT God, on whose sustaining power
Unnumbered worlds depend;
Great Spirit, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend, —

2 With wondering reverence we adore,
With awe before thee bend,
Whom none, but by thine inward light
And spirit, apprehend.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

Arranged by Dr. MASON.



140. *All Things Present to God.* GASKELL.

1 MIGHTY God, the first, the last,
What are ages in thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night?

2 All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

3 All that being e'er shall know,
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before thee now appears.

4 In thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest, —
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

141. *Nature's Praise.* COX.

1 HEAVEN and earth and sea and air,
God's eternal praise declare:
Up, my soul; awake and raise
Grateful hymns and songs of praise.

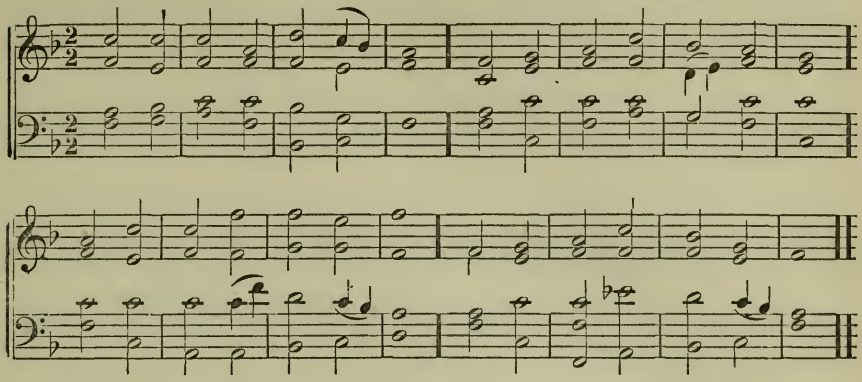
2 See the sun, with glorious ray,
Pierce the clouds at opening day;
Moon and stars, in splendor bright,
Praise their God through silent night.

3 See how earth, with beauty decked,
Tells a heavenly Architect;
Woods and fields, with lowing kine,
Show their Maker all divine.

4 See the birds, how, pair by pair,
Swift they cleave the yielding air;
Thunder, lightning, storm, and wind,
God doth at his will unbind.

5 Through the world, great God, I trace
Wonders of thy power and grace:
Write more deeply on my heart
What I am, and what thou art.

BELLAK. 7s. SACRED STAR (by permission). MENDELSSOHN.



142. *Glory to God in the Highest.* MONTGOMERY.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun, —
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise our powers employ.

143. *The Seasons.* BARBAULD.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ

2 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores, —

3 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

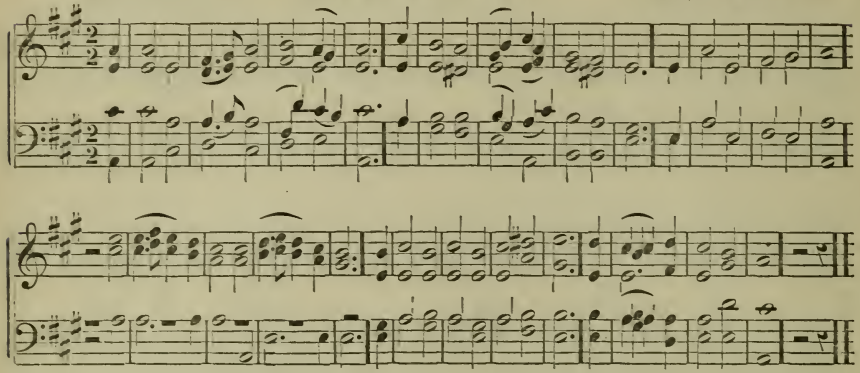
4 Yes, to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone

144. *Doxology.*

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, — for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

RAPTURE. C.P.M.

Arranged from Harwood by Dr. MASON.



145.

Praise. OGILVIE.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies, —
Praise Him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

3 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed, —
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

146.

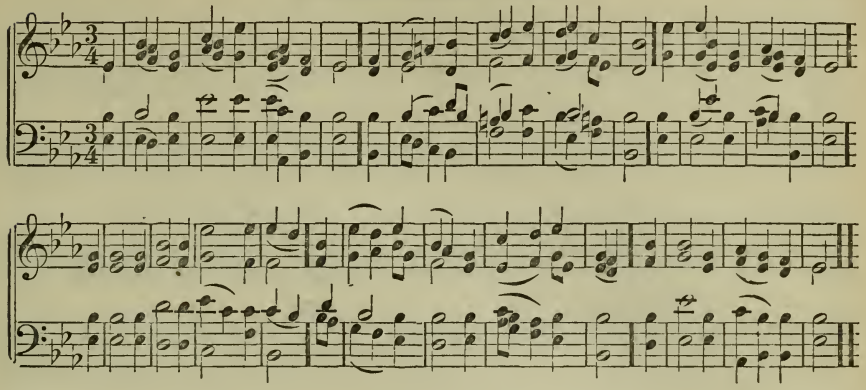
Delight in God's Glory. FAWCETT

1 PARENT of good, thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight:
Thy name is all divine.
There's nought in earth or sea or air,
Or heaven itself, that's good or fair,
But is entirely thine.

2 To thee my warm affections move
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet I fall.
I pant for nought beneath the skies:
To thee my ardent wishes rise,
O my eternal All!

3 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God, through my remaining days?
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath:
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

KINGSBRIDGE. C.P.M. FAWCETT.



147. *Praise for God's Love.* H. MOORE.

1 My God, thy boundless love I praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil:
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

4 Then let the love that makes me blessed
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

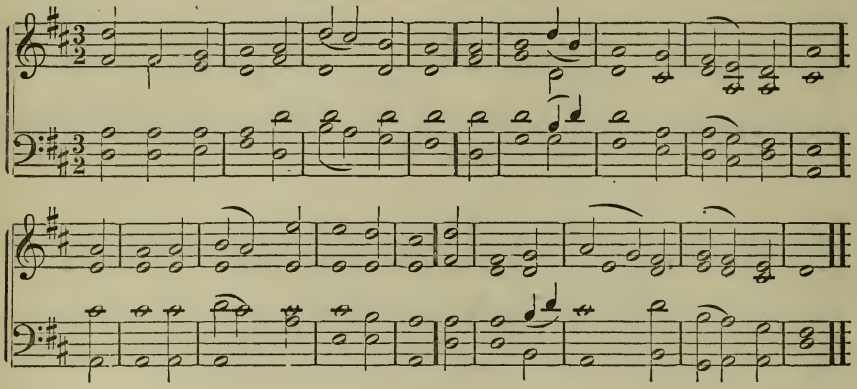
148. *Providential Goodness of God.* EXETER COL.

1 Great Source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health and friends and food
And peace and calm content,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise
For all thy blessings lent.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

3 To thee our lives, our all, we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brightest hopes above;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

BLENDON. L.M. F. GIARDINI.



149. *God Incomprehensible.* KIPPIS.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through:
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 Oh may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

150. *Song of Adoration.* ROSCOE.

1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows,
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.

3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties, combined,
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.

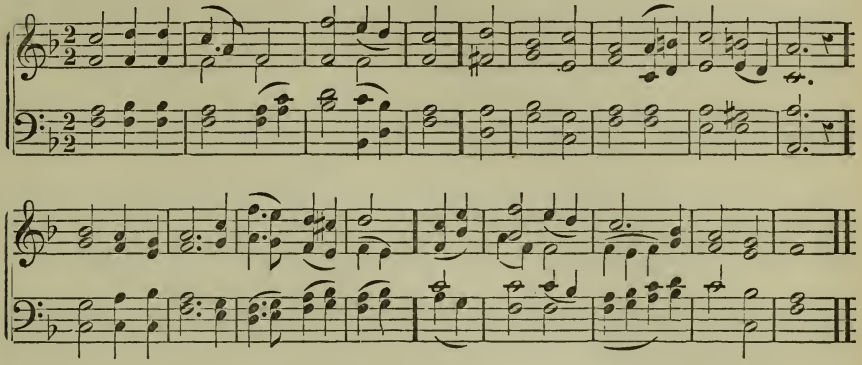
4 Oh may the solemn-breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

151. *Divine Omnipresence.* WATTS.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through:
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

RUSSIAN HYMN. L.M.



3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

152. *Providence.* WATTS.

1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

153. *The Just God.* HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 The Lord is just; this is his throne:
The world his righteousness shall own;
Yea, all the world with awe shall see
He reigns and rules in equity.

2 His perfect law the world surrounds,
And sets to every wrong its bounds;
Through ways oft hid from human sight,
Makes sure the triumph of the right.

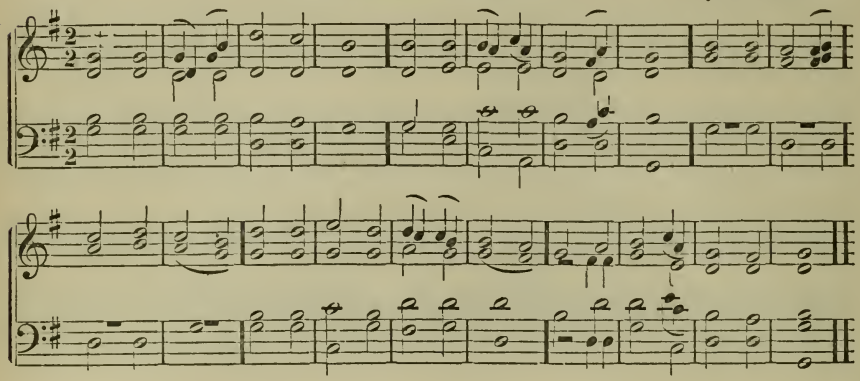
3 Ye troubled spirits, seek his face,
And rest upon his righteousness;
Let sacred courage fill your hearts,
The strength the righteous God imparts

4 Let none who suffer wrong despair;
The God of justice hears their prayer:
Let none dare break his statutes pure;
God's justice, though it wait, is sure.

5 Just is our God, for ever just;
Upon this rock I fix my trust:
This faith shall every fear remove;
His justice is his perfect love.

HENDON. 7s.

Arranged from Malan by Dr. MASON.



154. *"I will that men pray everywhere."* METHODIST COL.

1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place:
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness, in our health;
In our want, or in our wealth, —
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer:
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father, come and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

155. *Our Times in the Hand of God* RYLAND.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form me by thy power;
Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour:
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree, —

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

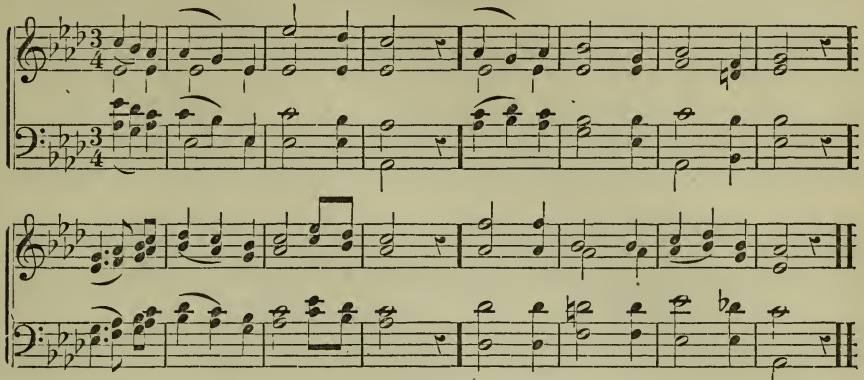
4 Times temptation's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

156. *God our Teacher.* METH. COL.

1 LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Let me cast my reeds aside, —
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man, but God, submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet;

BEETHOVEN. 7s. ZEUNER.



3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

157. *God our Shepherd.* Ps. 23. MERRICK.

1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine:
In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed his happy charge.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 He my soul anew shall frame;
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

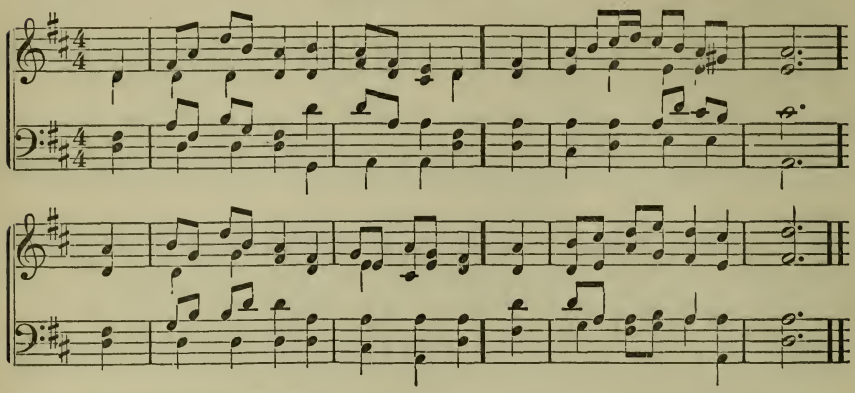
158. *All from God. Morning or Evening.* BOWRING.

1 FATHER, thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine, —
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are thine.

3 And, for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn, unwearied, righteous One.
Through life's strange vicissitude,
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

WARWICK. C.M. STANLEY.



159. *God's Power over his Works.* H. K. WHITE.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land,
With threatening aspect, roar:
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine:
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate our God.

160. *Universal Goodness of God.* BROWNE.

1 LORD, thou art good; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good-will:
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide:
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

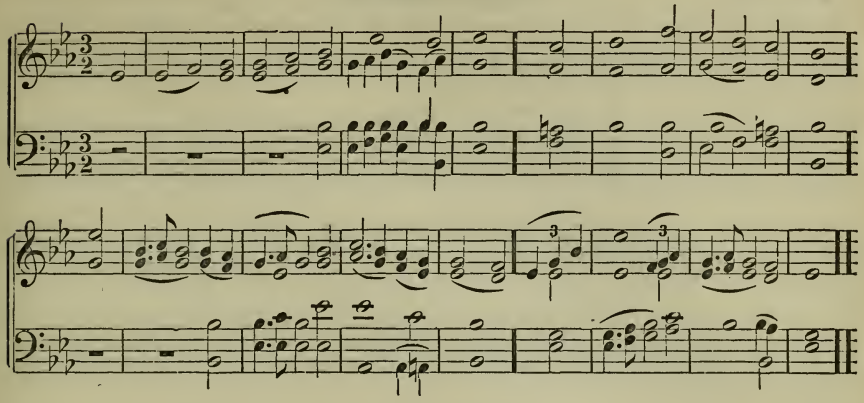
4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
Oh may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart;

6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise
And fill my heart with love!

GENEVA. C.M.

JOHN COLE.



161. *God's Care.* ADDISON.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

162. *Te Deum.* PATRICK.

1 O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

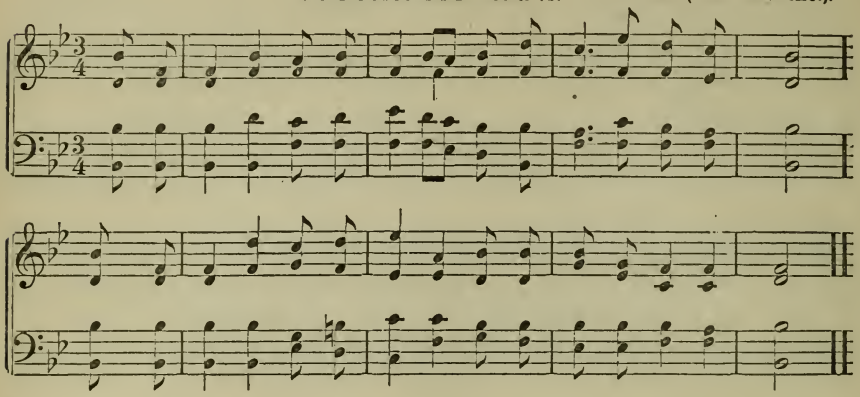
2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey!
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord! confesses thee, —
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. D. E. JONES (NEW CAR. SAC.).



163.

God is Love. BOWRING.

1 GOD is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

164.

He careth for us. BONAR.

1 YES, for me, for me He careth
With a father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, even me, even me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me:
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

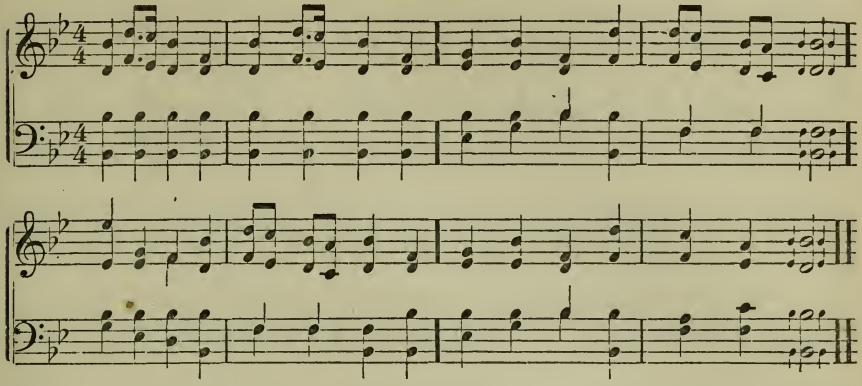
165.

Redeeming Love. ROBINSON

1 FATHER, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold above;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy love.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come:
Safe, O Lord! when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

166. *Praise the Lord.* DUBLIN COL.

1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed:
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail:
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

167. *Praise to the God of Nature.* HOGG

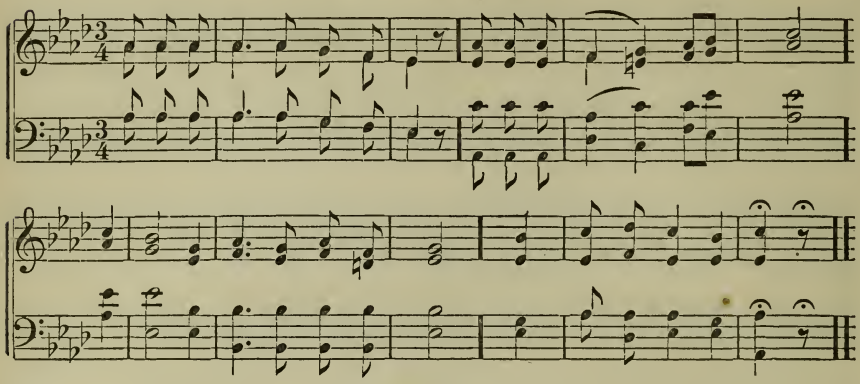
1 BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver:
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest.

2 God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

3 God of evening's peaceful ray,
God of every dawning day,
Rising from the distant sea,
Breathing of eternity!

4 Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night:
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name for ever.

MILETUS. C.M. ZEUNER.



168. *Goodness of God.* GIBBONS.

1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore, —
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare
In every golden ray:
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen:
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

169. *The Earth full of the Goodness of God.* MONTGOMERY.

1 God, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet, in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God:
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

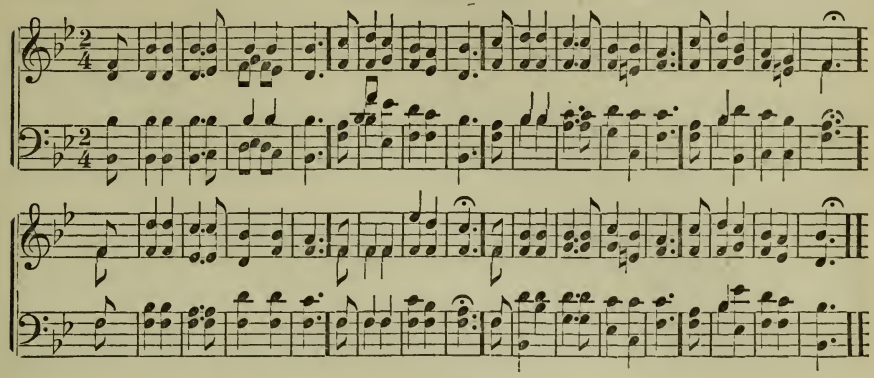
3 The forests in his strength rejoice:
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.

4 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows, —
The breath of life and health.

5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!

TOLLAND. C.M. REGINALD SPOFFORTH.



170. "*Mighty in Power.*" WATTS.

1 I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food:
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there

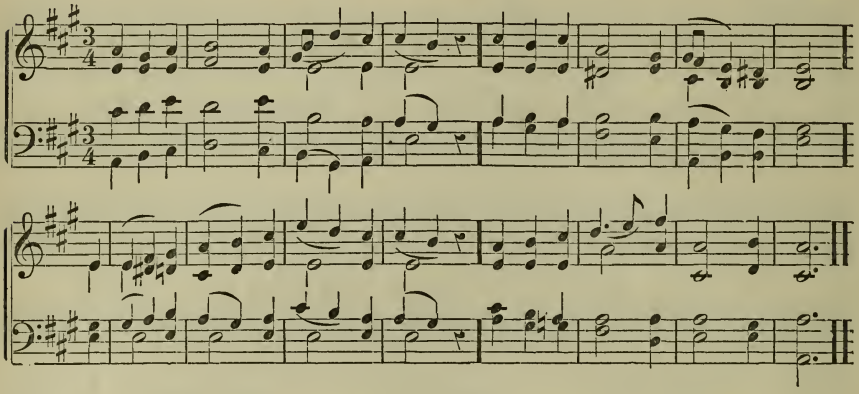
171. *Nature's Hymn.* BOWRING.

1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God!
Attune their evening hymn:
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature, — a temple worthy thee, —
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar.

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

BOWEN. L.M. HAYDN.



172. *Goodness of God to Soul and Body.* Ps. 103. WATTS.

1 Bless, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 Our youth decayed, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

4 He sees the oppressor and the oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

173. *Loving-kindness of God.* SEWALL'S COL.

1 Father, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below:
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes;

2 Giver of sunshine and of rain;
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain;
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star;

3 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay;
Sole trust when life shall pass away;
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb;

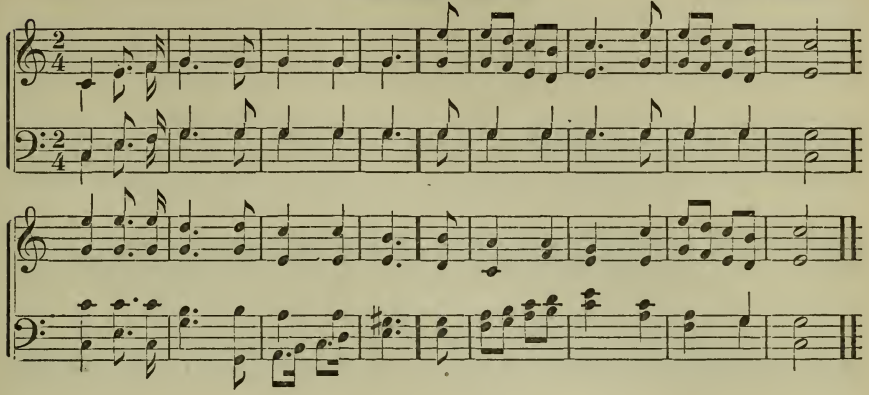
4 Patient, with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child

174. *Divine Goodness.* DODDRIDGE

1 Triumphant, Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below

2 Oh give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love, and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are!

ARNOLD. L.M. DR. ARNOLD.



175.

Providential Bounties improved. DODDRIDGE.

1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day:
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 Oh let not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer!

4 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

176.

Gratitude and Reliance. BROWNE.

1 GREAT Lord of earth and seas and skies,
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
And, safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secured from every harm.

2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below:
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.

3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
On thee we ever will depend, —
The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend.

177.

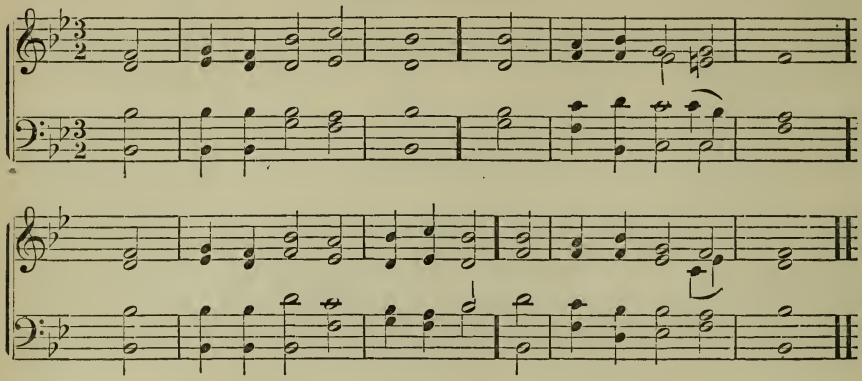
The Beneficence of God W. TAYLOR.

1 GOD of the universe, whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race, —

2 How vast the region where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives,
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
For all that grows and feels and lives!

3 Lord, while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below:
They praise thee best whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow

OLMUTZ. S.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



178. *Praising God for Mercies.* WATTS.

1 OH bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue, to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee strong again.

4 He crowns thy life with love;
He rescues from the grave:
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.

179. *God our Shepherd.* Ps. 23. WATTS.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

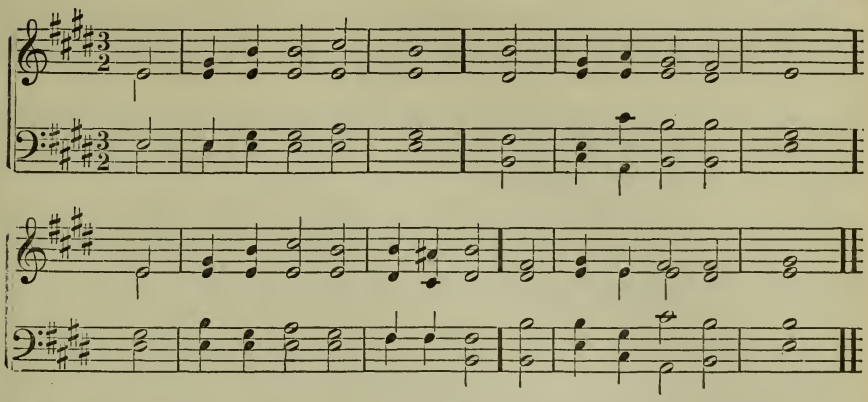
4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

180. *"My times are in thy hand."* ANON.

1 "MY times are in thy hand:"
My God, I'd have them there:
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,—
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

LATHROP. S.M. L. MASON.



3 "My times are in thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand:"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
May I for ever be.

181.

God's Care a Remedy for ours. DODDRIDGE.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell:
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

182.

God our Father. STEELE.

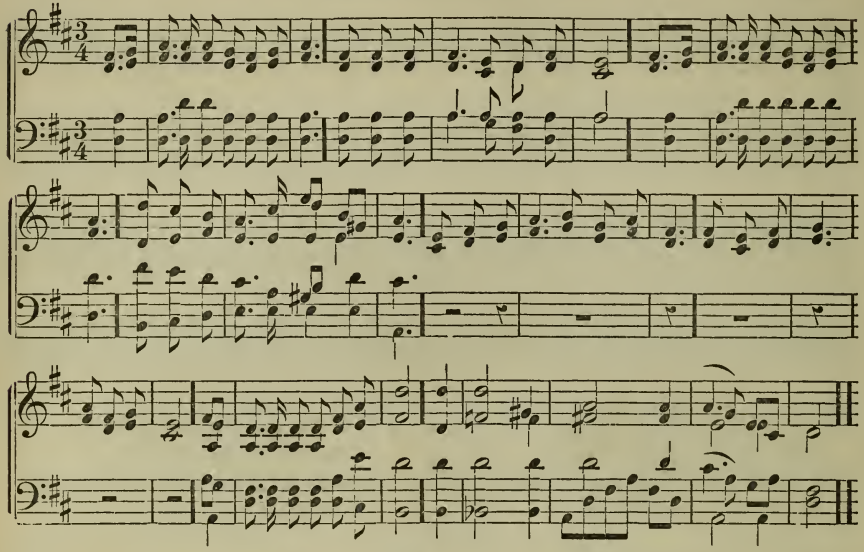
1 My Father, — cheering name, —
Oh! may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just and good and wise:
Oh bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
Oh give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care!

CEPHAS. L.M. DOUBLE. DR. L. MASON



183.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God. ADDISON.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

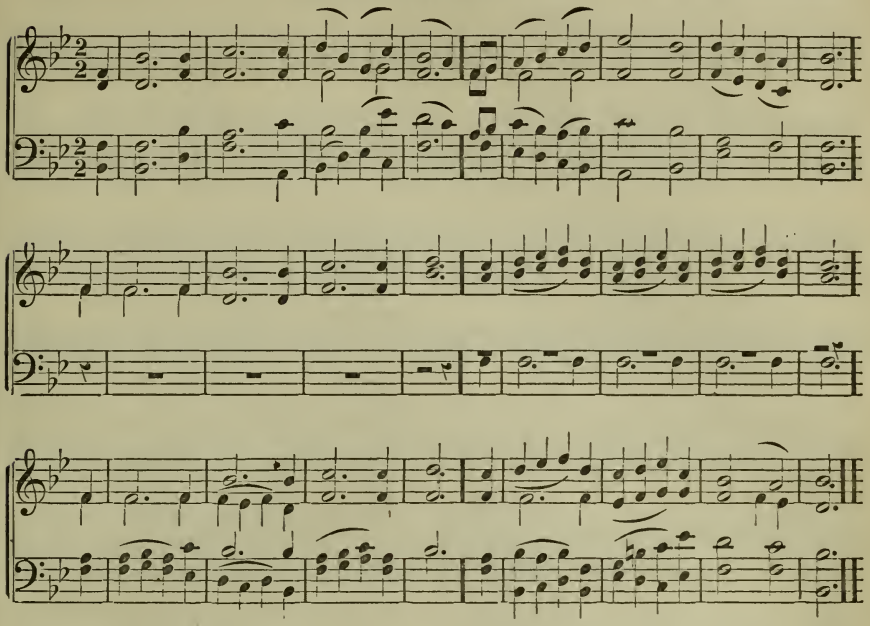
184.

God in Creation. W. B. O. PEABODY.

1 GOD of the rolling orbs above,
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light:
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

2 God of the world, the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn:

CREATION. L.M. 6 lines. HAYDN'S CREATION.



But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

185. *God the Light and Life of the World.* T. MOORE.

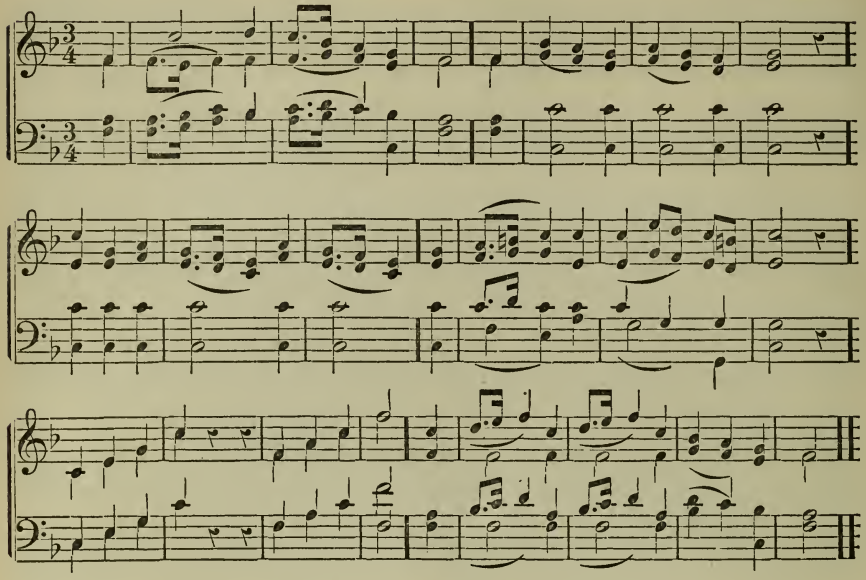
1 THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven, —
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies, —
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine

TRIUMPH. H.M. C. LOCKHART.



186. *Perfections of God.* WATTS.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word:
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord.

187. *God our Preserver.* Ps. 121. WATTS.

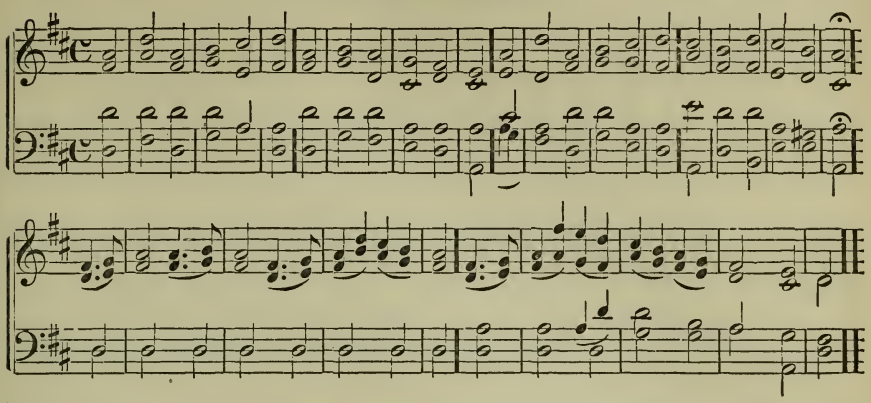
1 Upward I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid, —
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour

2 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

3 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

HADDAM. H.M.

DR. L. MASON.



188. *God's Mercies of Creation and Redemption.* WATTS.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe, —
From darkness, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace are still the same
And let his name have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God, —
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

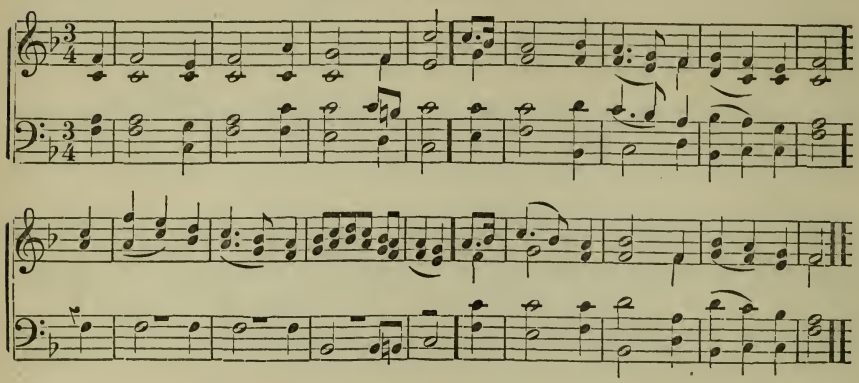
189. "*Praise the Lord from the Earth.*"

1 ANGELS, assist to sing
The honors of your God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad:
Come, pour the trembling notes along,
And swell the grand, immortal song.

2 And ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise;
All ye who dwell on earth,
Your great Creator praise:
Let loud hosannas joyful rise,
Roll round the earth, and pierce the skies

3 Let day and dusky night,
In solemn order, join
His praises to recite,
And speak his power divine:
Let every hill, and every vale,
Re-echo with the sacred tale.

BRENTFORD. L.M.



190. *"Above all, through all."* LANGE.

1 UNCHANGEABLE, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded Sea, —
What lives and moves, lives by thy word:
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.

2 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, holiness, and might
Can by no finite mind be known.

3 Thine, Lord, is holiness alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand;
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Love ever dwells at thy right hand.

4 And to thy love, and ceaseless care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of Life, doth flow.

191. *God in all.* T. MOORE.

1 THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

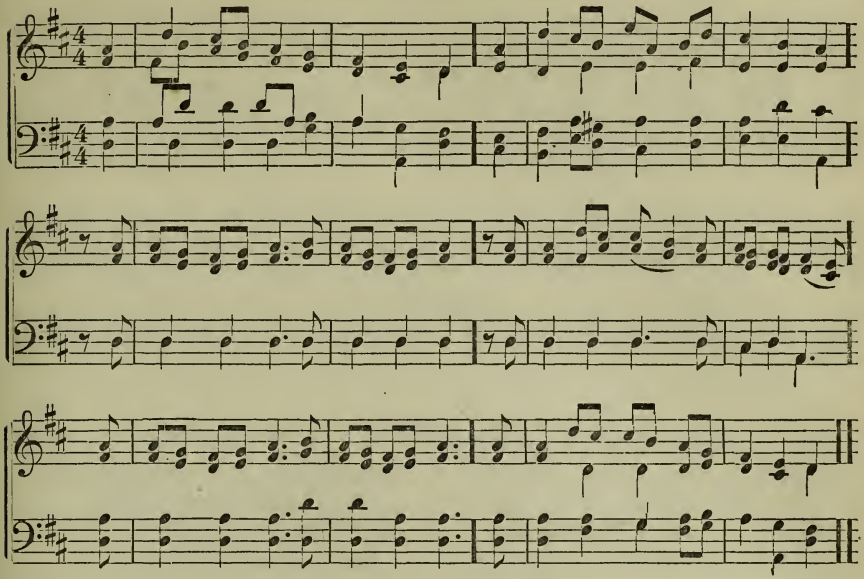
192. *Divine Protection.* Ps. 121. WATTS.

1 UP to the hills I lift my eyes, —
The eternal hills beyond the skies:
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

BELVILLE. L.M. 6 lines. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



193.

God our Shepherd. ADDISON.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

194.

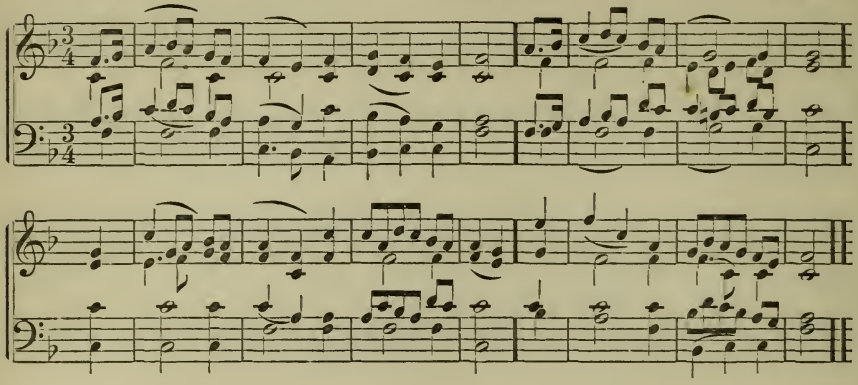
Trust in God. BOWRING

1 OH let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery!
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar, —
Thy light, sweet beaming thro' thy frown;
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.

HEATH. C.M.

DR. L. MASON.



195. *Nature's Worship.* J. G. WHITTIER.

1 THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

2 And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star;

3 The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

4 The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

5 So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

196. *The Book of Nature.* KEBLE

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

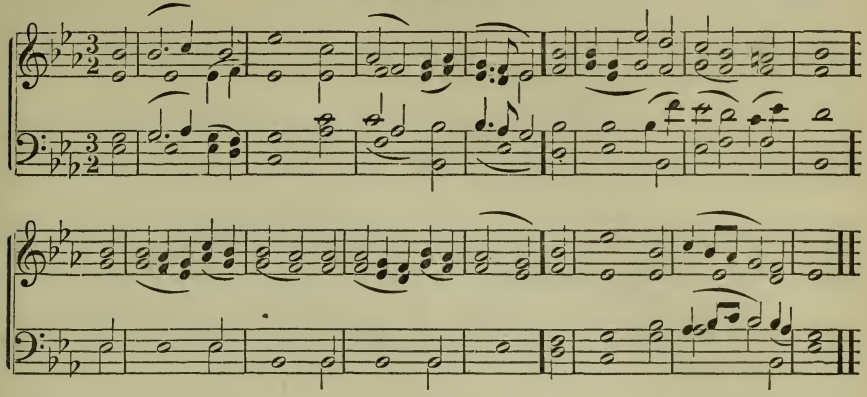
2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

5 Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

KENDALL. C.M. CLARK.



197. *Trust in God through all Changes.* J. TAYLOR.

1 FATHER divine, before thy view
All worlds, all creatures, lie:
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.

2 From thee our vital breath we drew,
Our childhood was thy care,
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.

4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme;
Oh still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favor die.

198. *God our Friend.* THOMSON.

1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

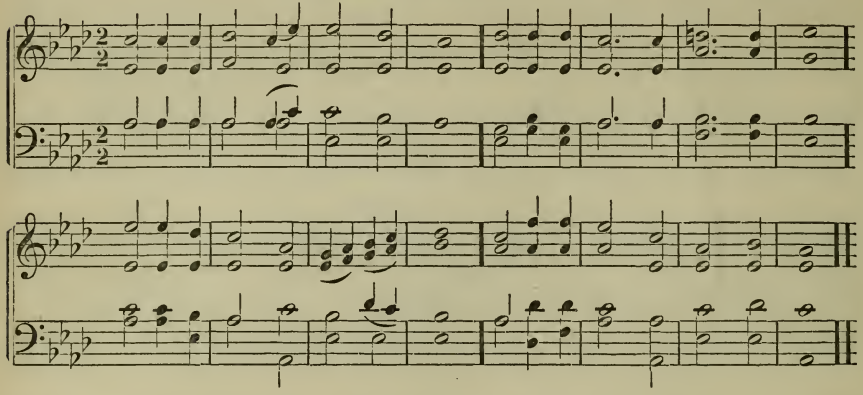
4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

199. *Kindness and Constancy of Providence.* MRS. STEELE.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Holy and just in all its ways
Is providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M. H. K. OLIVER.



200. *Deliverances acknowledged.* WESLEY'S COL.

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head, —

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, oh whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O God! my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find, —
The heaven of loving thee alone.

201. *Paternal Providence of God.* COLLETT.

1 Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

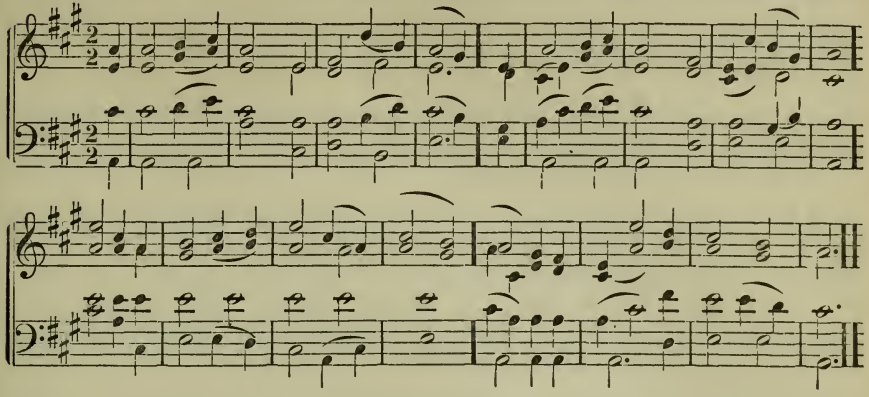
3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

4 Be this my care: to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

202. *God the Eternal Dwelling-place.* Ps. 90. DODDRIDGE.

1 Thou, Lord, thro' every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

WIMBORNE. L.M. GREATOREX'S COL. (by permission).



2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
In thee our fathers still are blest;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

4 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

203.

God our Father. MRS. GILMAN.

1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father, let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father, break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father, still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

204.

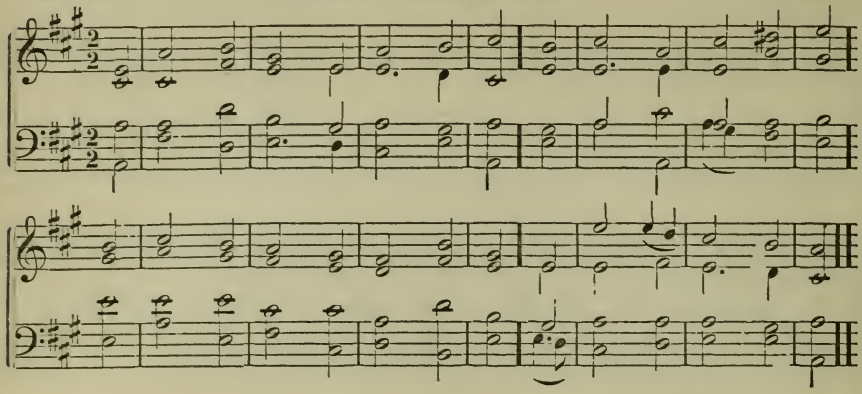
God the Guardian of Nations. ROSCOE.

1 GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall,—

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own:
But, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
Their tribute of exulting praise.

NOTTINGHAM. C.M. JER. CLARKE.



205. *The Mysteries of Providence.* COWPER.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

206. *God the Creator.* WATTS.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing:
While with thy name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, ring.

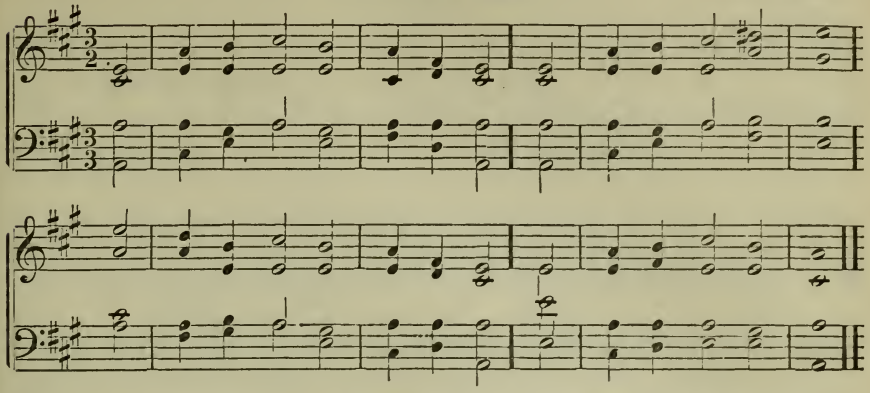
2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And decked with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies and seas and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move:
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And here adore his love.

YDOLEM. C.M. CH. ZEUNER.



207. *God is Love.* BURDER.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your soul above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

2 Behold! his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.

3 Oh may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love!

208. *God's Condescending Love.* LYRA CATH.

1 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits. day and night,
Incessantly adored.

2 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

209. *Prayer for full Assurance.* MRS. STEELE

1 ETERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires:
Oh could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires!

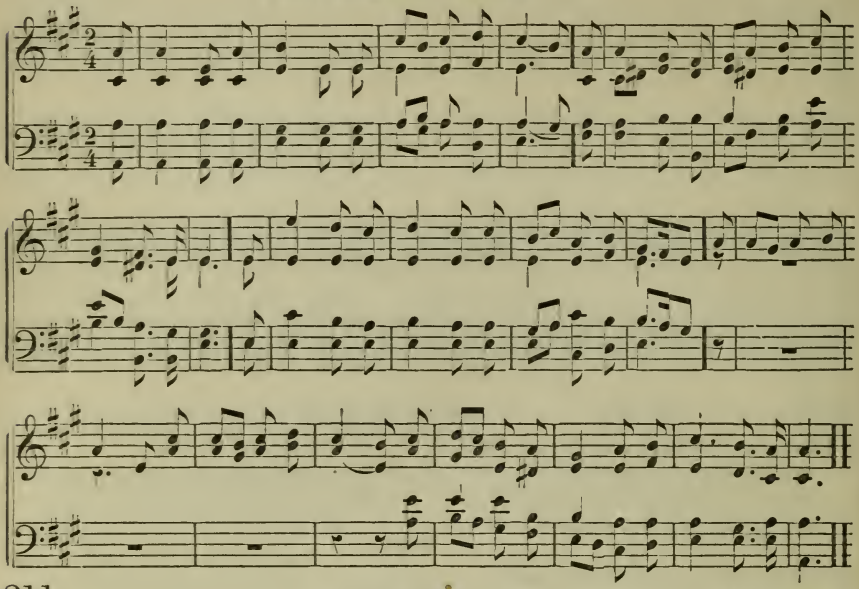
2 My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love:
Oh speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove!

3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

210. *Doxology.*

To God, before whom angels bow,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



211. *God our Shepherd.* Ps. 23. MONTGOMERY.

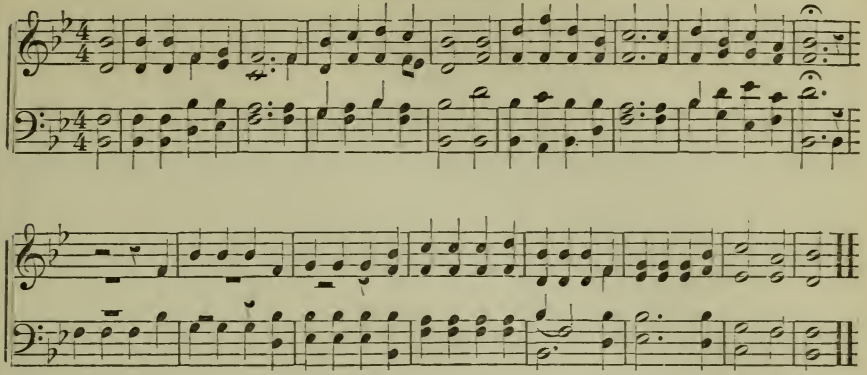
1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know:
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
Oh what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

LENOX. H.M.



212.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light, begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
His power declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came, to praise the Lord.

4 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise his honors high.

213.

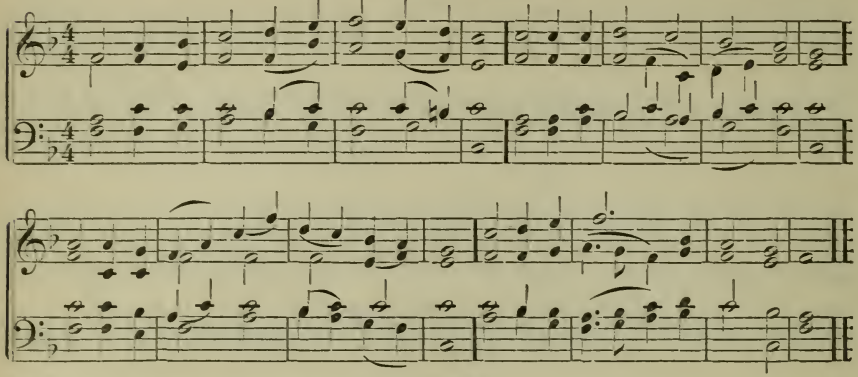
God's Saving Word. DODDRIDGE.

1 Mark the soft falling snow,
And the diffusive rain:
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more"

DUKE STREET. L.M. J. HATTON.



214. "God through all, and in you all."

1 God of the earth, the sky, the sea;
Maker of all above, below, —
Creation lives and moves in thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

2 Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And even the still rock's mossy stains.

3 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air:
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.

4 We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light."

5 But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there, —
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

215. God is Good. GURNEY.

1 Yes, God is good: in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

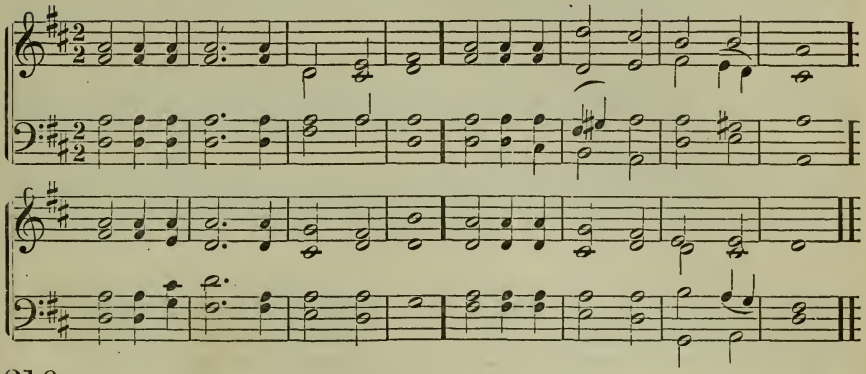
3 I hear it in the rushing breeze:
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

4 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued,
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good."

5 For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word:
These prompt our song, that God is good

III. DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS AND AFFECTIONS.

APPLETON. L.M. DR. BOYCE.



216. *The Lord's Prayer.* BIRMINGHAM COL.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

217. *Following after God.* MONTGOMERY.

1 O GOD! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

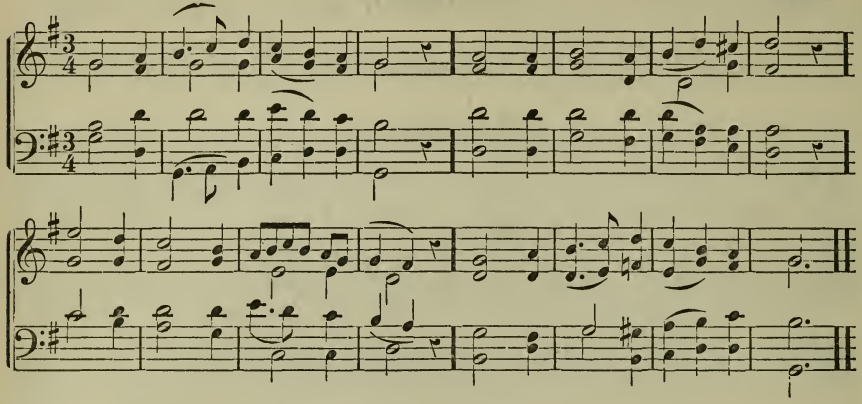
2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God:
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember, on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy, I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

PILTON. 7s. WELDON.



218. "*Hallowed be thy Name.*" ANON.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame,—
Father, hallowed be thy name.

2 Though from thee we may depart,
Always thou our Father art;
From thy hand our spirits came:
Father, hallowed be thy name.

3 Born of thee, oh may we feel
Filial love, the spirit's seal! [shame:
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from
Father, hallowed be thy name.

4 When in want, or when in wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same:
Father, hallowed be thy name.

219. *The Soul.* FURNESS.

1 WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

2 What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

3 'Tis the soul,—mysterious name,
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.

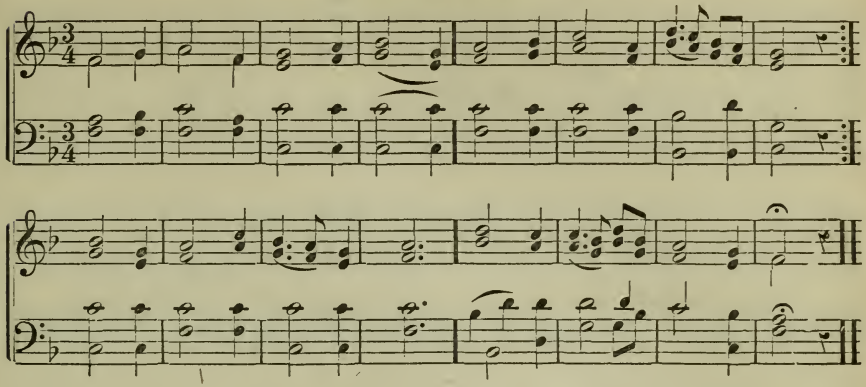
4 Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

220. "*The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.*"

1 HOLY Spirit, Light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

SHIMMIN. 7s. ZEUNER.



3 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Cleanse my soul in thy pure fire.

4 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still;
With thy peace my spirit fill.

5 Holy Spirit, All divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

221. *Filial Trust.* NEWTON.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art, —
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

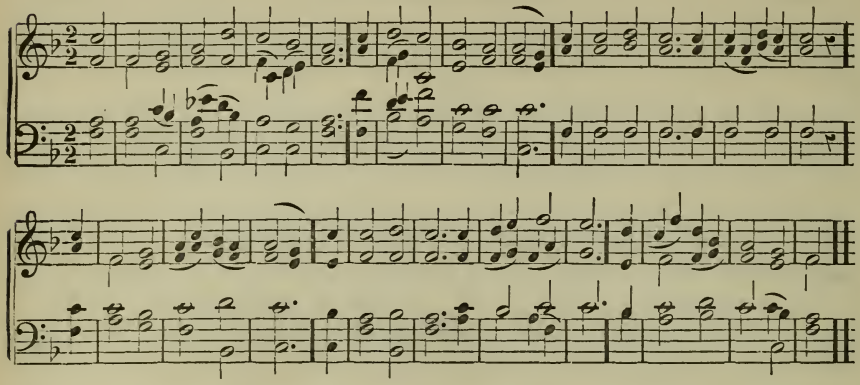
3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone, —
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

222. *The Soul's Cry for God.* MONTGOMERY.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see.
When, oh! when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

ARABIA. C.M. 6 lines. T. FORD.



223.

Self-consecration. ANNE L. WARING.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me:
The changes that must surely come,
I do not fear to see.
I ask thee for the present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smile,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will,
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where to go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I would have fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of holy love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

224.

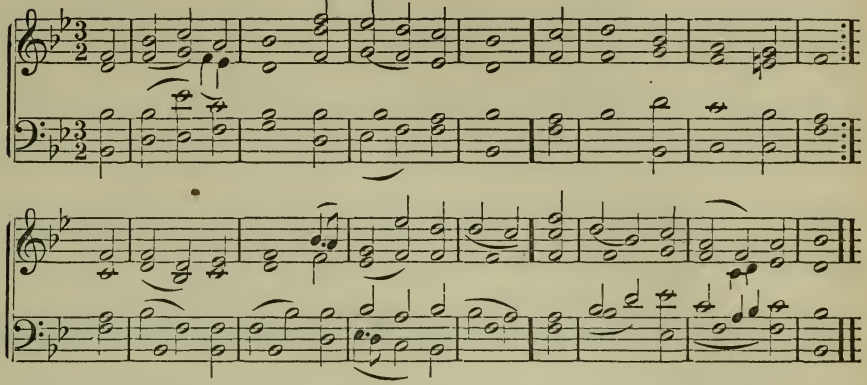
Lowly Service. A. L. WARING.

1 I ASK thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

2 Briers beset my every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on thee
Are happy anywhere.

3 In service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

NEWTON. C.M. JACKSON.



225.

Evening Prayer. C. M. PACKARD.

1 O SHADOW in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding like the night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

2 From aimless wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro;
The wave of being mingles deep
Amid its ebb and flow:
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

3 That which the garish day had lost,
The twilight vigil brings;
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings, —
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings.

4 Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day with golden skies!
Serene, above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned, arise.
So beautiful may heaven be
When life's last sunbeam dies!

226.

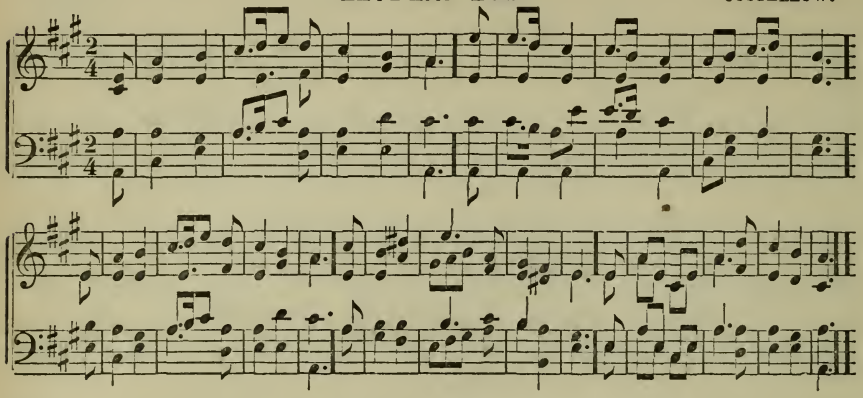
God in the Soul. CONDER.

1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh.

2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control,
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?

3 Oh not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest!
Oh come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest!

LEYDEN. L.M. COSTELLOW.



227. *Prayer for Divine Help.* CH. PSALMIST.

1 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Show me my weakness; let me see
I have my power, my all, from thee.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride, —
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

5 Oh may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil!
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

228. *To be made perfect in Divine Love.* TOPLADY.

1 Oh that my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love!
Oh that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!

2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear:
Arise, propitious Sun, and light
An everlasting morning there.

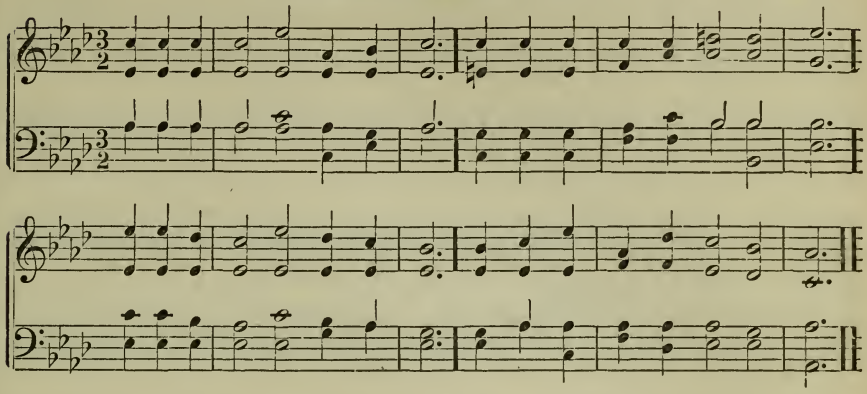
3 Oh let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
Eye-sight impart, for I am blind,
And seal me thine adopted son!

229. "*Lord, save us; we perish.*" COWPER.

1 The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm,
Defend me from each threatening ill:
Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still."

HARMONY GROVE. L.M. H. K. OLIVER (by permission).



3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

230. *Choosing the Better Part.* DODDRIDGE.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

231. *Retirement and Meditation.* WATTS.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

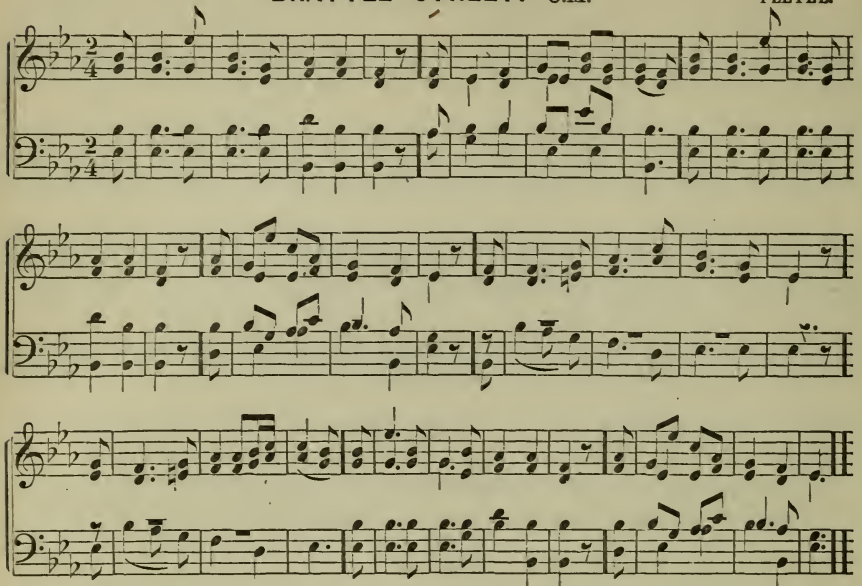
2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense, —
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

BRATTLE STREET. C.M.

PLEYEL.



232. *"Pray without ceasing."*

MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, —
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

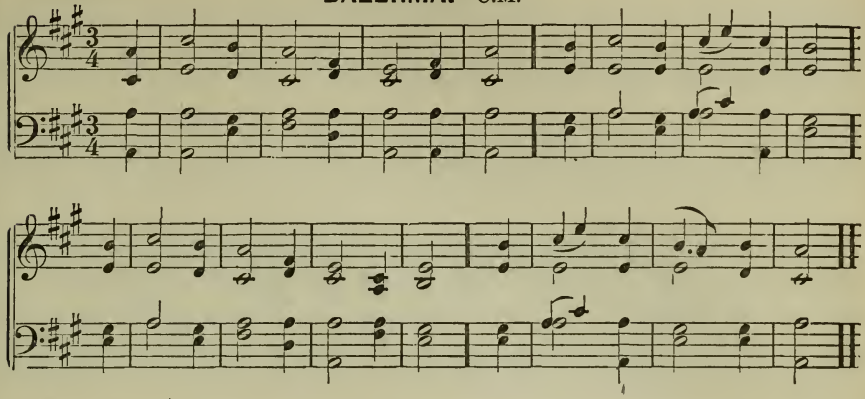
6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear, —
That heart shall rest on thee.

233. *For Purity of Heart.* WESLEYAN

1 OH for a heart to praise my God, —
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels how good,
Thou, Lord, hast been to me!

2 Oh for a humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within, —

BALERMA. C.M.



3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
Conformed, O Lord! to thine!

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Oh write thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God! is love.

234. *Prayer for Grace in Trial.* MONTGOMERY.

1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
Oh give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal!

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith and hope and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above!

235. *Breathing after Holiness.* WATTS.

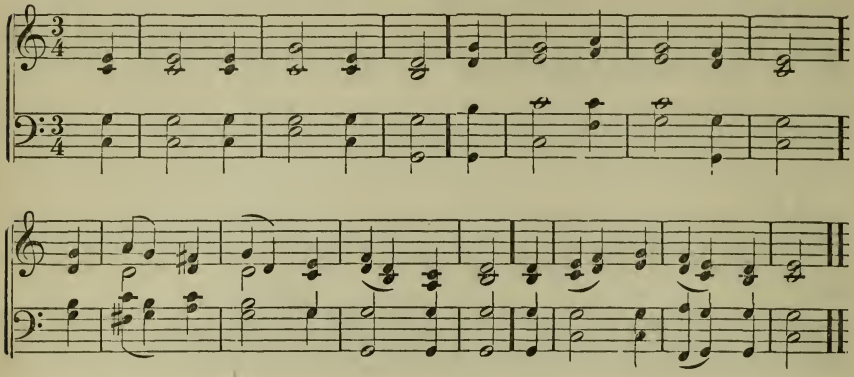
1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Oh send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

UTICA. S.M. CH. ZEUNER.



236.

God our True Life. MONTGOMERY.

1 Oh where shall rest be found, —
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, — the rest
Of immortality.

237.

God our Safety. PATRICK.

1 God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And in the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2 The humble soul he guides;
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mingles fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 Oh ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

238.

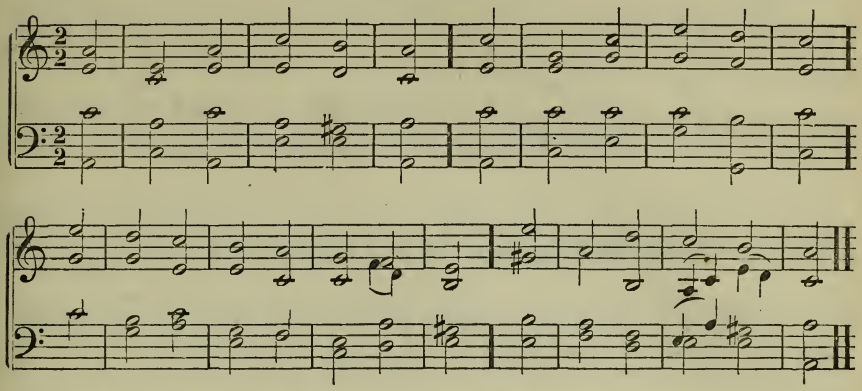
For the Gifts of the Spirit. E. R. SILL.

1 Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord! send down.

2 Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, oh, send down!

ST. BRIDE'S. S.M.

HOWARD.



3 Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy living love send down.

4 Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God! send down.

239.

Safety in God. WATTS.

1 Oh lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade!

2 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

240.

Ark of Safety. EPISCOPAL COL.

1 Oh cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam!
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more!

3 There, safe thou shalt abide;
There, sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

241.*

The Want within. FURNESS.

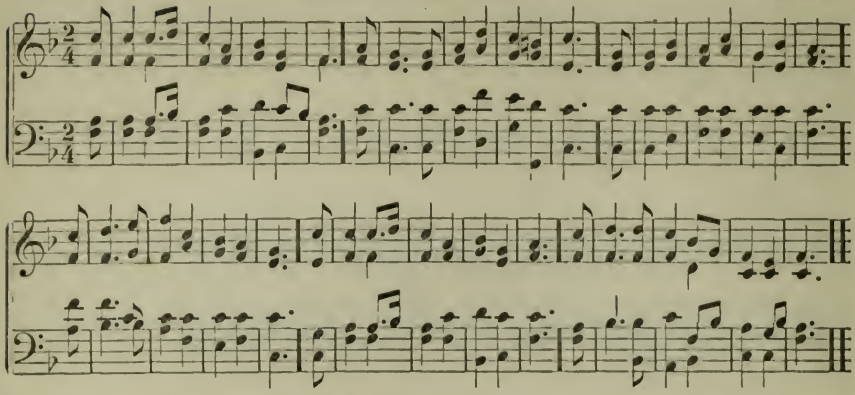
1 I feel within a want
For ever burning there:
What I so thirst for, grant,
O thou who hearest prayer!

2 This is the thing I crave, —
A likeness to thy Son;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.

3 'Tis my most fervent prayer;
Be it more fervent still:
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will.

* [Repeat, in singing, the first two words of the third line of each verse.]

REPOSE. L.M. 6 lines. PLEYEL.



242.

Seeking after God. MORAVIAN.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee:
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share;
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

243.

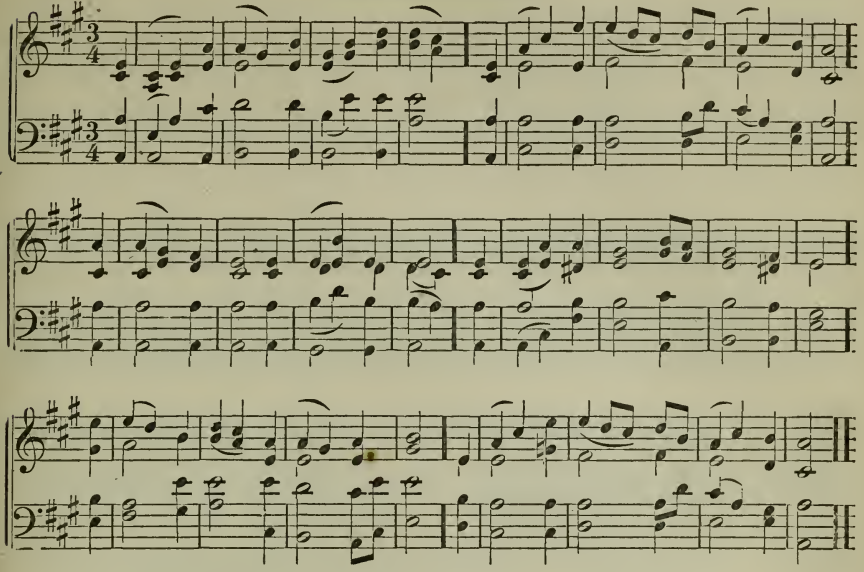
God our All in All. WESLEYAN

1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine.
And, lo! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Father, in thy name.

2 Father, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the cold world's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

3 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in evil's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

MILTON. L.M. HAYDN.



244. *Living to God.* MORAVIAN.

1 Oh draw me, Father, after thee!
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire:
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued:
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side!

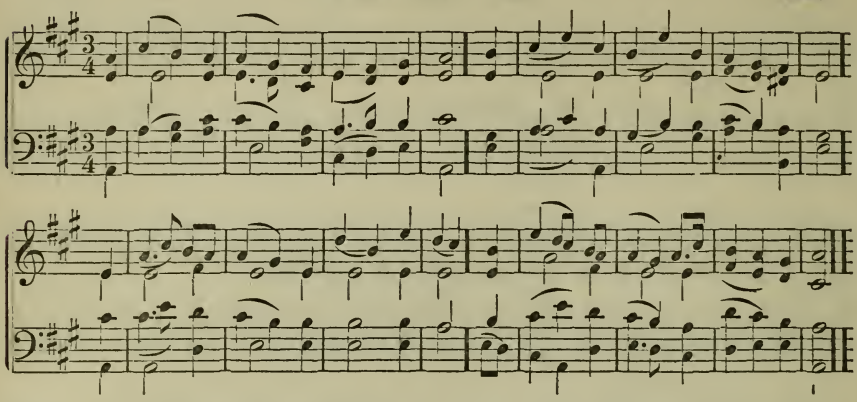
3 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My God, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And bear me thro' death's whelming tide.

245. *Peace, troubled Soul.*

1 Peace, troubled soul. Thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Protector still is near:
He who has fed, will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will:
Who hears the ravens when they cry
Will all his children's needs supply.

2 Peace, doubting heart; distrust not God:
Though dark the valley, steep the way,
Still lean upon his staff and rod,
Still make his providence thy stay:
A sudden calm thy soul shall fill,—
'Tis God, who whispers, Peace; be still.

ATLANTIC. L.M. G. OATES.



246.

Living to God. MRS. COTTERILL.

1 O THOU who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

4 And, while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give;
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

247.

Trust in God. J. NEWTON.

1 BE still, my heart: these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

248.

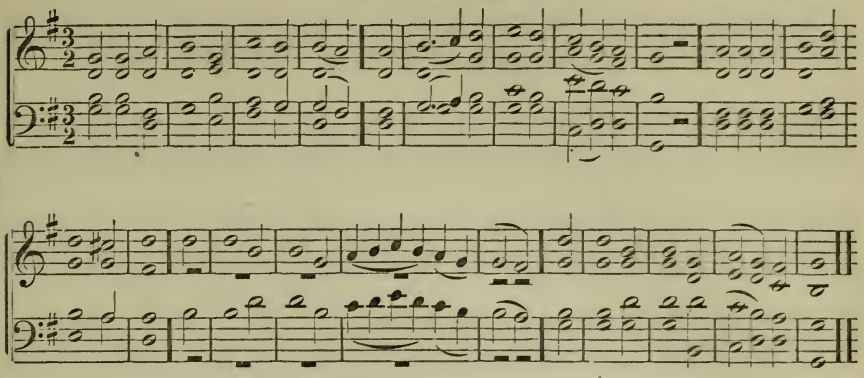
"*Under his wings shalt thou trust.*" BURLEIGH.

1 FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring;
In life, in death, supremely blest.

2 For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine which all things sways.

HINGHAM. L.M.

DR. L. MASON.



3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4 Redeemed from that, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves, to guide:
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

249. *Self-Consecration.* OBERLIN.

1 O LORD! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart:
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

250. *Desire of Progress.* T. H. GILL.

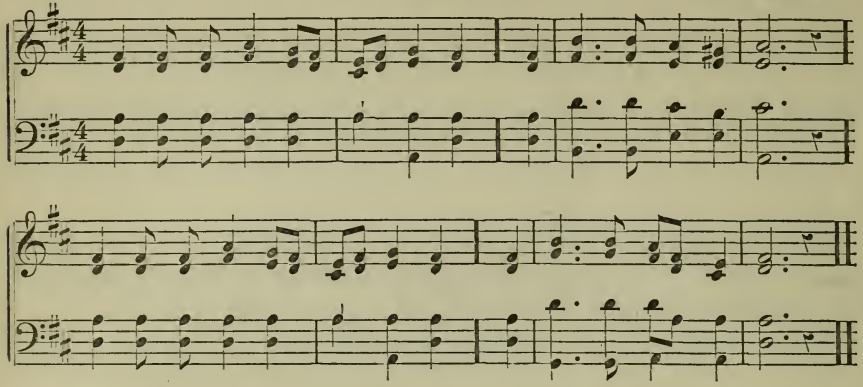
1 LORD, thou wouldst have us like to thee;
Lord, thou wouldst lift us to thy Son:
Thou biddest us aspirants be, —
Put all divine ambition on.

2 Alas our wrath! alas our pride!
Yet shall they not at last be gone?
Oh may we not each day abide
Still nearer the all-loving One?

3 Father of lights, our darkness dares
Hope into something bright to rise;
Each well-won truth our souls declares
Of closer kin to thee, all-wise.

4 Would we not grow divinely bright,
Take sweetness in, put glory on, —
Yes, wax more worthy to delight
In thee, first fair, all-glorious One?

NAOMI. C.M. DR. L. MASON.



251. *Submission to the Divine Disposal.* COWPER.

1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil;
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No: let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both, —
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth?

5 But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

252. *The One Petition.* MRS. STEELE.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise: —

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee;

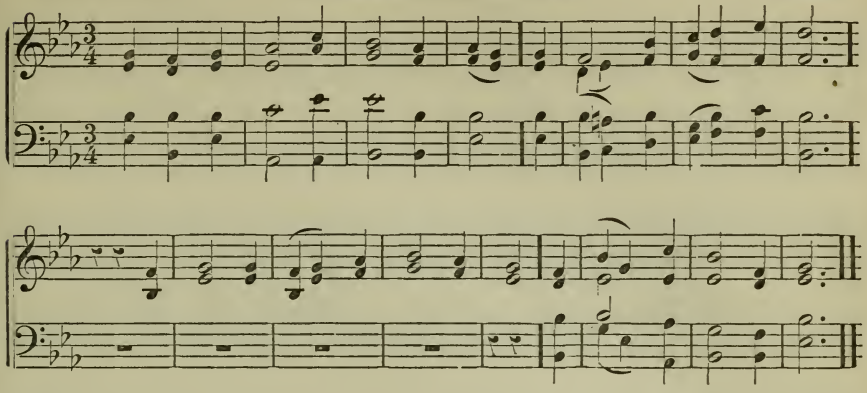
3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

253. *God speaking Peace to his People.* Ps. 85. DODDRIDGE.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For, lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

ECKARDTSHEIM. C.M. ZEUNER.



3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sound of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

254. *Praising God in Life and Death.* HEGINBOTHAM.

1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ:
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

3 When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

255. *Days of the Upright known to God.* Ps. 37. DODDRIDGE.

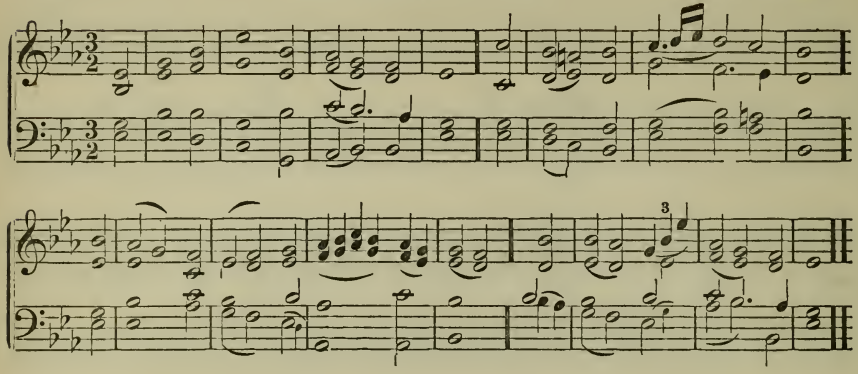
1 To thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought:
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

3 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

4 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

LIVERPOOL. C.M. WAINWRIGHT.



256. *Spiritual Declension.* T. H. GILL.

1 OH wherefore hath my spirit leave
To come so near my God,
And yet so soon must gaze and grieve
O'er the abandoned road?

2 I feel my God almost possessed,
The heavenly land half won;
The blissful greeting of the blest,
The eternal song, begun:

3 O wings that drop! O strains that die!
O light that fades away!
O fleeting people of the sky!
O heaven, that will not stay!

4 What sweetness in thy presence, Lord!
What glory in thy smile!
Thine awful voice, how quickly heard!
Ah! wherefore but a while?

5 How faintly sounds each sweet command!
Thy Son's dear face, how dim!
Yet would I smile at thy right hand,
Yet would I reign with him.

6 Lord, help this earnest, helpless will;
Lord, lay thy hand on me:
Shall I not climb thy holy hill?
Shall I not dwell with thee?

257. *The Light from Within.* J. VERY.

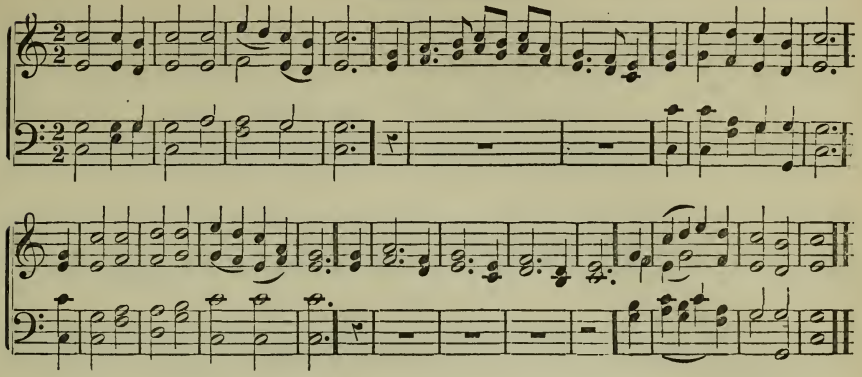
1 I SAW on earth another light
Than that which lit my eye
Come forth, as from the soul within,
And from a higher sky.

2 Its beams still shone unclouded on,
When, in the distant west,
The sun I once had known had sunk
For ever to his rest.

3 And on I walked, though dark the night,
Nor rose his orb by day;
As one to whom a surer guide
Was pointing out the way.

4 'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam
It shone from God within;
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
The world's dark track of sin.

PIETY. C.P.M. T. CLARKE.



258.

For Self-Renunciation.

1 O LORD! how happy should I be
If I could leave my cares to thee,
If I from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 For when I kneel, and cast my care
Upon my God in humble prayer,
With strengthened soul I rise;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear his children's cries.

3 Oh may these trustless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease;
Leave all things to our Father's will;
And, on his mercy leaning still,
Find in each trial, peace!

259.

The Fulness of God's Love. C. WESLEY.

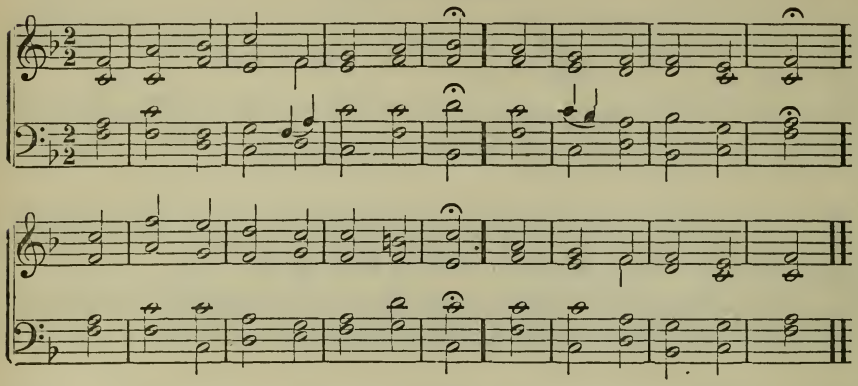
1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of God to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
No mortal can its riches tell,
Nor first-born sons of light:
In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,—
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,—
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh that I could for ever sit
In transport at my Father's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear my Father's voice.

DUNDEE. C.M.



260.

The Saint's Rest. WESLEY'S COL.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone;

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above, —
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

261.

"He knoweth what ye have need of." MERRICK.

1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee:
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see;
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide:
Oh let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide!

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good unasked, O Father! grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

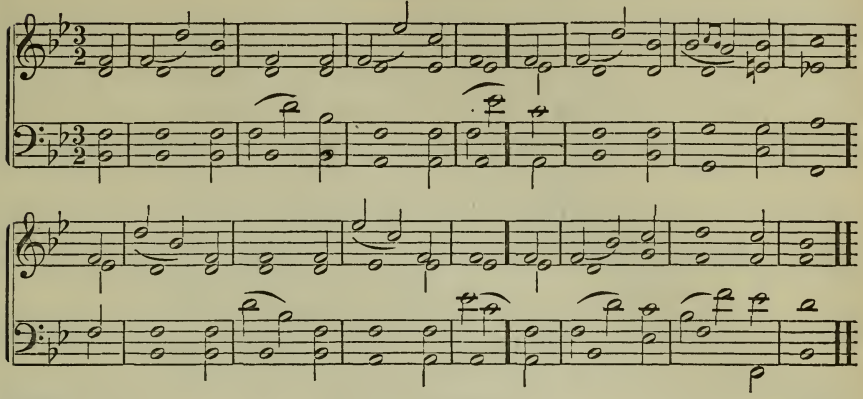
262.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom. 2 Chron. 1. MONTGOMERY.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;

GEER. C.M. GREATOREX'S COL. (by permission).



3 We ask not honors which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

263.

Thy Kingdom come. WESLEY'S COL.

1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign, —

3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in;

4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

264.

Resignation. MONTGOMERY.

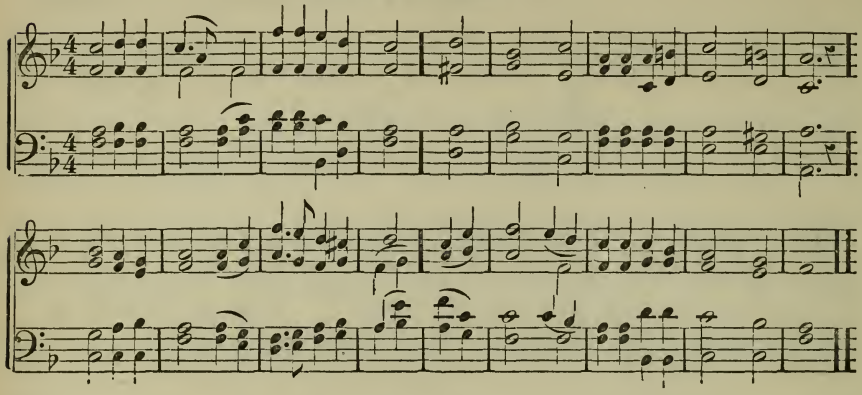
1 ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.

4 And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No: let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

RUSSIAN HYMN. 10s.



265.

Imploring Divine Light. DR. JOHNSON.

1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,—
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

266.

My Heaven in Thee. TUCKERMAN.

1 FATHER divine, this deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul;
Oh break this bondage, Lord! I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven in thee.

2 My heaven in thee!—O God! no other heaven,
To the immortal soul, can e'er be given:
Oh let thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, thy will be done!

3 My heaven in thee, O Father! let me find,—
My heaven in thee, within a heart resigned:
No more of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair;
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

267. *The Child of God.* J. VERY.

1 FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,
Save that in thee I grow from day to day;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

268. *Heaven not afar off.* J. VERY.

1 FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed:
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

2 In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

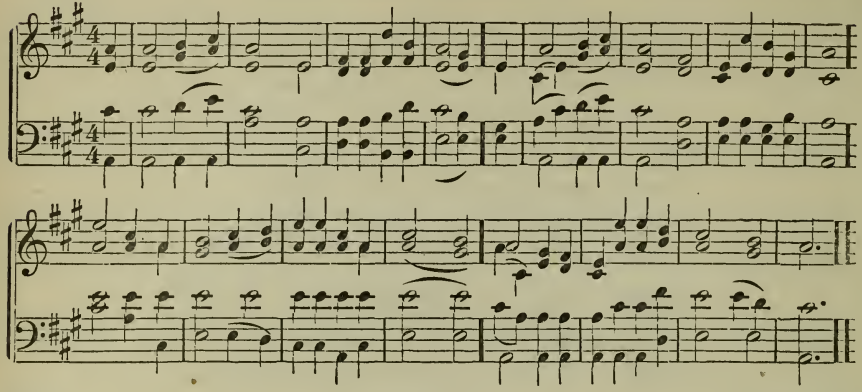
3 Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

269. *All is of God.* H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1 ALL is of God: if he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud;
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

2 Angels of life and death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er:
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

WIMBORNE. 11s & 10s. GREATOREX'S COL. (by permission).



270. *The Compass.* S. D. ROBBINS.

1 THOU art, O God! my East. In thee I dawned;
Within me ever let thy day-spring shine;
Then, for each night of sorrow I have mourned,
I'll bless thee, Father, since it seals me thine.

2 Thou art, O God! my North. My trembling soul,
Like a charmed needle, points to thee alone;
Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll
My trusting spirit forward to thy throne.

3 Thou art, O God! my South. Thy fervent love
Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed;
And constant sunshine from thy heart of love,
With wine and oil thy grateful child hath fed.

4 Thou art, O God! my West. Into thy arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline;
Baptized from earthly stains and sin's alarms,
Re-born, arise in thy new heavens to shine.

271. *"I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait."* J. VERY.

1 FATHER, I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.

2 The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
Then every drop speeds onward at thy call.

3 The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;
So does my spirit wait thy presence now,
To pour thy praise in quickening life along.

272. *"He giveth power to the faint."* J. F. CLARKE

1 FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name,

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean;
Oh speak the word, thy servants shall be healed!

273. *The Word in Nature.* H. COLERIDGE

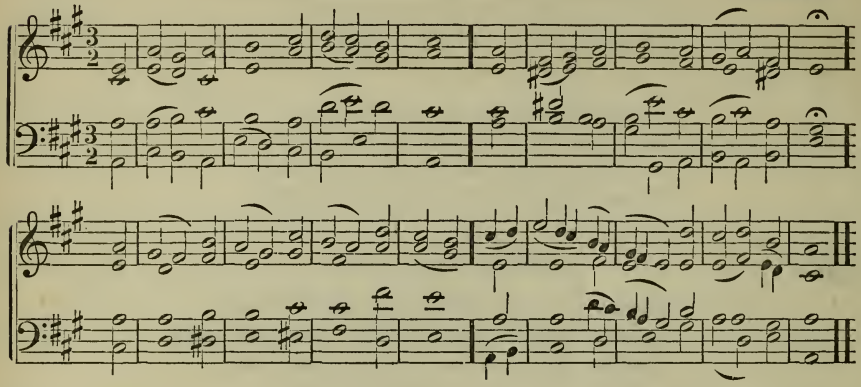
1 IN holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present worked no sign nor token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?

2 The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If he that spake it were not speaking still;
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty Will.

3 So, then, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings,
To the pure spirit is a word of God.

WADSWORTH. L.M.

W. BEALE.



274. *Imploring the Constant Presence of God.*

SIR W. SCOTT.

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And oh! when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

275. *God a Refuge.* HEBER.

1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

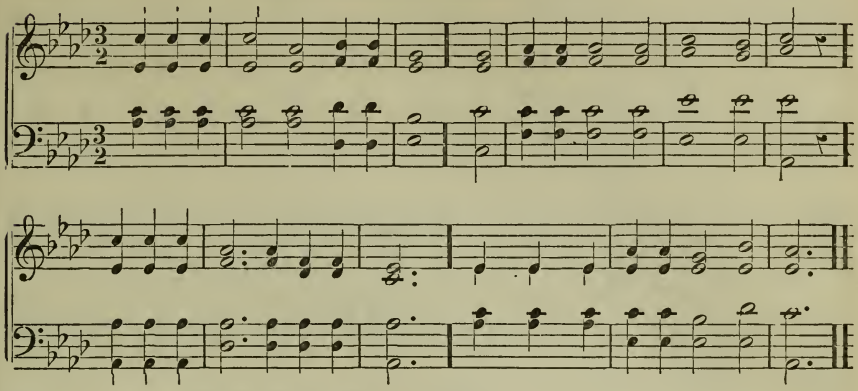
276. *God our Guide.* WESLEYAN.

1 Leader of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love,—
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord

2 By thine unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, Almighty love, is near.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

ZEUNER.



277. *The Unchanging Love of God.* COWPER.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 Oh let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn, —
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn!

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my God! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

278. *"Oh when wilt thou come unto me!"* H. V. T.

1 COME to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dewdrops, to the skies.

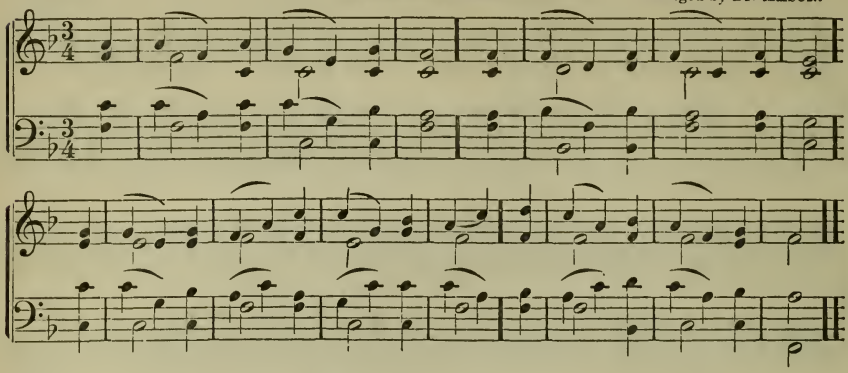
2 Come to me in the sultry noon;
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

3 Come to me in the evening shade;
And if my heart from thee have strayed,
Oh bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like thine evening star!

4 Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds her balmy power;
Let my lone spirit find its rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

5 Come to me through life's varied way;
And, when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Father, bid me come to thee,
That where thou art thy child may be.

DENNIS. S.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



279. *For Christian Principles.* WESLEY'S COL.

1 My God, my strength, my hope,
  On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
  And know thou hear'st my prayer.
  Give me on thee to wait,
  Till I can all things do, —
On thee, almighty to create,
  Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
  A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
  The baits of pleasing ill;
  A soul inured to pain,
  To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
  The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
  A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
  And sees the tempter fly;
  A spirit still prepared,
  And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
  And watching unto prayer.

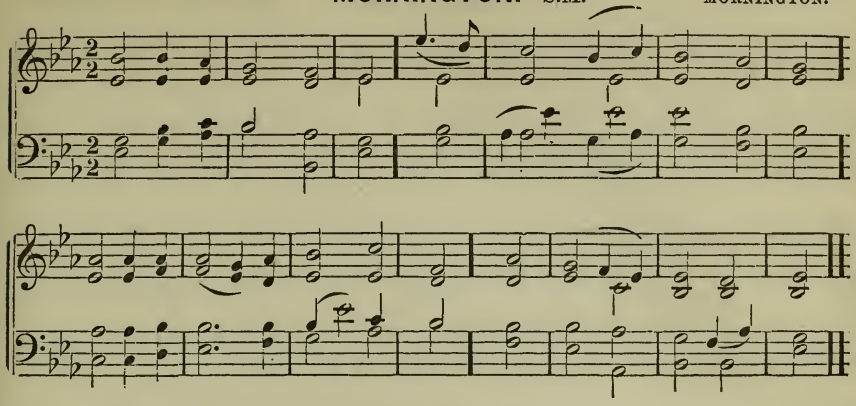
4 I want a true regard,
  A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
  To thee and thy great name;
  A zealous, just concern
  For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
  And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word;
  The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
  Shall surely come from thee:
  But let me still abide,
  Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
  Into thy perfect love.

280. *For a Holy Heart.* WESLEYAN

1 GREAT Source of life and light,
  Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy Holy Spirit write
  Thy law upon my heart:
  My soul would cleave to thee;
  Let nought my purpose move;
Oh let my faith more steadfast be,
  And more intense my love!

MORNINGTON. S.M. MORNINGTON.



2 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
Oh let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!
Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

281. "*Do all to the Glory of God.*" HERBERT.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee;

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way, —
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

282. *Call to Prayer.* ANON.

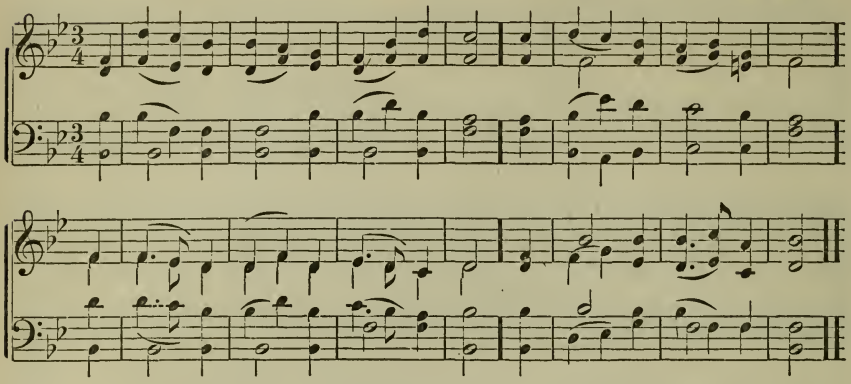
1 COME to the morning prayer, —
Come, let us kneel and pray:
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray:
Sweet is that shelter from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.

3 At evening, shut thy door,
Round the home altar pray;
And, finding there the house of God,
At heaven's gate close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray!

LOGAN. C.M. MODERN HARP (by permission).



283. *For a Tender Conscience.* C. WESLEY.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to find it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God! my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

284. *Prayer for Supplies of Grace.* C. WESLEY.

1 THOU Fount of blessing, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be;
Our sacrifice receive:
Made and preserved and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 To thee our every wish aspires:
For all thy mercy's store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.

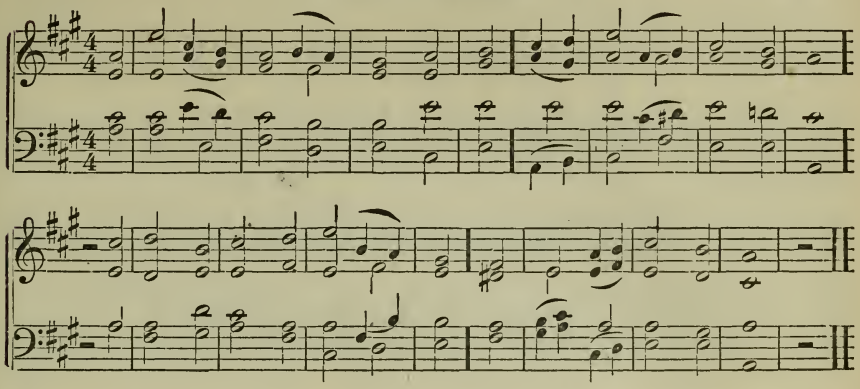
4 For more we ask; we open, Lord,
Our hearts to embrace thy will:
Renew us by thy quickening word,
And from thy fulness fill.

285. *Seeking the Knowledge of God.* DODDRIDGE.

1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

2 Vain are the charms and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.

STEPHENS. C.M. JONES.



3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to read thy name;
True life, to obey thy will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

286. *Walking with God.* COWPER.

1 Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

287. *All Things work together for Good.* FABER.

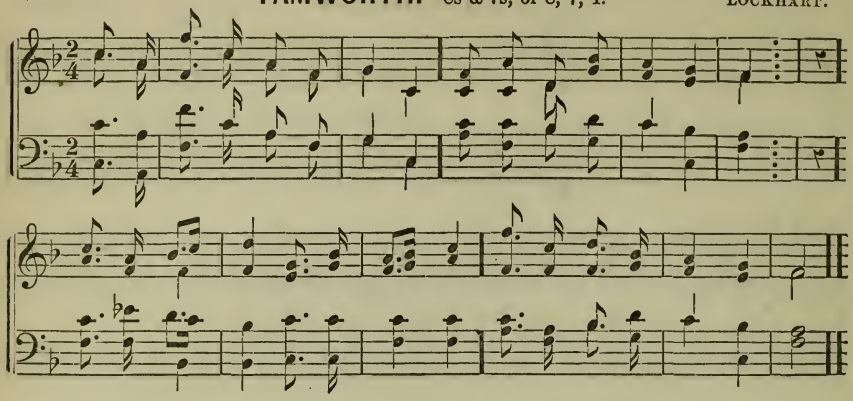
1 I worship thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

2 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

3 He always wins who sides with God:
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

4 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will.

TAMWORTH. 8s & 7s, or 8, 7, 4. LOCKHART.



288. *God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.* OLIVER.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

289. *Upward and Onward.* T. H. GILL.

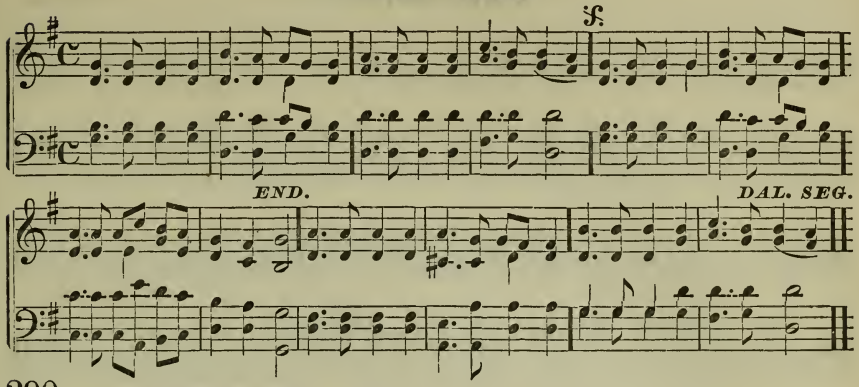
1 WE the weak ones, we the sinners,
Would not in our poorness stay;
We the low ones would be winners
Of what holy height we may:
Ever nearer
To thy pure and perfect day.

2 Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new diviner thing.
Onward, onward:
Why this faithless tarrying?

3 By each saving word unspoken;
By thy truth, as yet half won;
By each idol yet unbroken;
By thy will, yet poorly done;
Hear us, hear us,
Thou Almighty; help us on.

4 Nearer to thee would we venture,
Of thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break,
To the ages
Fair bequests and costly make.

PILGRIM. 8s & 7s.



290. *The Christian Encouraged.* GRANT.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee.
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

291. *Trust in God.* T. GRINFIELD.

1 OH how kindly hast thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day;
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
With thy smile, or with thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

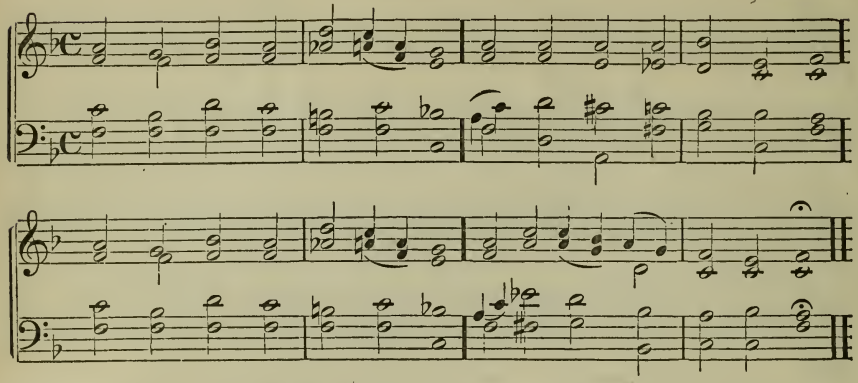
2 Oh how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would draw!
How thy kindness failed to soften!
How thy chastening failed to awe!
Make me for thy rest more ready
As thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till thou call me home, my God.

292. *For the Gifts of the Spirit.* ANON.

1 HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,
Shine amid the clouds of night;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life and shed thy light.
Send us thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length,
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing strength.

2 Let that love which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send:
Hear our earnest supplication,
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of eternal peace.

CHATHAM. 7s. WEBER.



293. "*Give us our Daily Bread.*" CONDER.

1 DAY by day the manna fell;
Oh to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day, the promise reads,
"Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day."

3 Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to thine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

294. *Longing to love God.* WESLEY.

1 LORD, my God, I long to know, —
Oft it causes anxious thought, —
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

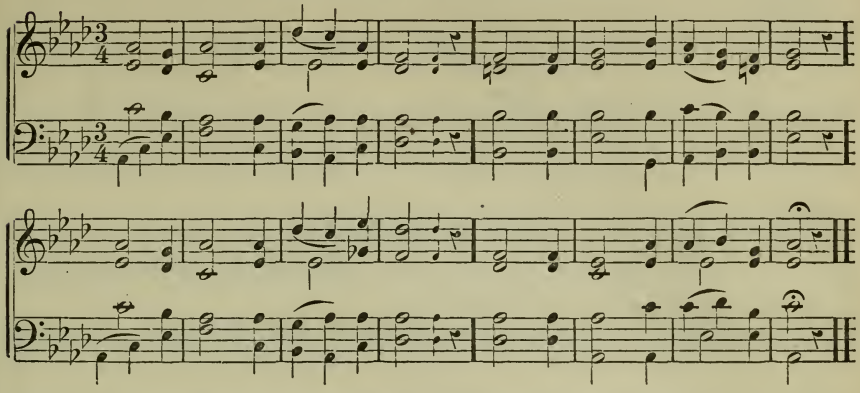
3 When I turn mine eyes within,
Oh how dark and vain and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I love the saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?

6 Father, let me love thee more.
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

WESSELY. 7s, or 8s and 7s. ZEUNER.



295. *The Light of Life.* C. WESLEY.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire,
Enter every drooping heart.

2 Every mournful spirit cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Love of God, appear, appear,
To thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

296. *For the Holy Spirit.* STOCKER.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

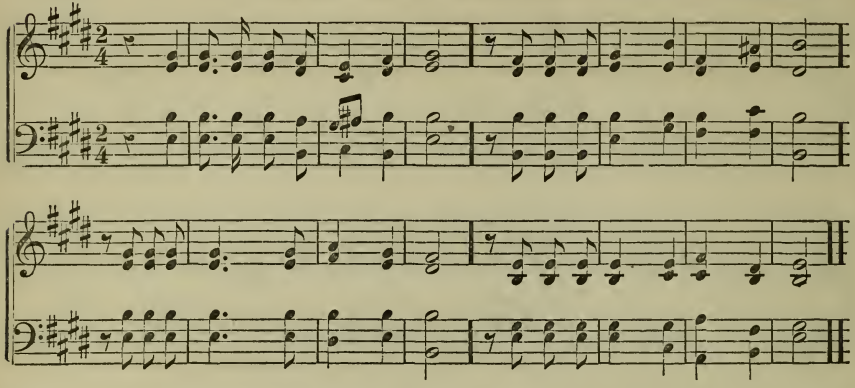
297. *The Heart given to God.* WESLEYAN

1 TAKE my heart, O Father! take it,
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt it, break it, —
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it. —
Made it to be wholly thine.

DEDICATION CHANT. L.M. L. MARSHALL (by permission).



298. *Watchfulness.* EXETER COL.

1 GREAT God, my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend,
To thee I raise my humble prayer.

2 Endue me with a holy fear;
The frailty of my heart reveal:
Sin and its snares are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

3 Oh that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!

4 Oh that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceived approach of sin;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!

299. *Faith in God's Love.* GASKELL.

1 O FATHER! humbly we repose
Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above;
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine encircling love.

2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to thee;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.

3 Though clouds may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from thy sight;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.

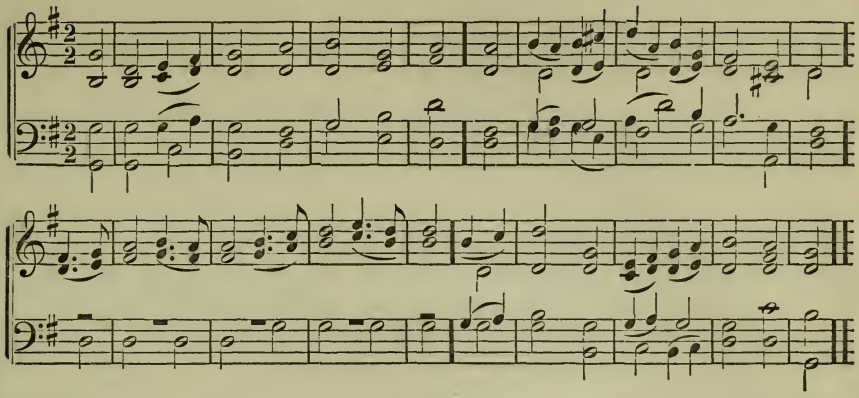
4 All things thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath, and heaven above;
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in thine encircling love.

300. *For Steadiness of Principle.* HENRY MOORE.

1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares and toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat;

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

CHAPEL STREET. L.M. WM. MATHER.



3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside!
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

301. *Our Guide.* BROWNE.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, — the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, — the living way, —
Nor let us from his pastures stray;

4 Lead us to God, — our final rest, —
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

302. *Prayer the Way to God.* WESLEY

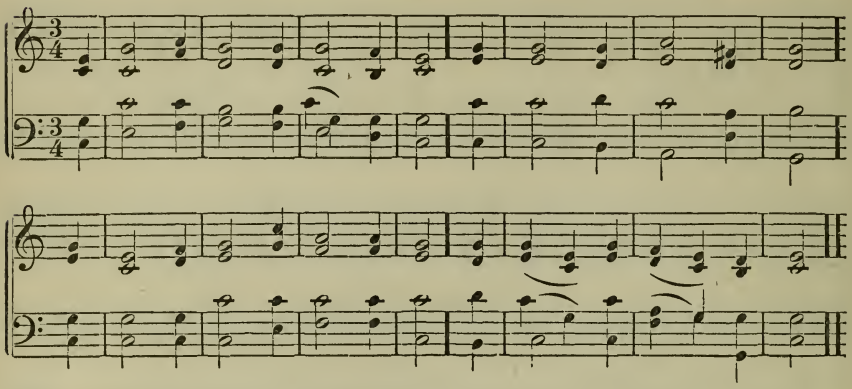
1 PRAYER is to God the soul's sure way;
So flows the grace he waits to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every need still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though poor and broken be its word:
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak;
The breathings of the soul are heard.

4 Depend on him; thou shalt prevail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his mercy will not fail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

FRUIT STREET. C.M. L. MARSHALL.



303. *Shepherd of Israel.* SACRED OFFERING.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, hear my prayer,
And to my cry give heed;
Shepherd of Israel, lead me where
Thy flocks in safety feed.

2 Whether upon the barren hills,
Or in the desert bare,
Strike but thy rod, the purest rills
And greenest herbs are there.

3 The shadow of a mighty rock
Is in that weary land;
And heavenly dews fall on the flock,
Protected by thy hand.

4 Lead me, oh! lead me to thy fold;
Earth has no rest beside:
Shepherd of Israel, known of old,
Be thou my only guide.

304. *The Inner Calm.* BONAR.

1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dews' cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

3 Calm in my hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

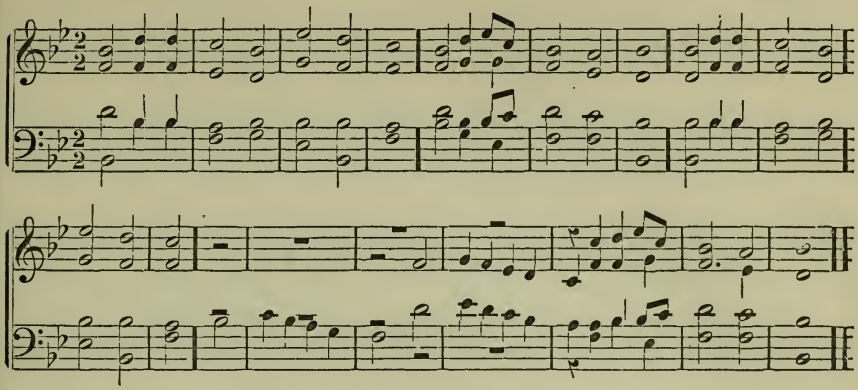
4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate thy holy name;

5 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

305. *"Quicken, me, O Lord."* BONAR.

1 COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

CAMBRIDGE. C.M. DR. RANDALL.



2 As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

3 As from the clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

4 Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

306. *For Devout Fervor.* WATTS.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

307. *Religious Retirement.* COWPER

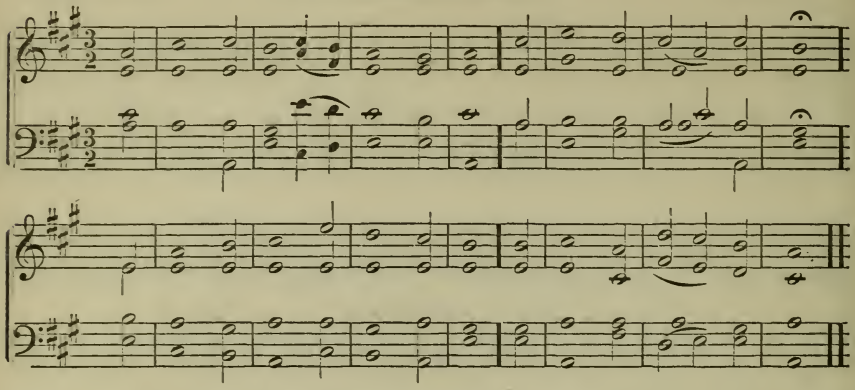
1 Far from the world, O Lord! I flee, —
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God!

4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father, thou art mine.

BARBY. C.M.



308. *What is Prayer?* MONTGOMERY.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

5 O Thou by whom we come to God, —
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord teach us how to pray.

309. *For a Revival.* S. F. SMITH

1 SPIRIT of God, thy churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes:
Let us no more lie desolate;
Oh bid thy light arise!

2 The light that on our souls hath shone
Leads us in hope to thee:
Let us not feel its rays alone, —
Alone thy people be.

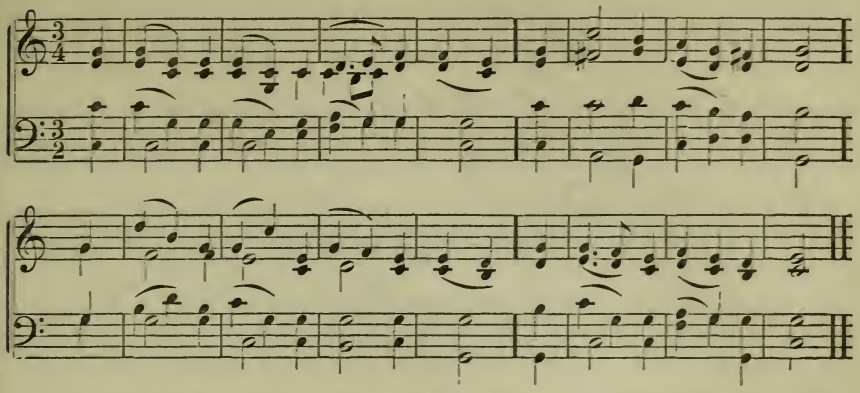
3 Oh bring our dearest friends to God!
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

310. *Prayer for Strong Faith.* BATH COL.

1 OH for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God; —

MOZART. C.M. MODERN HARP (by permission).



3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed!

311.

Heaven desired. T. MOORE.

1 THE dove, let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam:

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee;

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs, —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

312.

For the Spirit of Truth. E. SCUDDER.

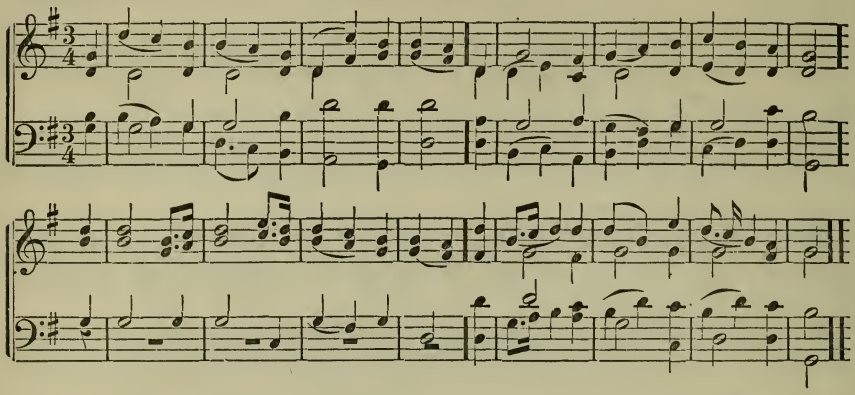
1 THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find, —

2 How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin!
Hail, Truth divine! we know thee now:
Angel of God, come in.

3 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

4 Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall:
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

EFFINGHAM. L.M.



313. "*Creator Spirit.*" DRYDEN.

1 O SOURCE of uncreated light,
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

4 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Make us eternal truths receive;
Aid us to live as we believe.

314. *Living Waters.* DODDRIDGE.

1 BLEST Spirit, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
Oh bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop and fall and die!

2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Mid scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

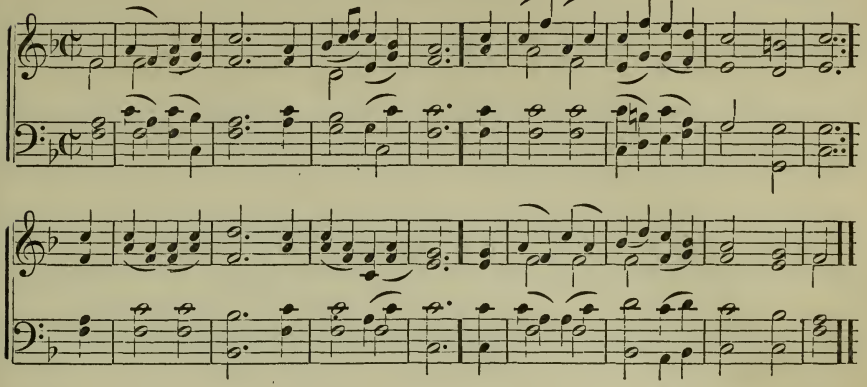
4 May this blest river, near my side,
Through all my journey gently glide;
Then, in Emanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

315. "*Not by Might, but by my Spirit.*" TOPLADY.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come;
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

SHOEL. L.M. SHOEL.



316. *The Light from Above.* WESLEYAN.

1 ETERNAL God, thou Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
Oh let thy glories on me shine,
In earth beneath, from heaven above!

2 Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me the easy yoke to bear:
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages! nigh,
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy holy will.

317. *For New Life.* ANON.

1 O THOU who all things dost control!
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With reverent joy, with loving awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 Oh let a ray from thy pure light,
Pierce thro' the gathering shades of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
And holy, conquering faith inspire!

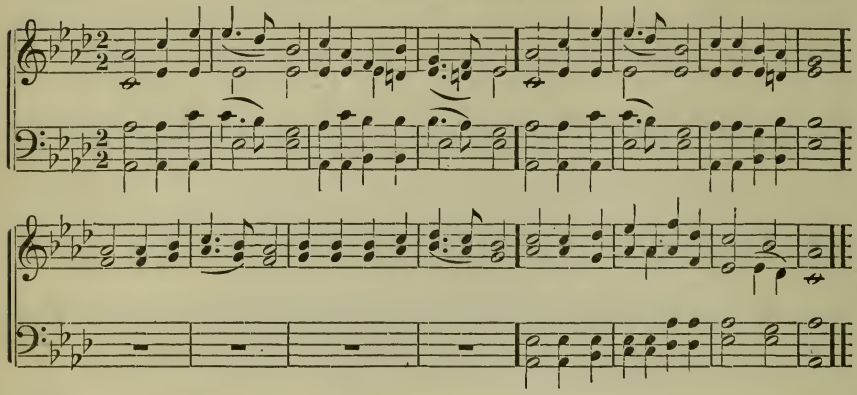
318. *For Union with God.* WESLEYAN.

1 O LOVE! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Father! nothing may I see,
And nought desire or seek, but thee!

2 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Undaunted to this prize aspire;
Each hour within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

3 Oh that I as a little child
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breathed a mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become at one with thee!

WORCESTER. 11s & 10s. E. HAMILTON.



319.

The Inspiring God. J. F. CLARKE

1 INFINITE Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high!

2 Unseen, yet not unfelt: if any thought
Has raised our minds from earth in pure desire,
Or glorious act, or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O God! which fans the fire.

320.

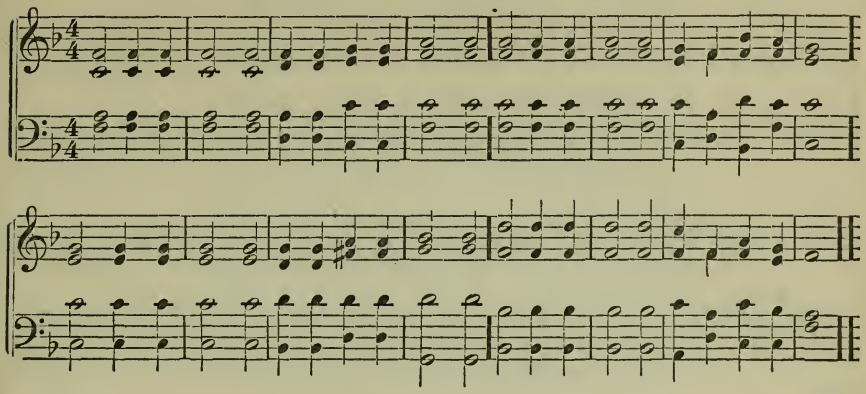
For Divine Strength. REV. S. JOHNSON.

1 FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, oh may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

METRICAL CHANT. 11s & 10s. LANGDON.



4 Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

321.

"Who by searching can find out God?" E. SCUDDER

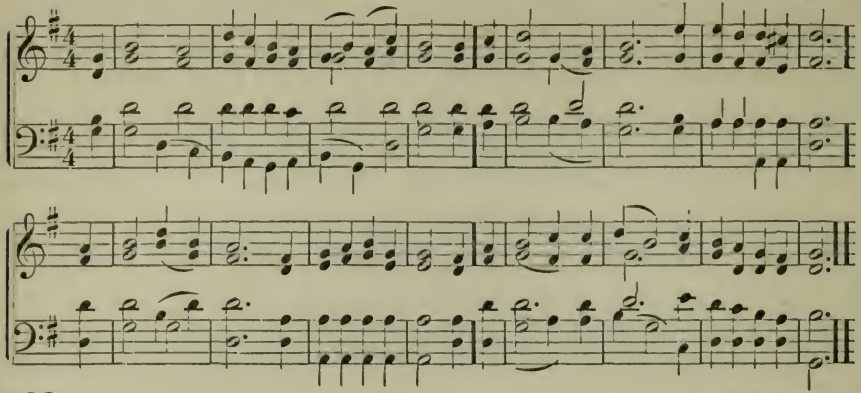
1 I CANNOT find thee. Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

2 I cannot find thee. Even when most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer;
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

3 Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God! thou art.

4 I cannot lose thee. Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

PEACE. 11s & 10s. CH. ZEUNER.



322. *The Calm of the Soul.* MRS. H. B. STOWE.

1 WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in thee.

323. *"Still with Thee."* MRS. H. B. STOWE.

1 STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
Oh in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

324. *"A little while, and ye see me."* BONAR.

1 Oh for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
Oh for that faith to grasp the glad Forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's Little While!

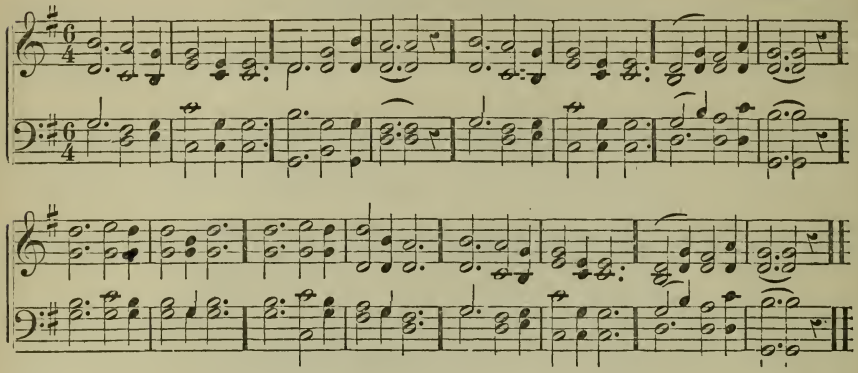
2 A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song;

3 A little while to wear the veil of sadness,
To toil with weary step through miry ways,
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of Praise;

4 A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, — He doth all things well.

5 And He who is himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad Forever
Will light the shadows of earth's Little While.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



325. "*Nearer, my God, to thee.*" S. F. ADAMS.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

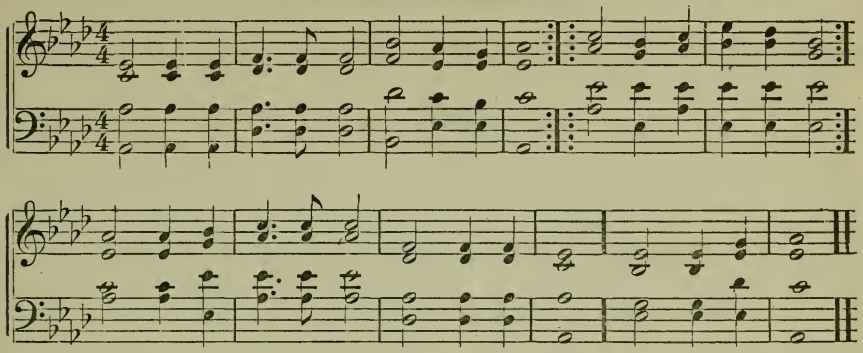
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly, —
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

326. "*O God! be thou my stay.*" A. W. HALL.

1 FATHER, oh hear me now,
Father divine!
Thou, only thou, canst see
The heart's deep agony:
Help me to say to thee,
"Thy will, not mine."

NEARER TO THEE.

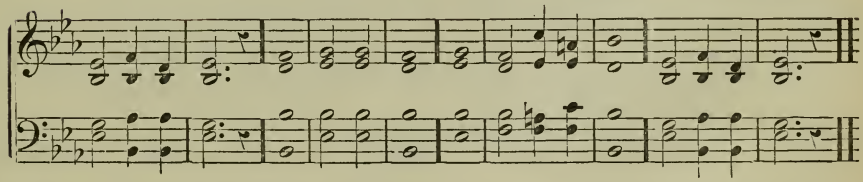


NOTE. — In Hymn 325, only the first repeat; and in 326, only the second is used. In Hymn 325, the last line but one is repeated only in singing Bethany.

2 O God! be thou my stay,
In this dark hour;
Kindly each sorrow hear,
Hush every troubled fear,
Thee let me still revere,
Still own thy power.

3 In thee alone I trust,
Thou Holy One;
Humbly to thee I pray,
That, through each troubled day
Of life, I still may say,
"Thy will be done."

THY WILL BE DONE. CHANT. DR. L. MASON.



327. *"Thy will be done."* BOWRING.

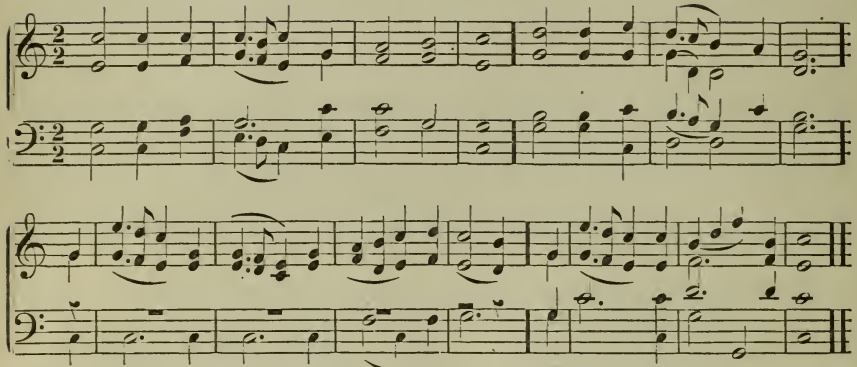
1 THY will be done. In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
Thy will be done.

2 Thy will be done. If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine, | —
Thy will be done.

3 Thy will be done. Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, | — one comfort, one,
Is ours, — to breathe, while we adore, |
Thy will be done!

IV. THE WORD AND THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

HENRY. C.M. S. P. POND.



328. *The Word of God.* BARTON.

1 WORD of the ever-living God,
Will of his glorious Son,
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

2 Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

3 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

329. *Light and Glory of the Word.* COWPER.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

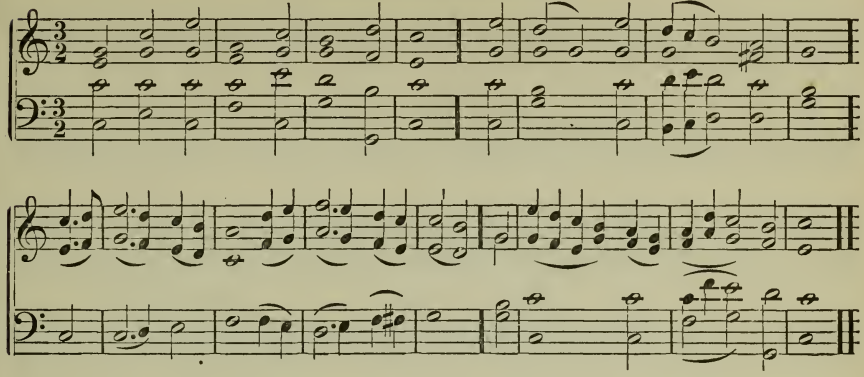
3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

330. *The Living Word.* T. H. GILL.

1 OUR God, our God, thou shinest here;
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear, —
Here goes thy glorious way.

2 We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore:
On us thou streamest strong and bright;
Thy comings are not o'er.

DORCHESTER. C.M. STANLEY.



3 The fathers had not all of thee;
New births are in thy grace:
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

4 We gaze on thy outgoings bright;
Down cometh thy full power:
We, the glad bearers of thy light;
This, this thy saving hour.

5 On us thy spirit hast thou poured,
To us thy word has come:
We feel, we thank thy quickening, Lord!
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

331. *The Riches of Scripture.* MRS. STEELE.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find, —
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's gentle voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

332. *The Bible.* BARTON.

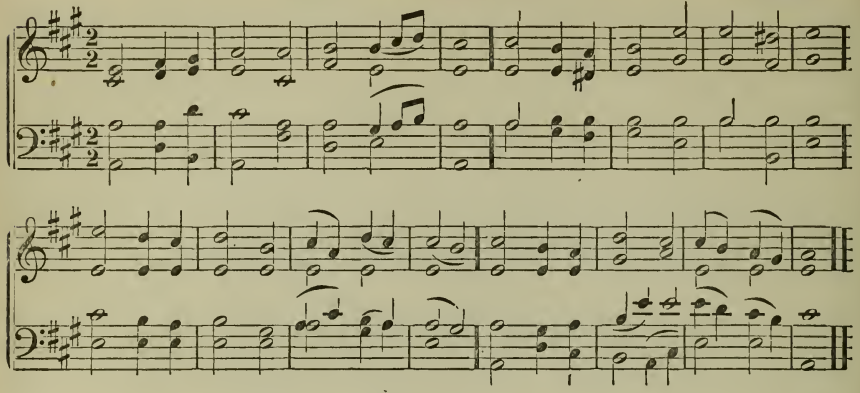
1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Our shield and buckler in the fight;
Victory's triumphant palm;
Comfort in grief; in weakness, might;
In sickness, Gilead's balm.

4 Childhood's preceptor, manhood's trust,
Old age's firm ally;
Our hope when we go down to dust;
Our immortality.

ELLENTHORPE. L.M. LINLEY.



333. *Progress of Gospel Truth.* BOWRING.

1 UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world:—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its flood of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

334. *The Books of Nature and Scripture.* WATTS.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines:
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

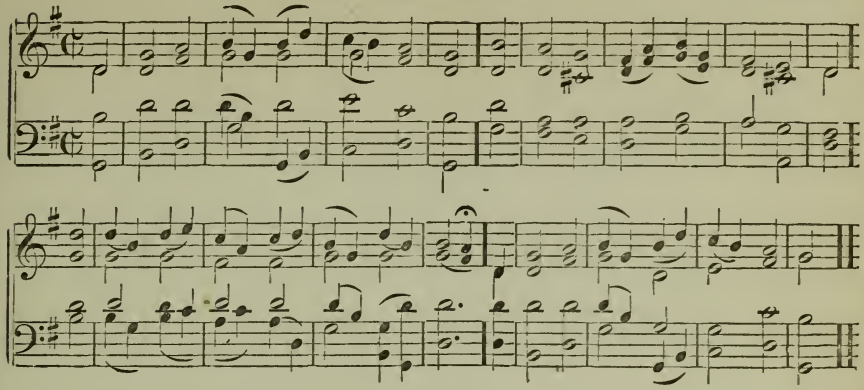
335. *Desire of Instruction.* MERRICK.

1 TEACH me, oh teach me! Lord, thy way:
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.

2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield

3 Give me to know thy words aright,
Thy words, my soul's supreme delight;
That, purged from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.

PORTUGAL. L.M. T. THORLEY.



4 Oh turn from vanity mine eye!
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

336. *Teachings of the Spirit.* BEDDOME.

1 COME, blessèd Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The wonders of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

4 While thro' these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

337. *The Voice of God in the Heart.* BULFINCH

1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

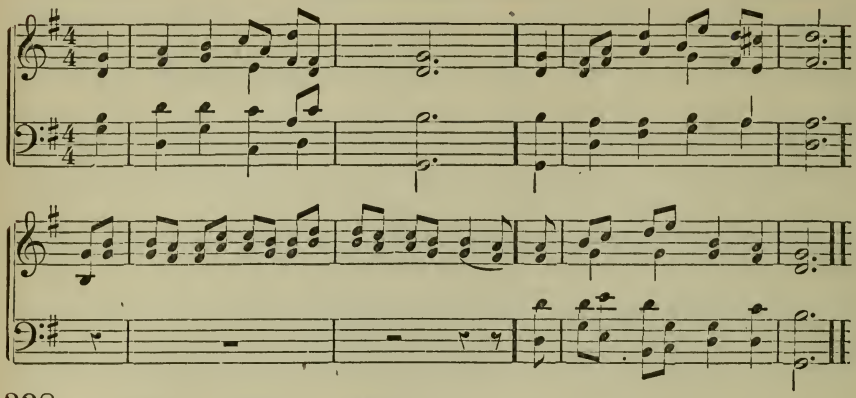
2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

3 And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

5 Voice of our God, oh yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

SHIRLAND. S.M. STANLEY.



338. *Power of God's Word.* WATTS.

1 Behold! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light:
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

339. *The Light of the World.* T. Moore.

1 Behold the sun, how bright
From yonder east he springs!
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

2 So bright the gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then.

3 Before yon sun arose,
Stars clustered through the sky;
But oh how dim, how pale, were those,
To his one burning eye!

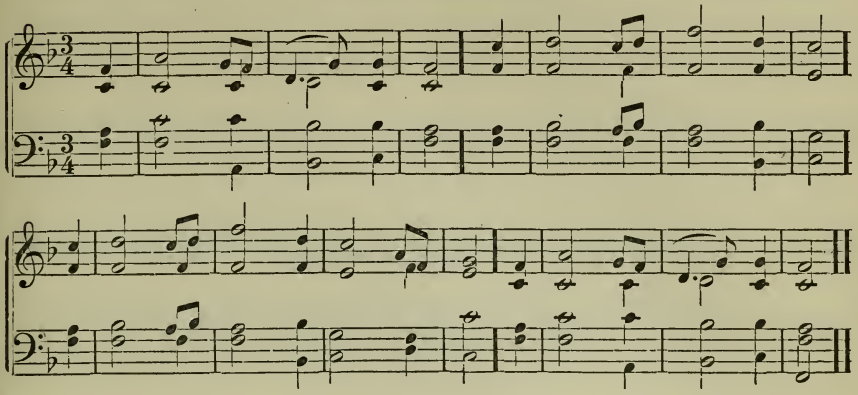
4 So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the pagan's night;
But, Lord, how faint, how cold were they,
To thy one glorious light!

340. *The Word of God.* Hymns of the Spirit.

1 God of the prophets' power,
God of the gospel's sound,
Move glorious on, — send out thy voice
To all the nations round.

2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word;
We praise thee for the joyful news
Which our glad ears have heard.

GOLDEN HILL. S.M. WESTERN TUNE.



3 Oh may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear!

4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls nor rocks nor thorns
Prevent the fruits of peace!

5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

341. "*I will write it in their hearts.*" WESLEYAN.

1 That blessed law of thine,
Father, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
Oh write it in my heart!

2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove, —
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

342. "*It is nigh thee, in thy heart.*" BARTON

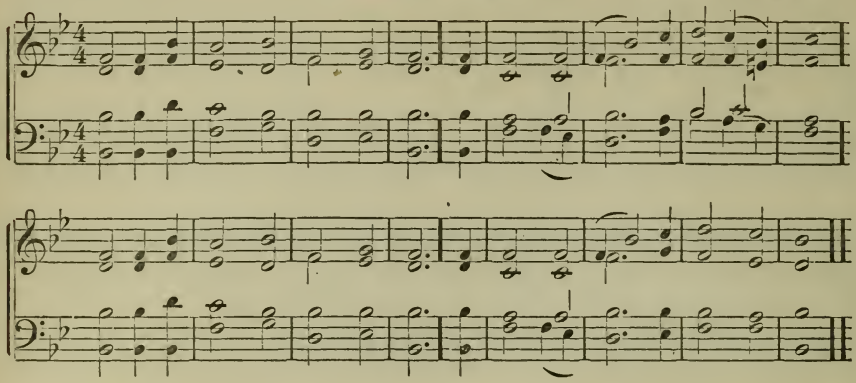
1 Say not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee:
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.

2 Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth:
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.

3 Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

4 Cease, then, my soul, to roam;
Thy wanderings all are vain:
That holy word is found at home;
Within thy heart its reign.

WARD. L.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



343. *"The Word of God endureth for ever."* SIR R. GRANT.

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord!
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise, —
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

344. *"Thy Word is a Lamp unto my feet."* ANON.

1 LAMP of our feet, whose hallowed beam
Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,
How welcome is the cheering gleam
Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path!

2 Light of our way, whose rays are flung
In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
How blessèd, its dark shades among,
The star that guides us to our God!

3 Lamp of our feet, which day by day
Are passing to the quiet tomb,
If on it fall thy peaceful ray,
Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.

4 How beautiful their calm repose
To whom thy blessèd hope is given,
Whose pilgrimage on earth is closed
By the unfolding gates of heaven!

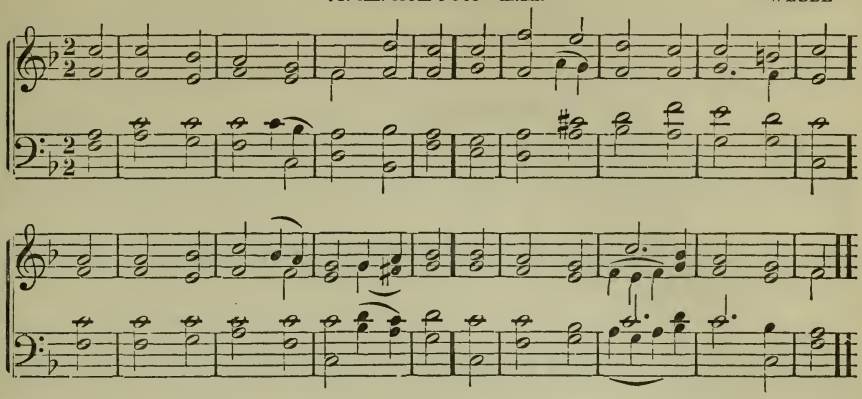
345. *The Bible a Source of Joy and Peace.* WATTS

1 THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode

2 That sacred stream, thine holy word.
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

NAZARETH. L.M.

WEBBE



346. *The Scriptures our Light and Guide.* BEDDOME.

1 How glorious is thy word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

2 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

3 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

4 Ye favored lands who have this word,
Ye saints who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguished grace adore.

347. *Excellence of the Gospel.* BEDDOME.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts:
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

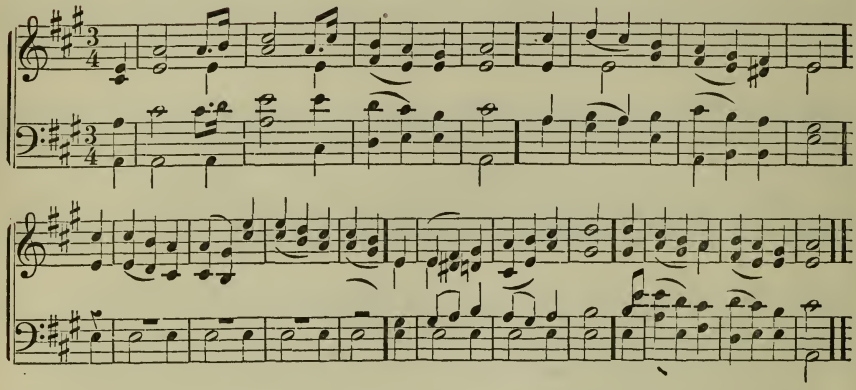
348. *Divine Love in Nature and the Word.* EXETER COL.

1 To thee my heart, Eternal King,
Would now its thankful tribute bring;
To thee its humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

V. CHRIST: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

SWANWICK. C.M. LUCAS.



349. *The Mission of Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

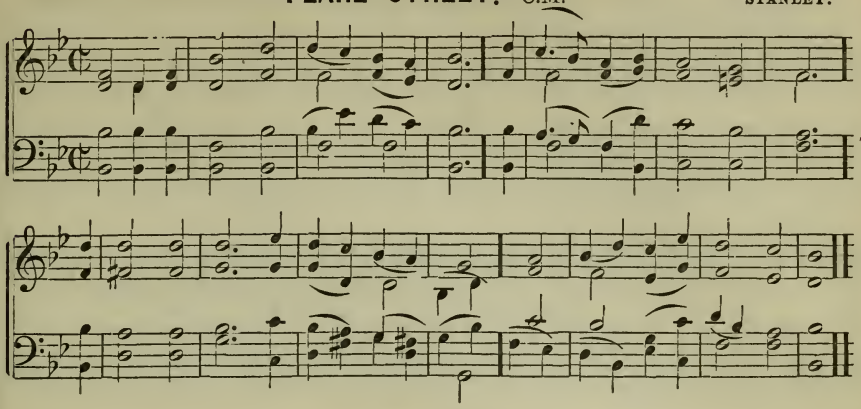
350. *The Coming of Christ.* S. W. LIVERMORE.

1 GLORY to God, and peace on earth.
Was once by angels sung;
Glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
Through plains of Bethlehem rung.

2 Glory to God! the gospel's sound,
Our churches echo still:
Spread it, O Lord! the world around,
And with its spirit fill.

3 Glory to God! our hearts acclaim:
Oh! haste the happy time
When songs shall sound the Saviour's name
O'er every distant clime.

PEARL STREET. C.M. STANLEY.



351. *The Light of the World.* CHR. PSALMIST.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey, —
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

352. *Example of Christ.* ENFIELD.

1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

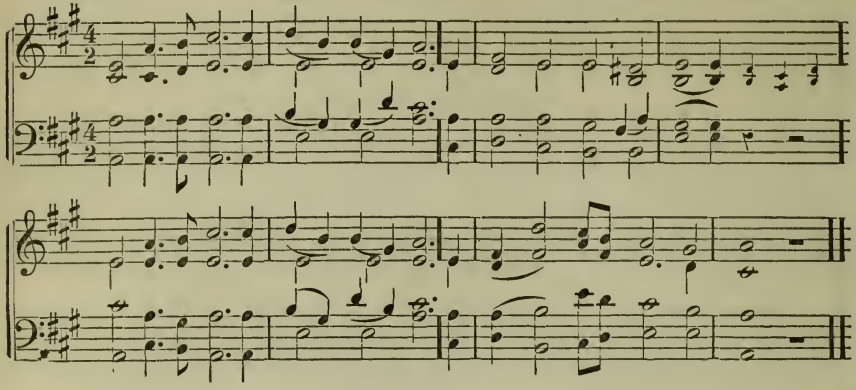
2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear!
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

GOULD. C.M. MODERN HARP (by permission).



353.

The Nativity. E. H. SEARS.

1 CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

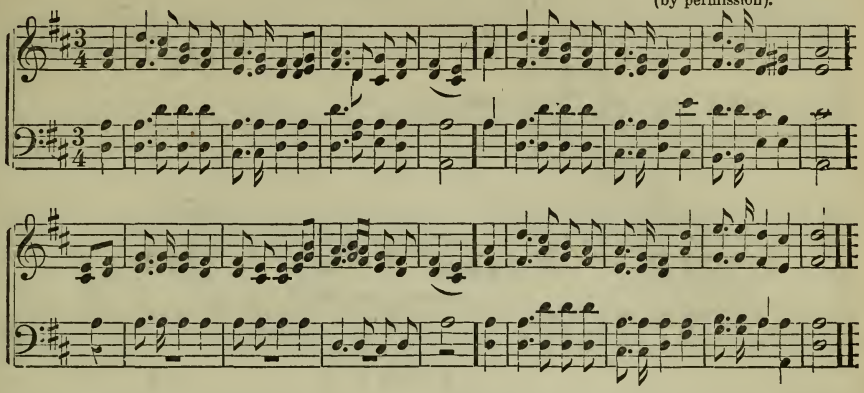
354.

The Day-Spring from on High. Ps. 130. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

1 GREAT God, wert thou extreme to mark
The deeds we do amiss,
Before thy presence who could stand,
Who claim thy promised bliss?
But oh! all merciful and just,
Thy love surpasseth thought:
A gracious Saviour has appeared,
And peace and pardon brought.

2 Thy servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay;
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad day-spring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

YOUNG. C.M. DOUBLE. WHITE'S SACRED MELODIST (by permission).



3 On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness sin and death
And grief shall flee away.

355. *The Angel's Song.* E. H. SEARS.

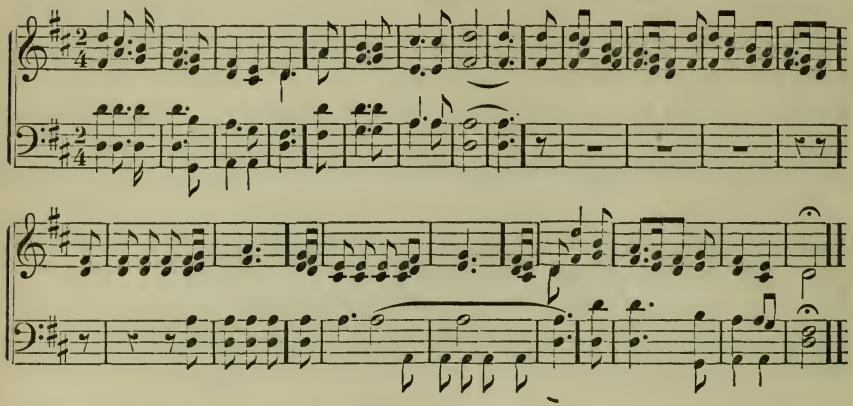
1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

ANTIOCH. C.M. L. MASON.



356. *Effects of the Mission of Christ.* WATTS.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

357. *The Guiding Star.* SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode:
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 Oh haste to follow where it leads!
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given:
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

358. *Invitations of the Gospel.* WATTS.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice:
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind, —

ST. SEBASTIAN'S. C.M.



3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

359. *Divine Attestation of Christ.* EXETER COL.

1 SEE from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend.

2 "This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice divine;
"Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."

3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom showed to man
In God his Father's name.

4 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high;
Where all his faithful followers here
Shall live, no more to die.

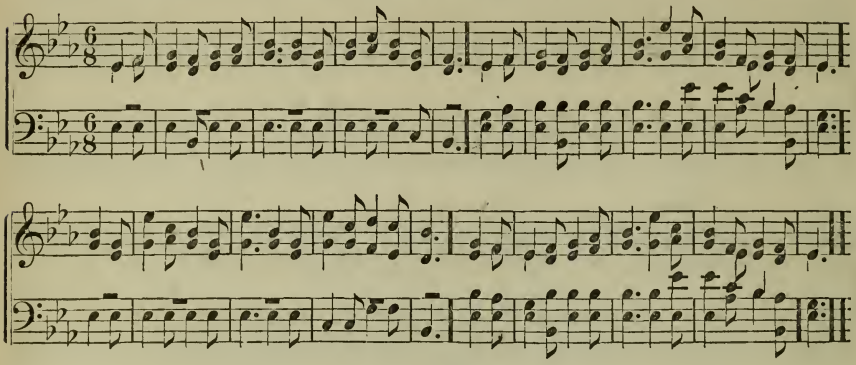
360. *The Reign of Christ.* SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God
In latter days shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The king who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall the whole world command.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7s. DOUBLE. L. MASON.



361. *For Advent or Christmas.* BOWRING.

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, —
What its signs of promise are;
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day, —
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease:
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

362. *The Birth of Christ.* C. WESLEY.

1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

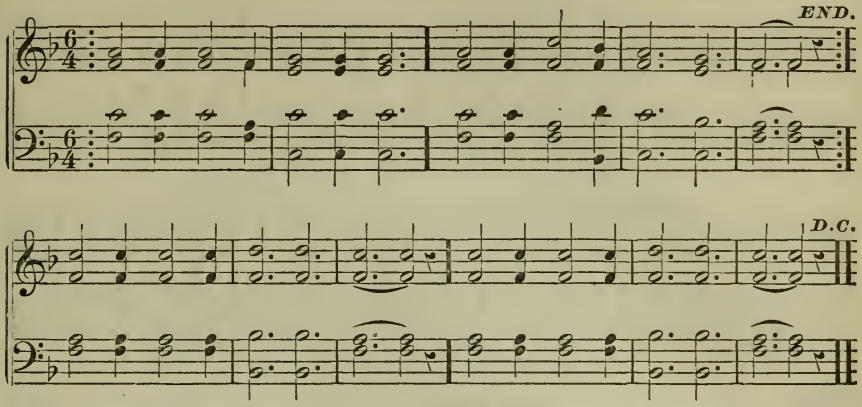
3 Mild he lays his glory by, —
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

363. *Christmas.* M. W. HALE.

1 WHEN in silence, o'er the deep,
Darkness kept its deathlike sleep,
Soon as God his mandate spoke,
Light in wondrous beauty broke.

MARTYN. 7s. DOUBLE. THE CHIME (by permission).



2 But a beam of holier light
Gilded Bethlehem's lonely night,
When the glory of the Lord,
Mercy's sunlight, shone abroad.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Burst the glorious anthem then;
Angels, bending from above,
Joined that strain of holy love.

4 Floating o'er the waves of time
Comes to us that song sublime,
Bearing to the pilgrim's ear
Words to soothe, sustain, and cheer.

5 For creation's blessed light,
Praise to thee, thou God of night!
Seraph-strains thy name should bless
For the Sun of Righteousness.

364.

Star of Bethlehem ANON.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!—
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste: for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

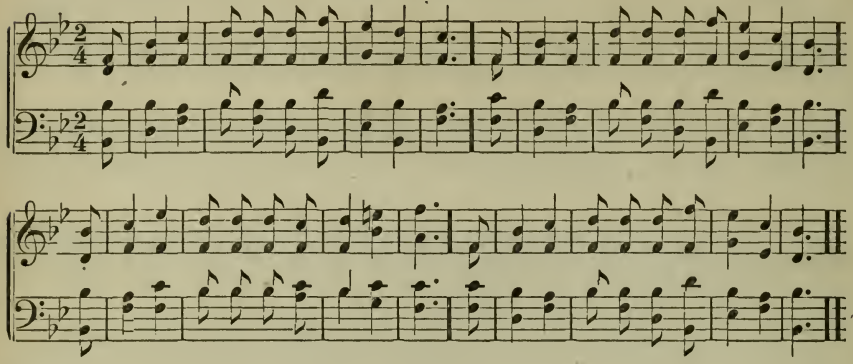
365.

The Cross. NEALE

1 EVERY bird that upward springs,
Bears the cross upon his wings;
We without it cannot rise
Upward to our native skies.

2 That from sin earth might be free,
Jesus bore it; so must we:
Ne'er through faintness lay it down;
First the cross, and then the crown.

SAVANNAH. 10s. PLEYEL.



366. *Gentiles coming into the Church.* POPE.

1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fixed his word; his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

367 *Progress of the Gospel.* ASHWORTH.

1 Pour, blessèd gospel, glorious news for man:
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll;
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

2 On, piercing gospel, on: of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key·
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee.

3 Spread, mighty gospel, spread thy soaring wings;
Gather thy scattered ones from every land:
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings;
Proclaim them all thine own: 'tis Christ's command.

368. *"The Way, the Truth, and the Life."* T. PARKER.

1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!—

2 We look to thee: thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes: thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know, — Light, Life, and Way of heaven:
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

369. *The Tomb of Christ.* BONAR.

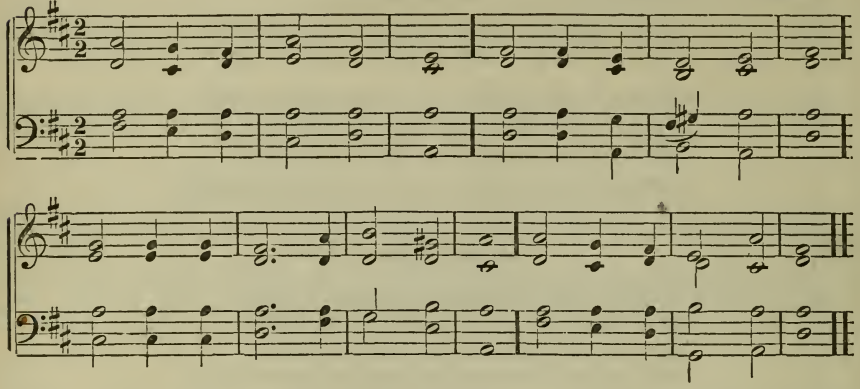
1 HERE shall death's triumph end: the rock-barred door
Is opened wide, and the great prisoner gone;
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor,
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

2 Yes: death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison,
Is shattered, never to be built again;
And he, the mighty captive, — he is risen,
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

3 Yes: he is risen who is the First and Last,
Who was and is, who liveth and was dead:
Beyond the reach of death he now has passed,
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.

PRAYER. S.M.

L. MARSHALL.
SACRED STAR (by permission).



370. "*I am the Light of the World.*" NEEDHAM.

1 BEHOLD! the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, thou Light of men,
Thy doctrine life imparts:
Oh may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way:
The path which Christ has marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

371. *The Power of the Cross.* DODDRIDGE.

1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,—
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

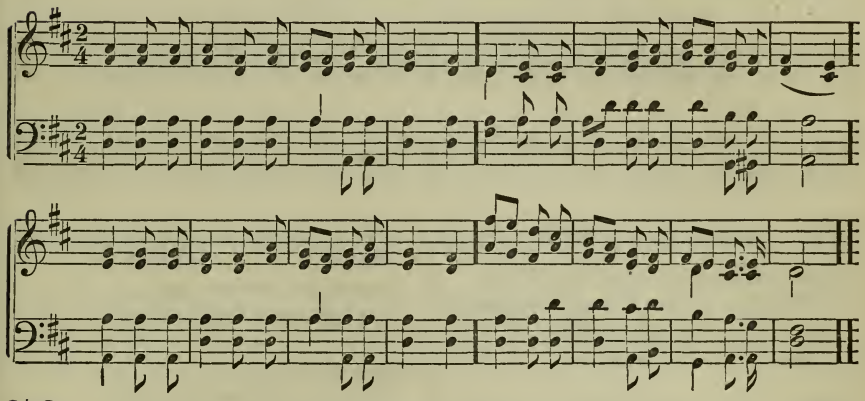
5 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight,
To thy triumphant throne.

372. *Copying Jesus.* METHODIST COL.

1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell!
In me thy mercy move!
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

FOLSOM. 11s & 10s. Arranged from Mozart by Dr. MASON.



373. *The Infant Jesus.* HEBER.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

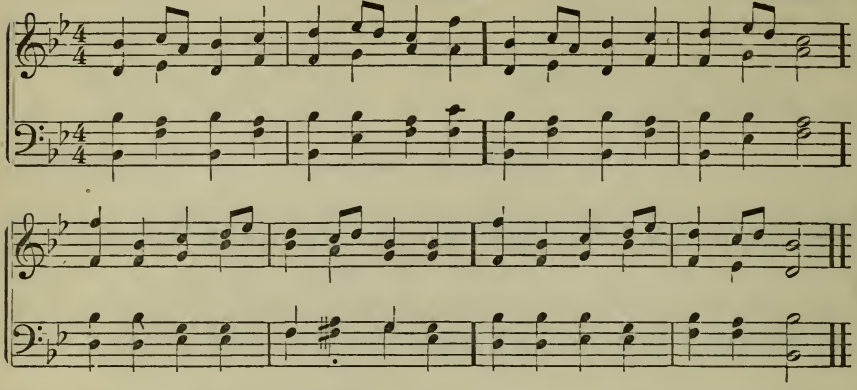
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Chosen of God, the Redeemer of all.

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favors secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HEROLD. 8s & 7s.

HEROLD.



374. *Song of the Angels of Bethlehem.* CAWOOD.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest; glory,
Glory be to God most high.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven, —
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

375. *Coming of Christ.* MALAN'S COL.

1 COME, thou long-expected Saviour,
Born to set thy people free, —
From our fears and sins deliver;
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art,
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver, —
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring.

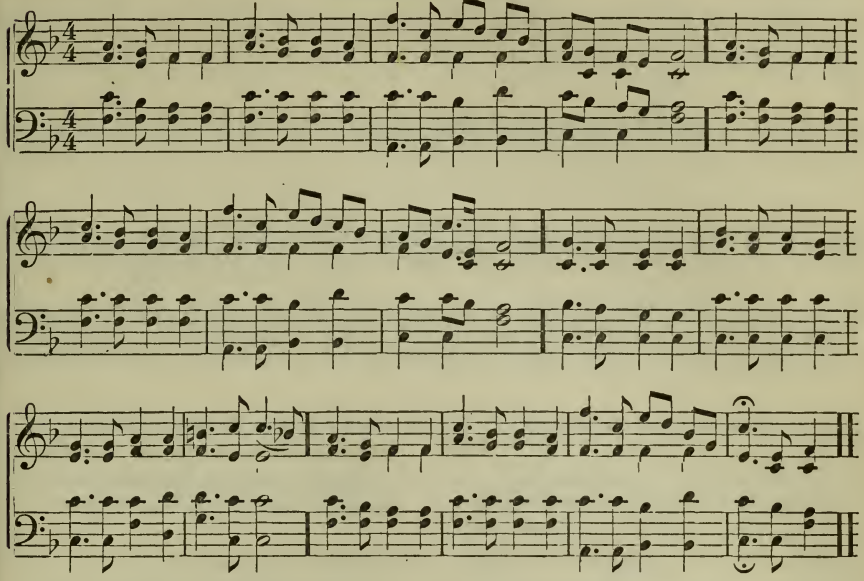
4 By thine own indwelling spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

376. *The Cross of Christ.* BOWRING

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

BAILEY. 8s & 7s.



3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

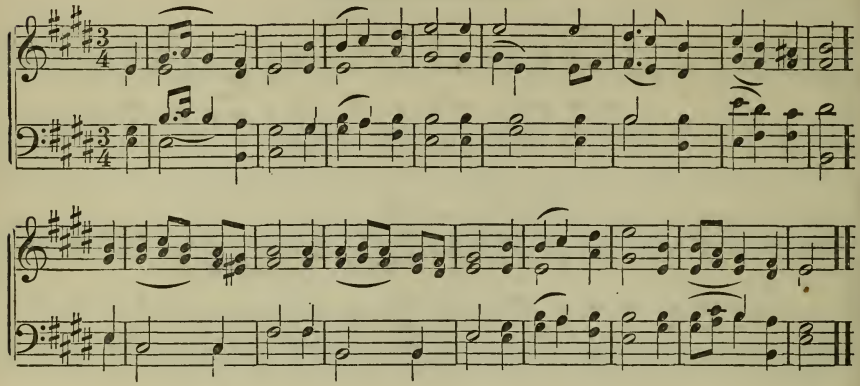
377. *Christ Risen.* ELIM.

1 ALLELUIA! alleluia!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise.
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled, —
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, —
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born, —
Glorious life, and life immortal, —
On this holy Easter morn.
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By his mighty enterprise;
We with Christ to life eternal,
By his resurrection, rise.

3 Christ is risen, we are risen:
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory,
From the brightness of thy face.
Grant that we, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever safe with thee.

STONEFIELD. L.M. STANLEY.



378. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.* DODDRIDGE.

1 To thee, O God! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine!
Quickened by him our souls shall live,
And cheered by him shall grow and thrive.

4 Oh may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west!
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun!

379. *God seen in Christ.* MASON.

1 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with its softer rays
When shining with reflected light;

2 So in thy Son thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above

3 O Thou, at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone!
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

4 While we thine image there displayed
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

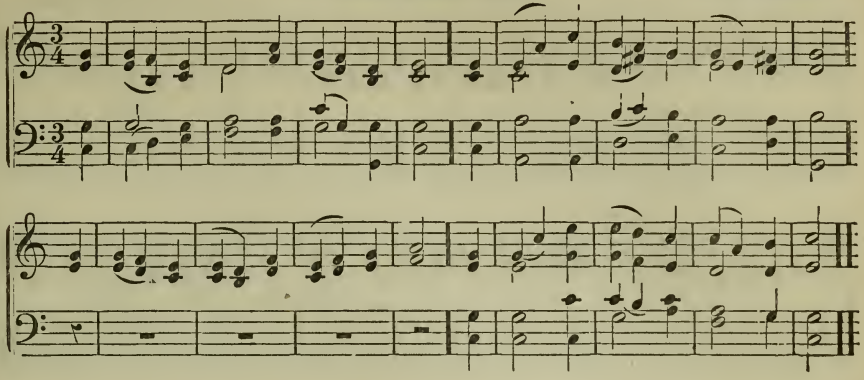
380. *God's Miracles in Christ.* WATTS.

1 Behold the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders; and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son:
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

ASHFORD. L.M.

CH. ZEUNER.



3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood:
He rises, and appears with God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

381. *Jesus preaching the Gospel.* BOWRING.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

382. *Example of Christ.* WATTS.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

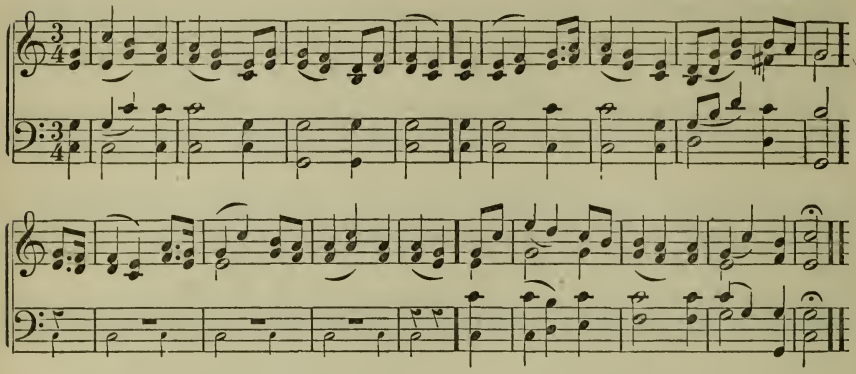
2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,—
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern: may I bear
More of thy gracious image here!
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

PLUMLEY. L.M.

L. O. EMERSON.
JUBILATE (by permission)



383. *"Greater love hath no man than this."*
BACHE.

1 "SEE how he loved!" exclaimed the
As tender tears from Jesus fell: [Jews,
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise!

3 See how he loved, who, firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue!
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

4 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath!

5 Such love can we unmoved survey?
Oh may our breasts with ardor glow
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

384. *"He hath not where to lay his head."*
RUSSELL

1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

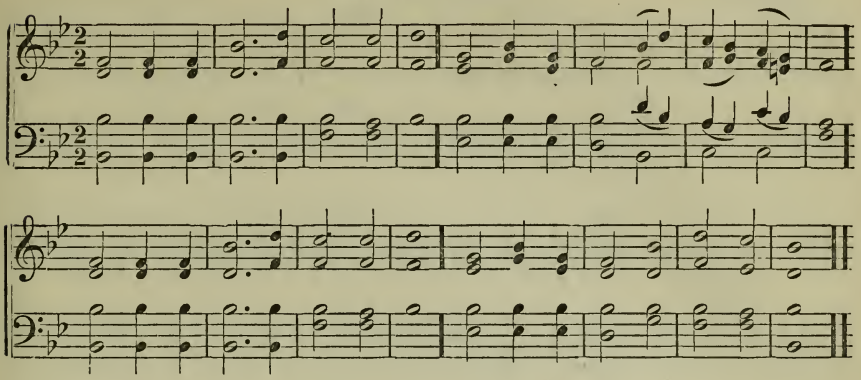
3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay his head.

5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

WELTON. L.M.

Arranged from Malan by Dr. MASON.



385. *"With his stripes we are healed."* ANON.

1 A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony and prayer,
"O Father! take this cup away."

2 Ah! thou who sorrow'st unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God! take not this cup away."

3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth! the cross ascend:
O'er climes and ages, 'tis thy throne;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last, lone way,
Oh give the welcome of thy love!

386. *"Thy will be done."* ANON.

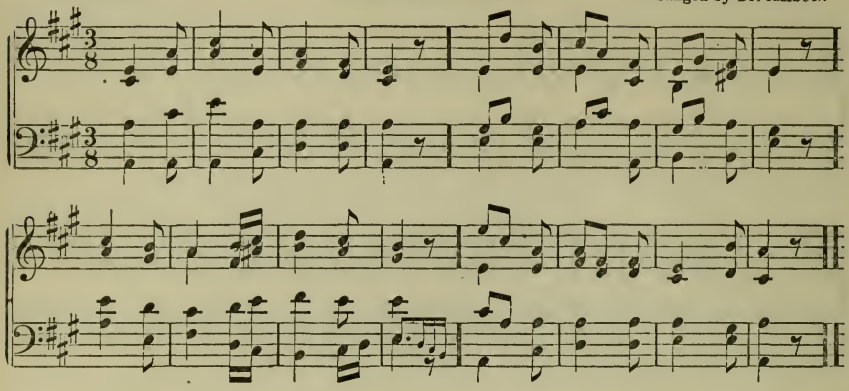
1 LORD, in thy garden agony,
No light seemed on thy soul to break,
No form of seraph lingered nigh,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake, —

2 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won;
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
"Thy will, O God! not mine, be done."

3 Lord, bring these precious moments back,
When, fainting, against sin we strain;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.

4 In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still.

HORTON. 7s. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



387. *Invitations of Jesus.* MRS. BARBAULD.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice, —
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home:
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn, —
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

5 Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

388. *"Lovest thou Me?"* COWPER.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour: hear his word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

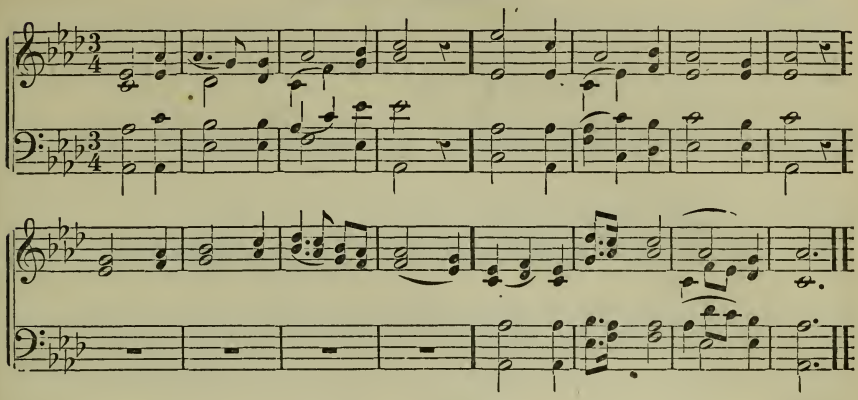
2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore:
Oh for grace to love thee more!

MOUNT AUBURN. 7s. ZEUNER.



389. *Jesus our Leader.* FURNESS.

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God! my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blessèd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son:
He will give the light I need;
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4 Thus, in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die;—

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

390. *Christ's Sufferings our Strength.* ANON.

1 WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,—
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

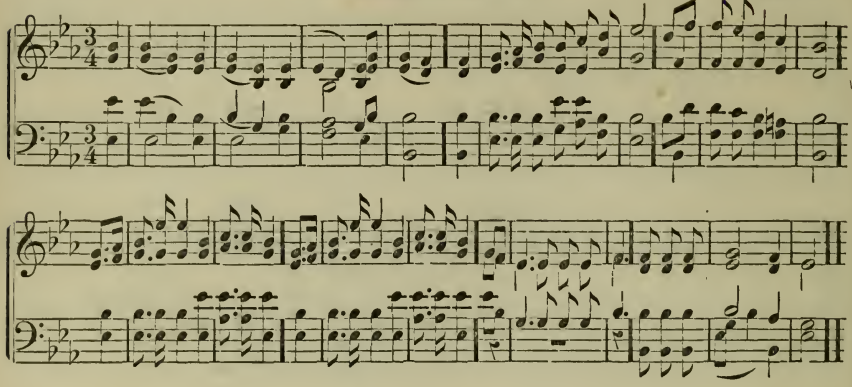
2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying, there alone.

3 When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;

4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

5 Then to life I turn again;
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

ARIEL. C.P.M. L. MASON.



391. *Excellency of Christ.* MEDLEY.

1 Oh could we speak the matchless worth,
Oh could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine! —
We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 Oh the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,
And we shall see his face!
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

392. *The Saviour's Mission.* ROSCOE.

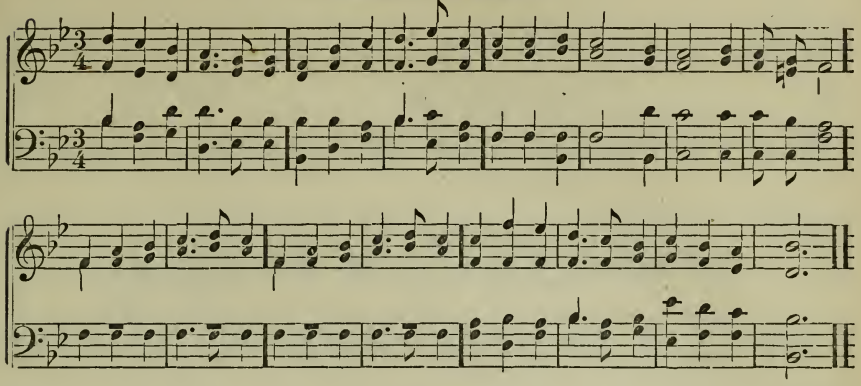
1 Oh let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth:
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth!

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

4 Then let our mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies.
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came,
To bless the sons of earth.

MILES. 6s & 10s.



393. *Looking unto Jesus* MRS. MILES.

1 THOU who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality, —
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won, —
Hast passed from earth, — passed to thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O Thou who art our life!
Be with us through the strife:
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed.
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

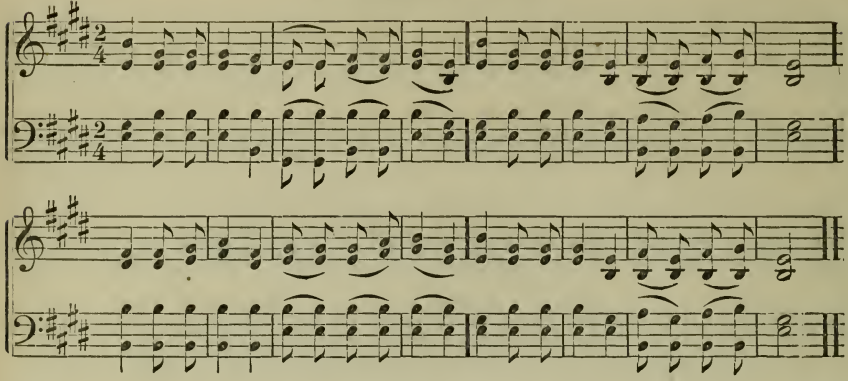
394. *Bearing the Cross.* BULFINCH.

1 BURDEN of shame and woe,
How does the heart o'erflow
At thought of Him the bitter cross who bore!
But we have each our own,
To others oft unknown,
Which we must bear till life shall be no more.

2 And shall we fear to tread
The path where Jesus led,
The pure and holy One for man who died?
Or shall we shrink from shame,
Endured for Jesus' name,
Our glorious Lord, once spurned and crucified?

3 Then, 'mid the woes that wait
On this our mortal state,
Patience shall cheer affliction, toil, and loss;
And, though the tempter's art
Assail the struggling heart
Still, Saviour, in thy name we bear the cross.

HENLEY. 11s & 10s, or L.M.



395.

"Come unto me." ANON.

1 COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father:
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned, —

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness, —
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

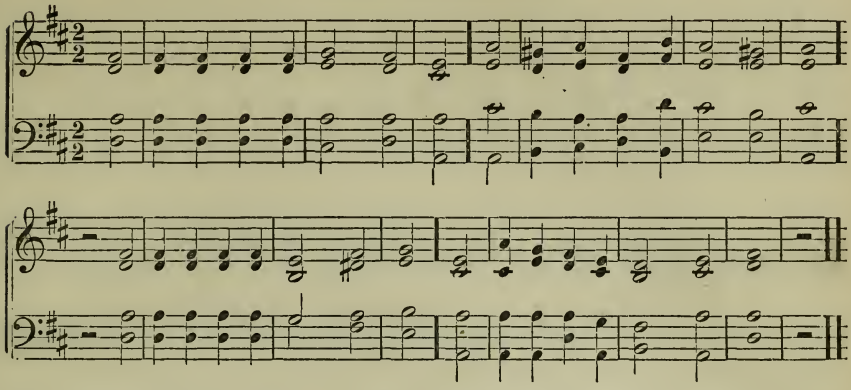
396.

Christ our Life. E. TAYLOR.

1 THERE'S not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
I see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

ASHWELL. L.M.



3 I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to seek.

4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
I hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

5 I meet him at the lowly tomb;
I weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise, and weep no more.

397. *Christ the Sufferer.* BULFINCH.

1 O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame?

4 Onward, like thee, thro' scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day!

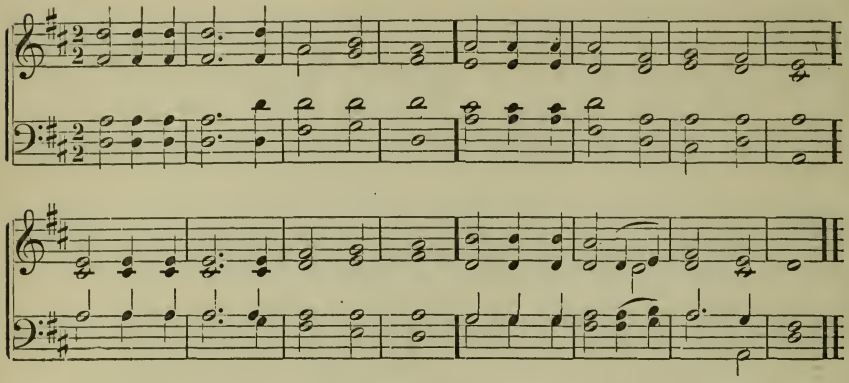
398. *"It is finished."* STENNETT.

1 "'Tis finished:" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died;
"'Tis finished:" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished:" all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 "'Tis finished:" Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

CLYDE. L.M. CHANT. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



399. *Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.* MILMAN.

1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty:
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry:
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father, on his glorious throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ! thy power, and reign.

400. *Behold the Man!* CHR. PSALMIST.

1 BEHOLD the man, — how glorious he
Before his foes he stands unawed;
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims to be the Son of God.

2 Behold the man! — by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

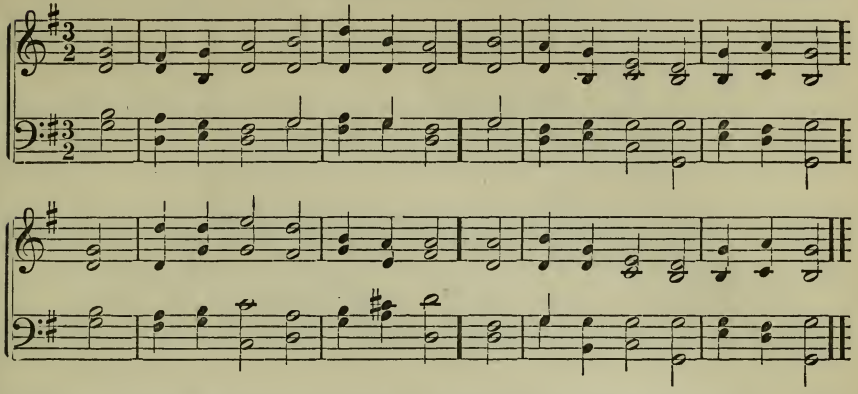
3 Behold the man! so weak he seems,
His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he who now blasphemes,
Before his judgment-seat appear.

4 Behold the man! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve

401. *Glorying in the Cross.* WATTS

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

ROCKINGHAM. · L.M. L. MASON.



2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

402. *Christ's Passion.* MONTGOMERY.

1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
Through yielding glooms behold his face;
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

2 Last eve, by those he called his own,
Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

3 No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens nor complains:
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murderers he remains.

4 Truly this was the Son of God!—
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod;
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

403. *Rising with Christ.* WESLEY'S COL.

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove;
By actions show your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven

3 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise

4 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head revealed.
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s. CH. ZEUNER.



404. *Resurrection of Christ.* COLLYER.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away:
See the place where Jesus lay!

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

405. *The Risen Christ.* CUDWORTH.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise, —
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

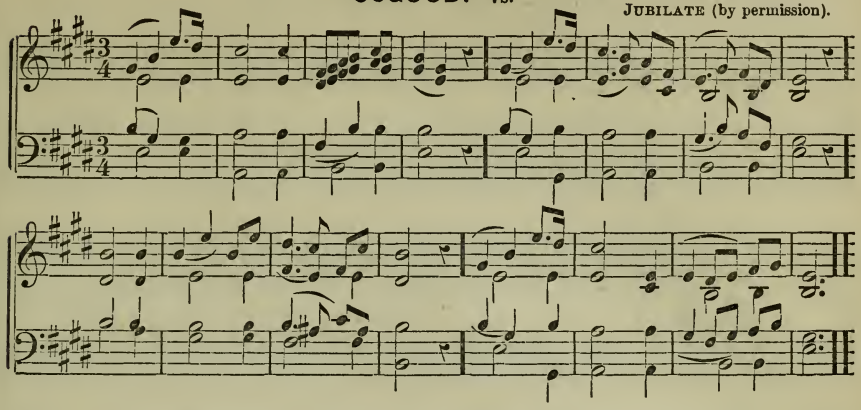
406. *Death Conquered.* SCOTT.

1 ANGEL, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

2 Powers of heaven, seraphic fires,
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

3 Every note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell:
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

OSGOOD. 7s. L. O. EMERSON. JUBILATE (by permission).



407.

Rejoicing in Christ. ANCIENT HYMNS.

1 SWEET thy memory, Saviour blest,
In the true believer's breast;
Musing on thy precious name,
Purest joys his heart inflame.

2 By the ear or tuneful tongue
Nought so sweet is heard or sung;
Nought the mind can dwell upon
Sweet as God's beloved Son.

3 Thou the contrite sinner's stay;
Who thy goodness can display?
How, to those who *seek* thee, kind!
What, ah! what, to those who *find?*

4 Tongue can speak not their delight,
Nor can pen of man indite;
None can know but they who prove
What it is their Lord to love.

408.

Communion Hymn. S. D. ROBBINS.

1 SAVIOUR, when thy bread we break,
When thy "cup of blessing" take,
Fill our souls with life like thine,—
Thou our bread, and thou our wine.

2 For us all, thy feast is spread;
For us all, thy blood was shed:
Thou didst die that all might live;
For all sin thyself didst give.

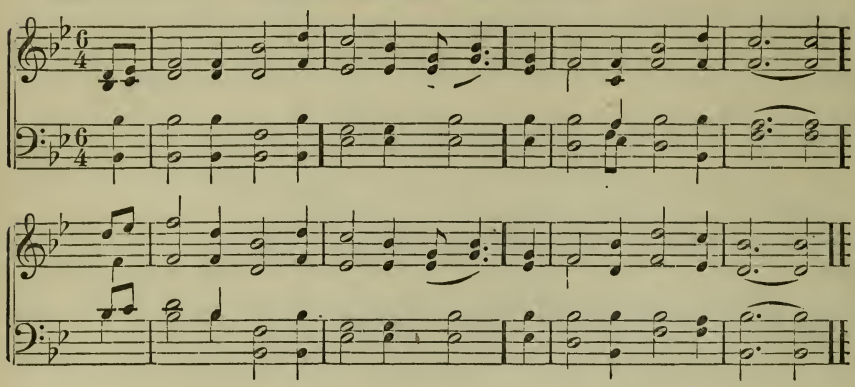
3 Lowly we, around thy board,
Hold communion with our Lord;
In our midst thy form we see,
And through faith would feed on thee.

4 Let our guilt be washed away,
Let our darkness turn to day;
May thy smile upon us rest,
While we lean upon thy breast!

5 Should thy cross upon us press,
We shall feel our sorrows less;
Should thy yoke upon us bear,
Thou wilt every burden share.

6 And when here on earth no more
Round thy table we may draw,
In thy Father's kingdom we,
Through thy grace, would sup with thee.

CROSS AND CROWN. C.M.



409. *Example of Christ.* BEDDOME.

1 In duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace:
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas his delight
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil!

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all his conduct shine;
Oh may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

410. *Following Christ.* BARBAULD.

1 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

3 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

411. *Redemption by the Cross.* CHR. PSALMIST.

1 'Tis finished: the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown.

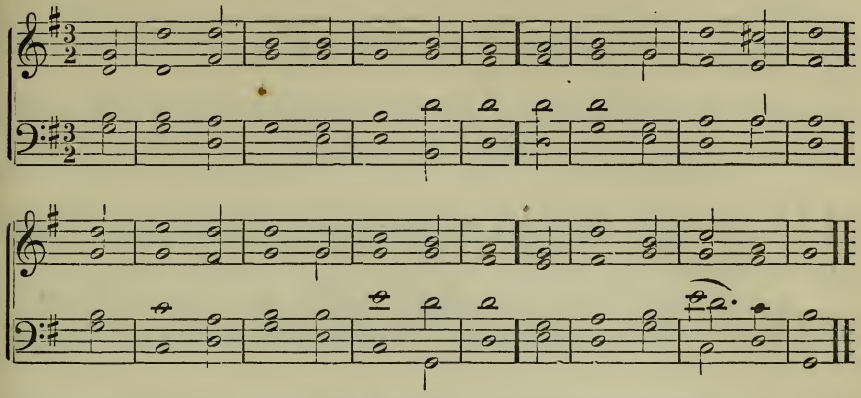
2 'Tis finished: all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crowned him with their spoils.

3 'Tis finished: ritual worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are passed away,
A new world is begun.

412. *Looking in the Sepulchre.* DODDRIDGE

1 Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

MEAR. C.M.



2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes and tune your songs;
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

4 High, o'er the angelic bands, he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

413. *Love to Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee!

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

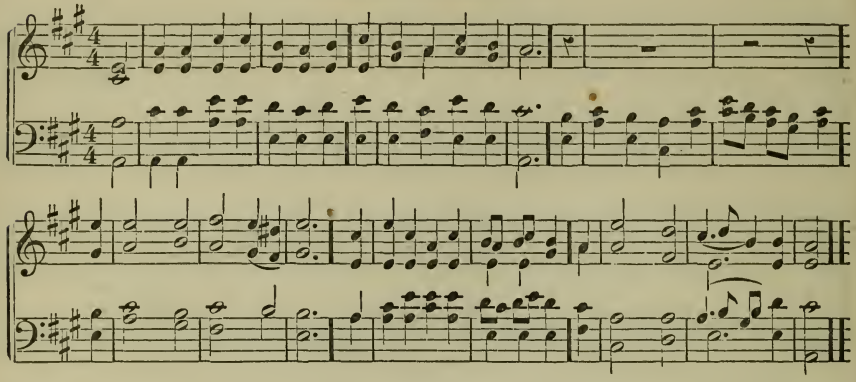
4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

414. *The Love of Christ.* WESLEY

1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 My steadfast heart, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But God be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

CORONATION. C.M. HOLDEN.



415. *The Glorification of Christ.* DUNCAN

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

416. *Christ our Guide and our Wisdom.* BAXTER.

1 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

417. *Trust in the Cross.* BRYDGES.

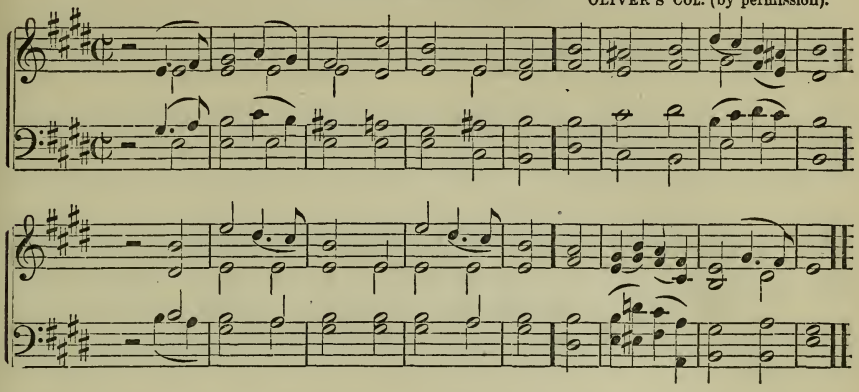
1 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold! I prostrate fall:
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be all in all.

2 May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love.

3 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven

BURLINGTON. C.M.

J. F. BURROWES.
OLIVER'S COL. (by permission).



418. "*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*"
EPISCOPAL COL.

1 THOU art the Way: by thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And they who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

419. "*He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.*"
J. G. WHITTIER.

1 O LOVE! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As, through transfigured clouds of white,
We trace the noon-day sun, —

2 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

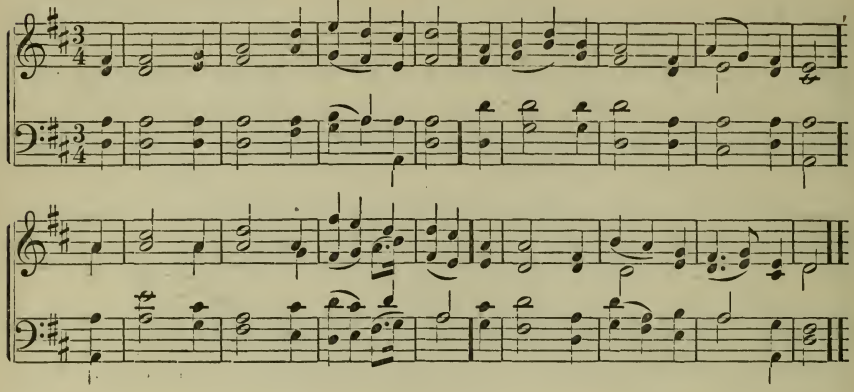
3 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

4 The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

5 To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

6 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

LOWELL. L.M.



420. *Not ashamed of Jesus.* GREGG.

1 JESUS, and can it ever be, —
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight in my soul, till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame, —
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

5 Till then, — nor is the boasting vain, —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh may this my portion be, —
That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

421. *The Cross our Comfort.* KEBLE, *alt.*

1 Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softest power,
And give our sweetest comforts birth? —

2 That to the cross our eyes should turn
For cheering light and strength to save,
Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on the open grave?

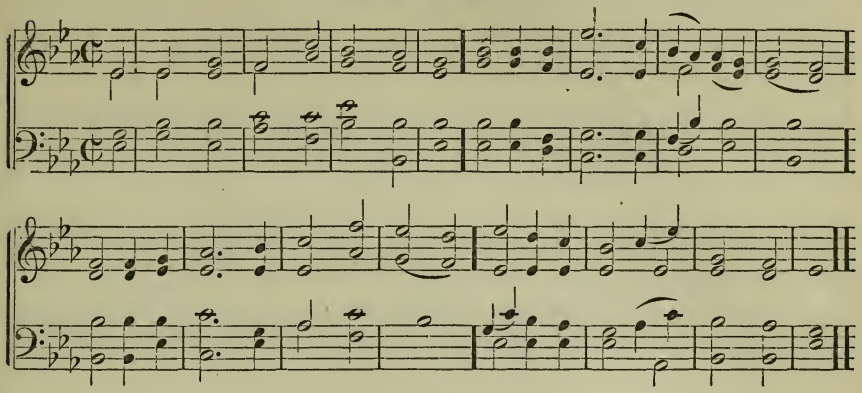
3 Yet so it is: for duly there
The storms of life are lulled to rest;
Stilled by the Saviour's trusting prayer,
Soothed by the peace within his breast.

4 My Saviour, whom 'tis life to see,
Thy promise in thy cross appears:
Its power, its peace, oh grant to me. —
Its perfect love to still my fears!

422. *"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."* ANON.

1 THOU art the Way; and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow, —

NEW-MARKET. L.M. DR. WAINWRIGHT.



2 By thee must come, thou Gate of Love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place, in God.

3 Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
Beams on through earthly blight and bloom;
The pure, the everlasting Ray;
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb.

4 Thou art the Life, the blessed Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more

5 Thou art the guiding Pillar given,
Our Lamp by night, our Light by day;
Thou art the Sacred Bread from heaven:
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

423. *"Oh who like Thee?"* A. C. COXE.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility.

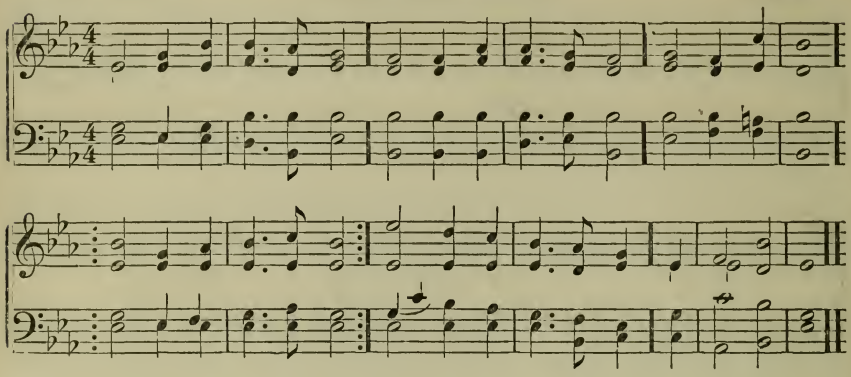
4 Oh in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

424. *Christ the Sower.* BREVIARY

1 O THOU pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!

2 Be thou our guide, be thou our goal,
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,
In death our everlasting prize.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



425. *Faith in the Cross* RAY PALMER.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary.
Saviour divine:
Lord, hear me while I pray,
"Take all my guilt away;"
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul!

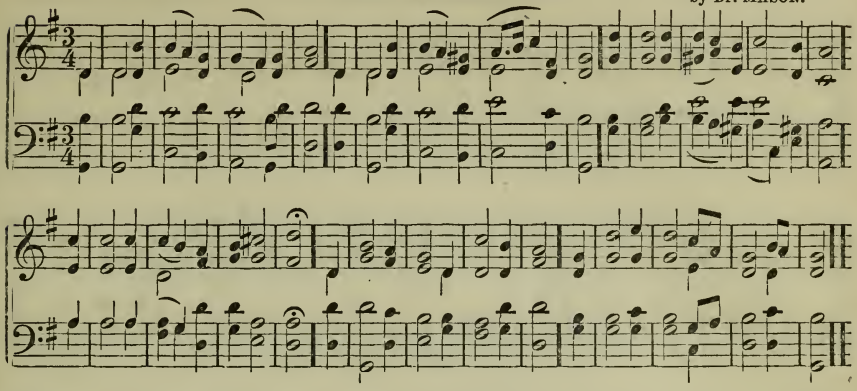
426. *Christ our Guide.* CLEMENT.

1 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thine enduring word
Lead us where thou hast trod:
Make our faith strong.

2 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng,
Who to thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

SALISBURY. L.M. 6 lines.

Arranged from Haydn by Dr. MASON.



427.

Tempted as we are. ANON.

1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet!—
Christ trod this very path before.
Our wants, our weaknesses, he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 So tried as I this earth he trod,
Knew every human ill but sin;
And, though the holiest Son of God,
As I am now, so hath he been.
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me:
For help and strength I turn to thee.

428.

Believers not Seeing. ELIM.

1 WE were not with the faithful few
Who stood thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard thy prayer for those that slew,
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce thy side:
Yet we believe that thou hast died.

2 No angel's message met our ear
On that first glorious Easter day,—
"The Lord is risen; he is not here:
Come, see the place where Jesus lay!"
But we believe that thou didst quell
The banded powers of death and hell.

3 We saw thee not return on high;
And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that thou art there,
And seek thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

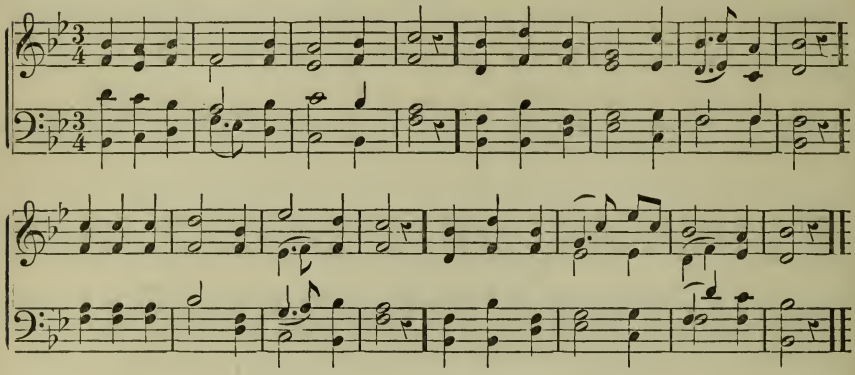
429.

I will come again. ELIM.

1 FLING wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy:
So shall your Saviour enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

2 Redeemer, come; we open wide
Our hearts to thee: here, Lord, abide.
Let us thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in us reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won

MENDON. L.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



430.

Christ our Safety. H. K. WHITE.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It is my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

4 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing — first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore —
The Star, — the Star of Bethlehem.

431.

Jesus the Light of the Soul.

1 LIGHT of the soul, O Saviour blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

2 Son of the Father, Lord most high,
How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
How sweet in heaven thy beam doth glow,
Denied to eye of flesh below!

3 O heavenly and benignant Light!
Come to us in thy saving might,
Come in thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

432.

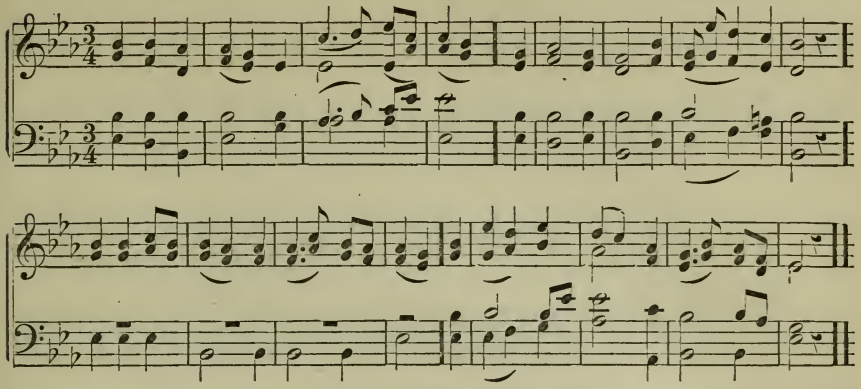
The Mercy-seat. STOWELL.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads, —
A place, than all besides, more sweet:
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

HYDASPE. L.M. WHITE'S CHURCH MELODIST (by permission).



4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

433.

Jesus our Joy. ST. BERNARD.

1 JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good;
To them that find thee, — All in All.

3 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad when thy gracious smile we see;
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

4 O Jesus! ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

434.

Our Merciful Judge. C. F. ALEXANDER.

1 O SON of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears thy people shed! —

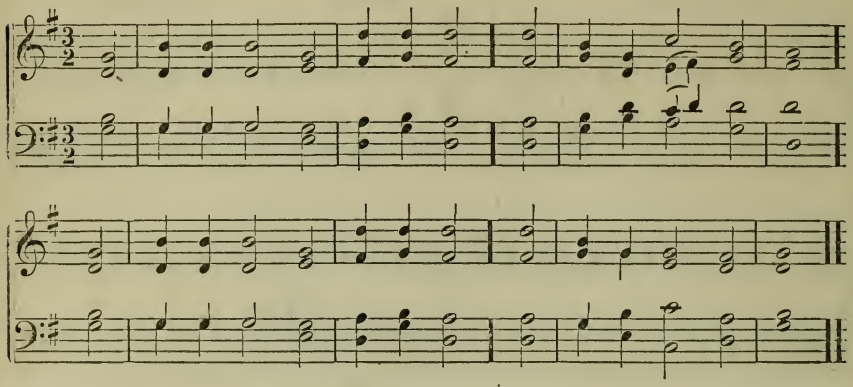
2 Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, oh teach us by thy grace
To struggle onward into light!

3 And since, in God's recording book,
Our sins are written every one, —
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone, —

4 Lord, ere the last dread trumpet sound,
And ere before thy face we stand,
Look thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with thy bleeding hand.

5 And by the love that brought thee here,
And by the cross and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.

MARLOW. C.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



435. *The Call of Christ.* BONAR.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me, and rest:
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live!"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

436. *Christ our Example.* ANON.

1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

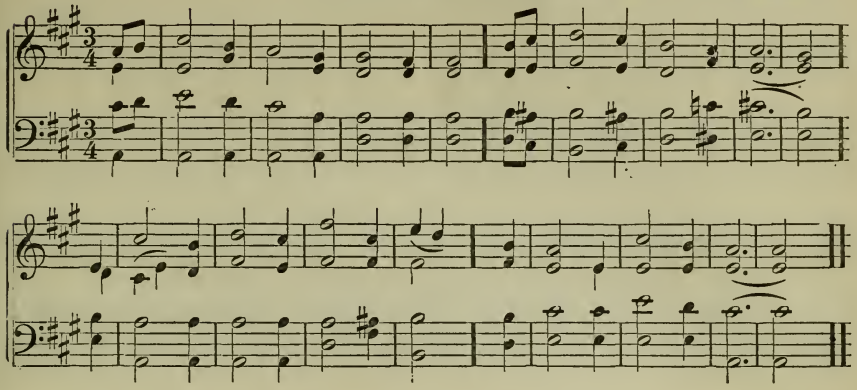
3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove, —
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

MANOAH. C.M. GREATOREX'S COL. (by permission).



437. *Christ our Life.* ANCIENT HYMNS.

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!—

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire!—

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more!

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our life express
The image of thine own!

438. *Prayer in the name of Christ.* ANON.

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

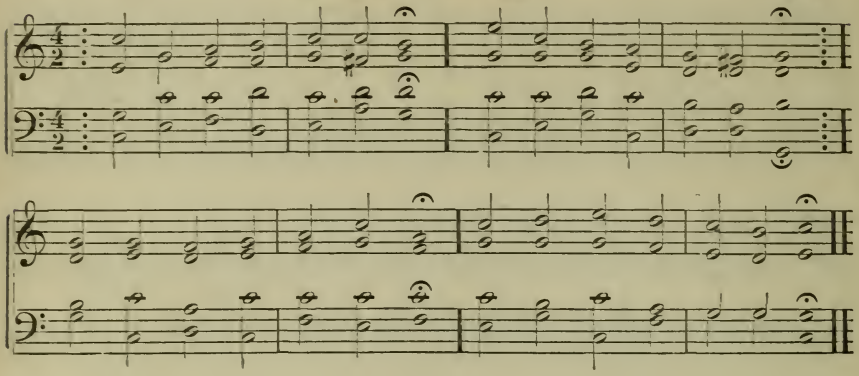
2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the
To bring salvation down. [world.

MAURER. 7s, 6 lines. ZEUNER.



439. *Salvation through Christ.* TOPLADY.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure, —
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to thy fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne, —
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

440. *Sun of Righteousness.* C. WESLEY

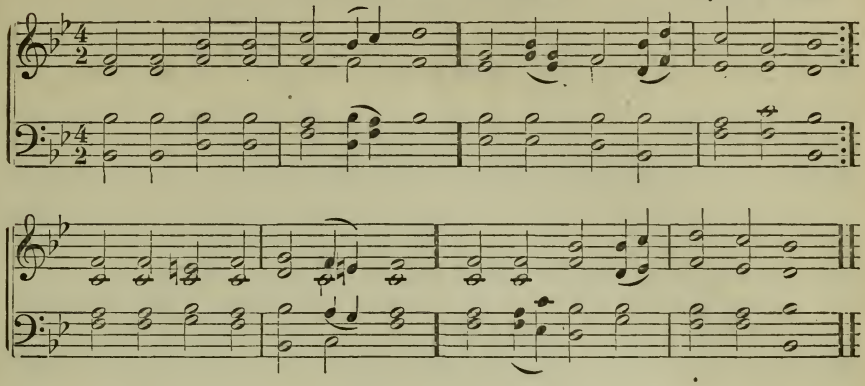
1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies;
Christ, the true, the only light, —
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night.
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

ROSEFIELD. 7s, 6 lines.

Arranged from Malan by Dr. MASON.



441.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

MONTGOMERY.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the griefs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

442.

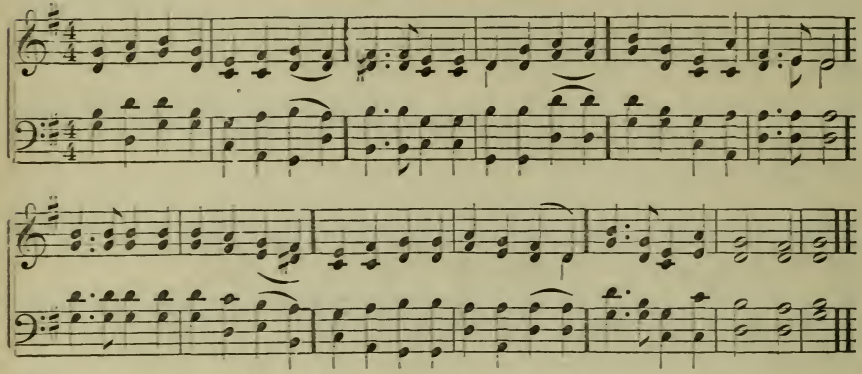
"*It is finished.*" BULFINCH

1 It is finished, — glorious word
From thy lips, our suffering Lord;
Word of high, triumphant might,
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.
It is finished: all is o'er;
Pain and scorn oppress no more.

2 Now no more foreboding dread
Shades the path thy feet must tread;
No more fear lest, in thine hour,
Pain should patience overpower:
On the perfect sacrifice
Not a stain of weakness lies.

3 Champion, lay thine armor by;
'Tis thine hour of victory:
All thy toils are now o'erpast;
Thou hast found thy rest at last;
All hath faithfully been done,
And the world's salvation won.

HEDGE. 7s, or 8s & 7s. P.M.



443. *Strength from the Cross.* F. H. HEDGE.

1 "It is finished." Man of sorrows,
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While extended there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer, draw us to thee, —
Sufferer victorious.

2 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be!
Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee!

3 Still to thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.
Honored be thy cross for ever;
Star, that points our high endeavor
Whither thou hast gone before.

444. "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus.*" Tr. by F. H. HEDGE.

1 HOLY Spirit, Fire divine,
Send from heaven a ray of thine;
Lighten our obscurity.
Come, thou Father of the poor;
Come, thou Giver and Renewer, —
Fountain of all purity.

2 Visit us, Consoler best, —
Thou the bosom's sweetest guest,
Sweetest comfort proffering:
Thou dost give the weary rest,
Shade to all with heat opprest,
Solace in all suffering.

3 O blest Light ineffable!
With thy faithful amply dwell:
Lord of our humanity,
Nothing lives without thy ray;
Reft of thy enlivening day,
All is void and vanity.

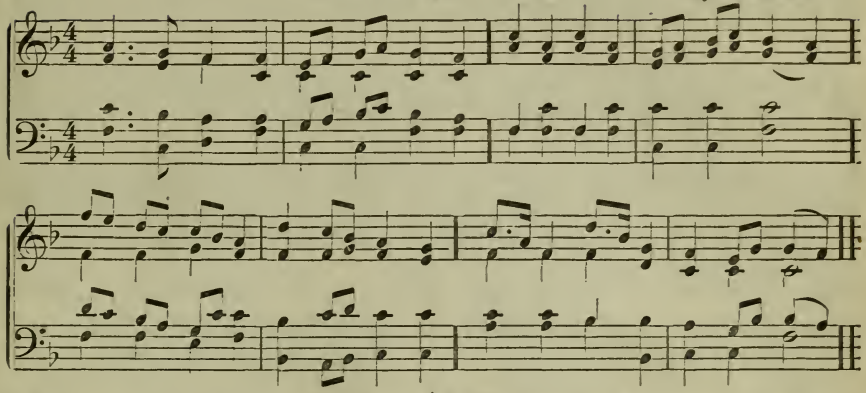
4 What is foul, oh! purify;
Water what in us is dry;
All our hurts alleviate;
Bend our temper's rigidness;
Warm our nature's frigidness;
Bring back all who deviate.

5 Give them who in thee abide, —
All that do in thee confide, —
Give them grace increasingly:
Give to virtue its reward,
Saving end to all accord,
Joy in heaven unceasingly.

VI. CHRIST'S CHURCH AND KINGDOM.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

Arranged from Schultz by Dr. MASON.



445.

The City of God. J. NEWTON.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage? —
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

446.

Future Peace and Glory of the Church. COWPER.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
"Oh my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken, —
Fair abodes I build for you.

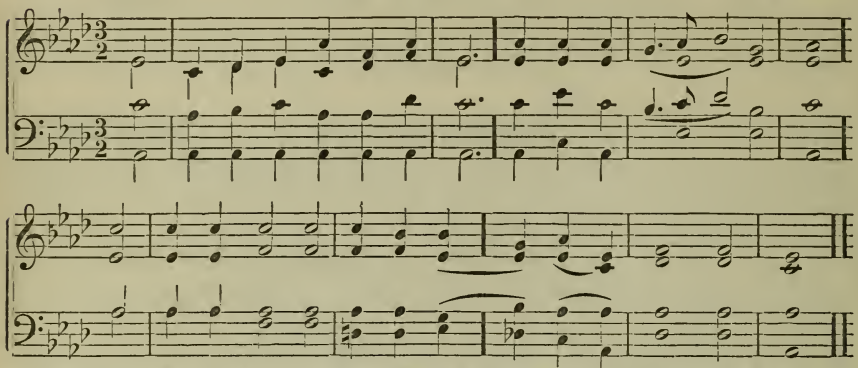
2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.

3 "Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression, —
Hear the voice of war again.

4 "Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

HERMON. C.M.

DR. L. MASON.



NOTE. — The last two ties in this tune, and in Langdon, are to be observed only in singing Hymn 447.

447. *The Holy Ghost the Comforter.* SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart, —
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

448. *The Power of the Spirit.* KEBLE.

1 Lo! when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad, —
A rushing, mighty wind.

2 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around:
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

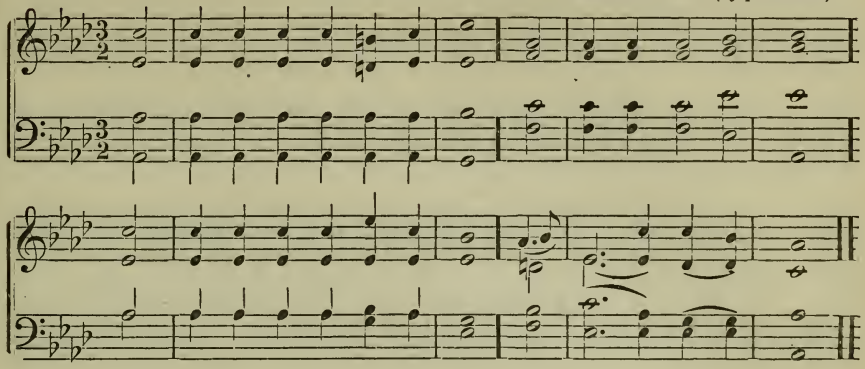
3 To other strains our souls are set:
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and heart, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

4 Come, Lord; come, Wisdom, Love, and Power, —
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour:
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

449. *Zion.* WATTS.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

LANGDON. C.M. G. Hews.
Modern Harp (by permission).



2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their sins to be forgiven!

4 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

450. *Christ and the Church.* Frothingham.

1 O Lord of life and truth and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

2 We hail the Church, built high o'er all
The heathen's rage and scoff, —
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars:
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

4 Oh may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love;
A brightness o'er this lower sphere, —
A ray from worlds above!

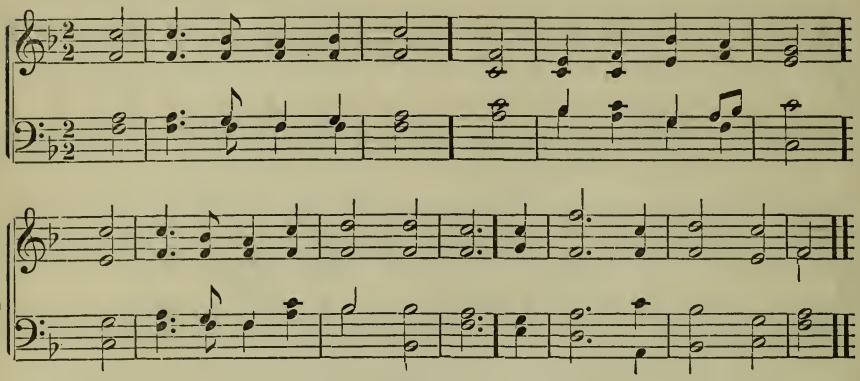
451. *For the Success of the Gospel.* W. Ward

1 Great God, thy tender love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

2 Oh when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

3 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

OLNEY. S.M. L. MASON.



452. *Gospel Invitations.* EPISCOPAL COL.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come."

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come;
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes: whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; I wait thine hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

453. *"Thy Kingdom come."* JOHNS.

1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love;
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

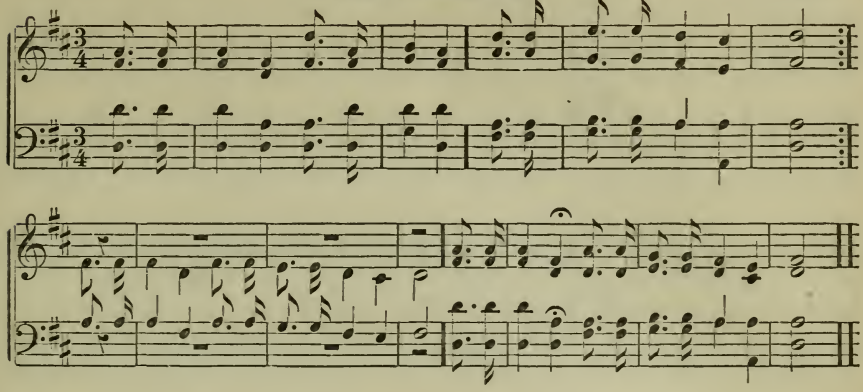
4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family!

454. *For Christ's Presence.* H. MARTINEAU.

1 LORD Jesus, come; for here
Our path through wilds is laid:
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And let us stray no more.

ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4. T. HASTINGS.



455. "*I am thy God.*" KELLY.

1 On the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing, —
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

456. "*Surely I come quickly.*" MONSELL.

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking, —
Rise and sing and watch and pray:
'Tis thy Saviour
On his bright returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee:
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour!
When wilt thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation;
Spent the night, the day at hand:
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee till I stand,
O my Saviour!
In thy bright and promised land.

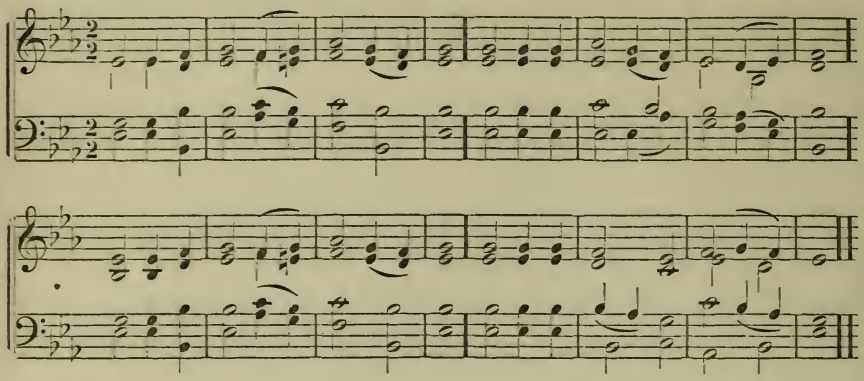
457. "*Thy Kingdom come.*" WILLIAMS

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze:
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
Blessèd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, — never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

HAMBURG. L.M.

Arranged by Dr. MASON.



458. *Christ's Universal Kingdom.* WATTS.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

459. *For the Coming of the Holy Spirit.* MONTGOMERY.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our degenerate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

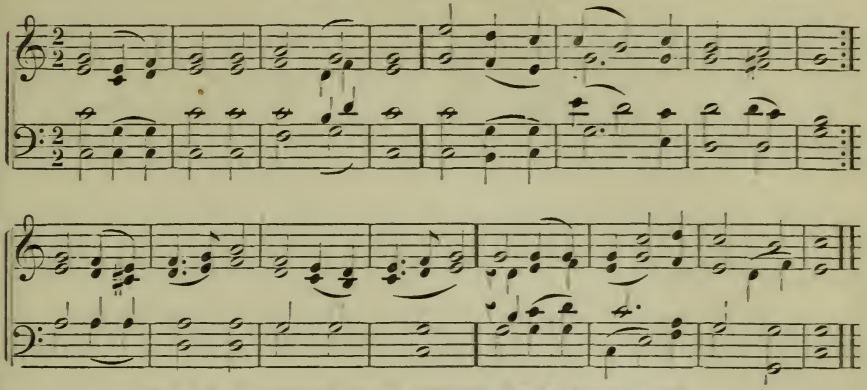
3 Be darkness, — at thy coming, light;
Confusion, — order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

460. *Old and New.* J. G. WHITTIER.

1 OH sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

WELFORD. 7s.* 6 lines. MODERN HARP (by permission).



* Or L.M., by omitting the repeat, and the ties in the first bar of each line.

2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier store:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

461. *The Hope of Man.* T. W. HIGGINSON.

1 THE Past is dark with sin and shame,
The Future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to thee;
And, in each purpose high and strong,
The influence of thy grace could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

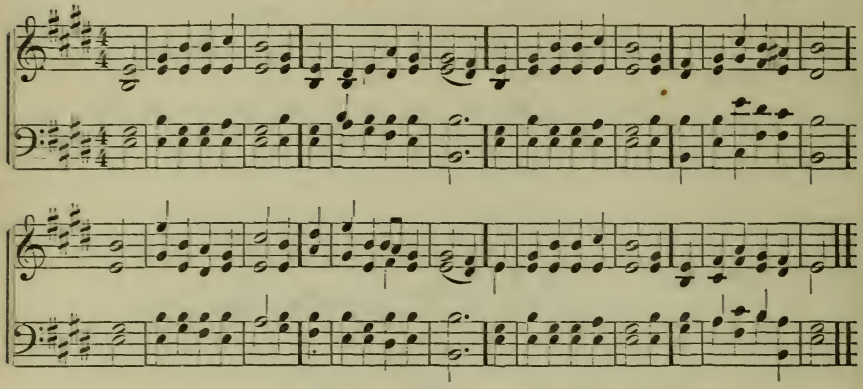
4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now:
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou!

462. *Future Glory of the Church.* Ps. 67. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

1 ON thy Church, O Power Divine!
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. DR. L. MASON.



463. *Missionary Hymn.* HEBER

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, —
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high, —
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

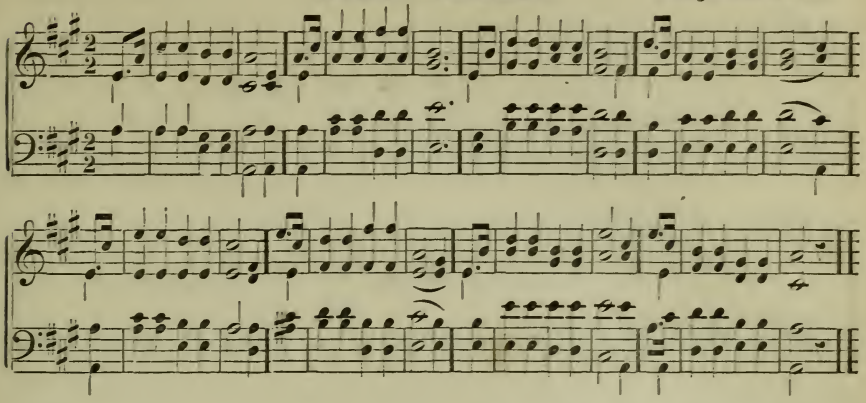
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, and Saviour,
In bliss returns to reign.

464. *Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.* MONTGOMERY

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed, —
Great David's greater Son!
Hail! in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun:
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;

ALLEN. 7s & 6s metre. Arranged from HAYDN.



To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, as showers
Upon the thirsty earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Through him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His name to us is Love.

465. "All the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended;
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

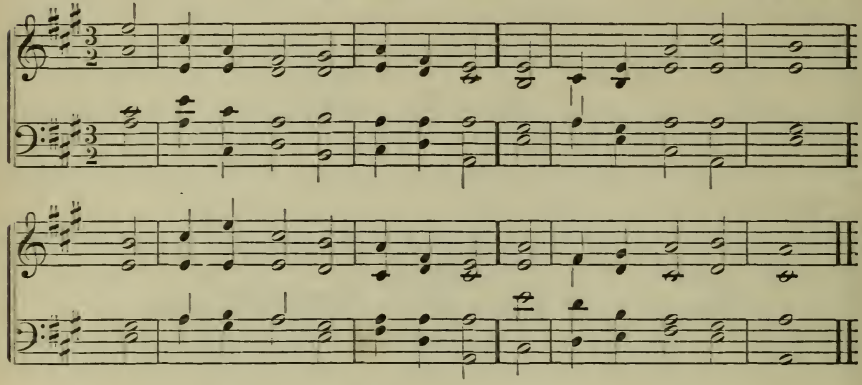
2 Then, from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around;
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound.

Doxology.

To thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings.
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

ALBANY. C.M.

DR. L. MASON.



466. "*Brightening unto the perfect day.*"

BREVIARY.

1 GONE is the hollow, murky night,
With all its shadows dun;
Oh shine upon us, heavenly Light,
As on the earth the sun!

2 Pour on our hearts thy heavenly beam,
In radiance sublime;
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time.

3 Lo! on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall;
But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all.

4 This is the dawn of infant faith:
The day will follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with freer breath,
And morn be lost in noon.

5 For to the seed that's sown to-day
A harvest-time is given,
When charity, with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven.

467. *The Reign of Love.* BREVIARY

1 SUPREME Disposer of the heart,
Thou, since the world was made,
Hast the blest fruits of holiness
To holy hearts displayed.

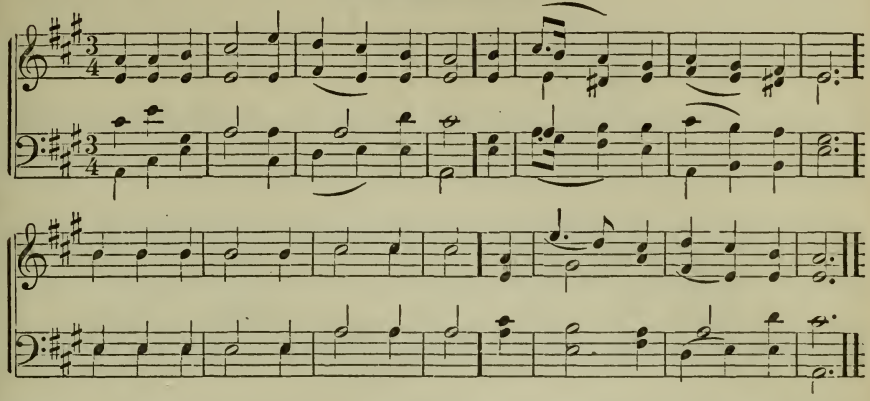
2 Here, hope and faith their links unite
With love in one sweet chain;
But, when all fleeting things are past,
Love shall alone remain.

3 O love! O true and fadeless light!
And shall it ever be,
That, after all our toils and tears,
Thy sabbath we shall see?

4 'Mid thousand fears and dangers now,
We sow our seed with prayer;
But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

5 O God of justice, God of power!
Our faith and hope increase;
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace.

ARUNDEL. C.M.



468. *Permanence of the Church.* A. C. Coxe.

1 Oh where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But Holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within her solemn voice,
And her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
The Holy Church of God: [her,
Though earthquake shocks are rocking
And tempests are abroad. —

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands, —
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

469. *The River of Life.* W. Hurn.

1 There is a River, deep and broad;
Its course no mortal knows:
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows

2 Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

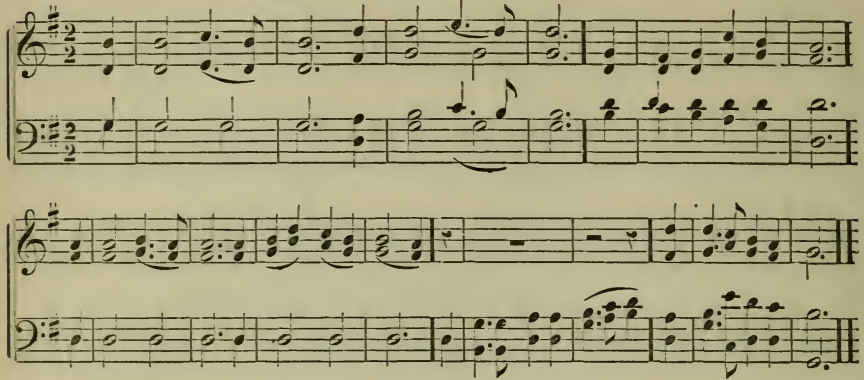
3 Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign:
The Lord himself commands the peace,
And foes conspire in vain.

4 Along the shores, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave:
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.

5 To them distressèd souls repair;
The Lord invites them nigh:
They leave their cares and sorrows there;
They drink, and never die.

6 Flow on, sweet stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
And all obey his will.

NICHOLS. C.M. DR. L. MASON.



470. *The Way to the Heavenly City.* DODDRIDGE.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,—
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,—
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your Father, God.

5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

471. *The Kingdom come.* GASKELL.

1 O GOD! the darkness roll away,
Which clouds the human soul;
And let the bright, the perfect day
Speed onward to its goal.

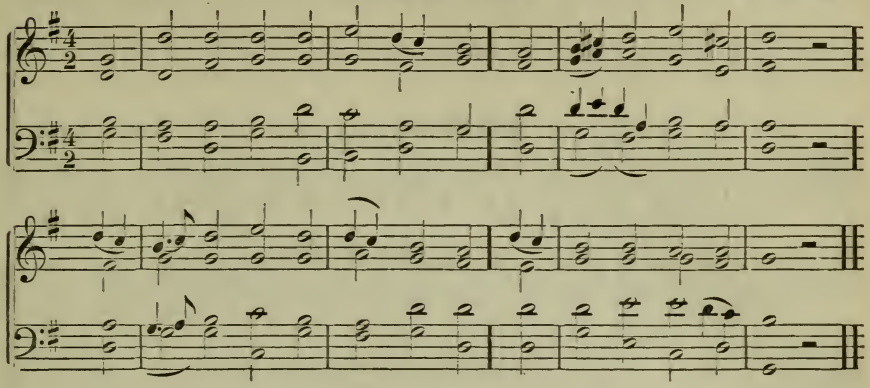
2 Let every hateful passion die,
Which makes of brethren foes;
And war no longer raise its cry,
To mar the world's repose.

3 Let faith and hope and charity
Go forth through all the earth;
And man, in heavenly bearing, be
True to his heavenly birth

4 Yea, let thy glorious kingdom come,
Of holiness and love;
And make this world a portal meet
For thy bright courts above.

LUTZEN. C.M.

M. LUTHER.



472. *The Communion of Saints.* C. WESLEY.

1 THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make:
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him;
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream, —
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 O God! be thou our constant guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

473. *Singing the Song of the Redeemed.* MONTGOMERY.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land, —
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear, –
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The Church triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

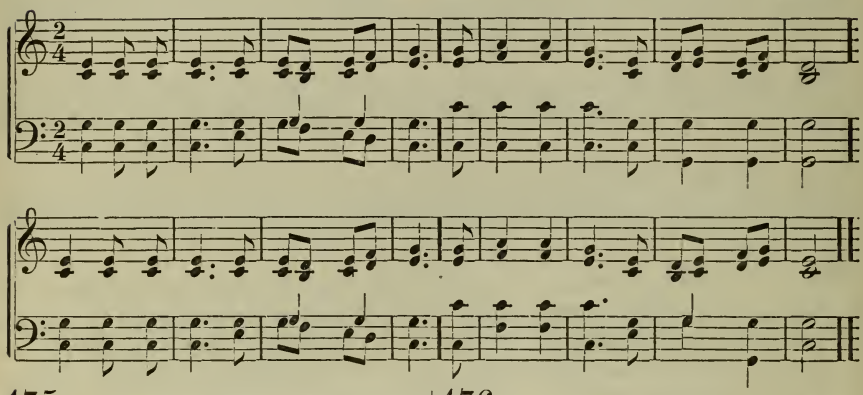
5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save:
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

474. *Doxology.*

Now hallelujah, power and praise,
To God in Christ be given
By all who tread these earthly ways,
And all the blest in heaven.

VII. CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES AND OCCASIONS.

MALVERN. L.M. DR. L. MASON.



475. *Baptism of Children.* WEST BOSTON COL.

1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law!
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth

3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite;
And would renew its solemn vow,
With love and thanks and praises now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part;
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

476. *Prayer for Children.* ANON.

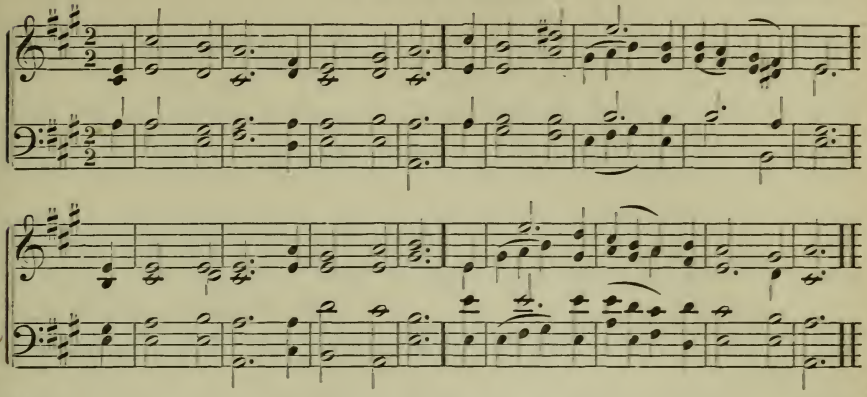
1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure inclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,—

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh let them ne'er forgotten be!
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

SAUGUS. L.M. COSTELLOW.



477. *Prayer for the Young.* W. W. How.

1 O HOLY Lord! content to live
In a poor home, a lowly child,
And in subjection meek to give
Obedience to thy mother mild, —

2 Lead every child that bears thy name
To walk in thy pure, upright way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like thyself, obey.

3 Oh let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface!
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

4 Gather thy lambs within thine arm,
And gently in thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord! from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

478. *Invitation to the Lord's Supper.* DODDRIDGE.

1 FATHER, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be these thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Oh let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

3 Let all approach, with hearts prepared;
With warm desire let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford
A Saviour's death alone can give.

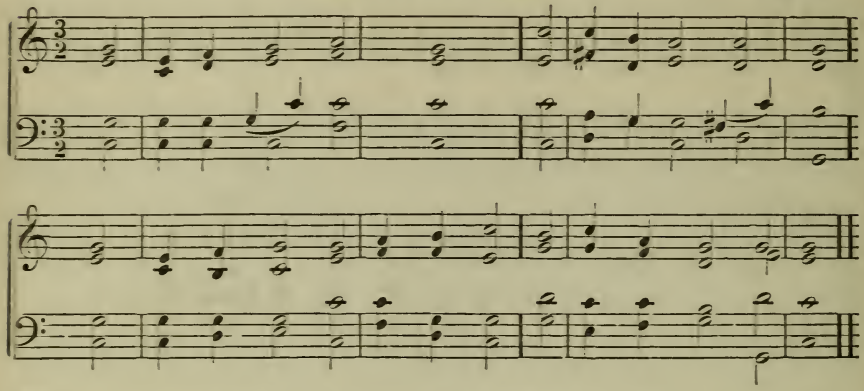
479. *The Table of the Lord.* WATTS

1 THE Lord of life this table spread
With tokens of his dying love;
And we, who on its richness feed,
A foretaste gain of joys above.

2 Be sinful pleasures all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

BOYLSTON. S.M.

L. MASON.



480.

Baptism of a Child. J. F. CLARKE.

1 To thee, O God in heaven!
This little one we bring;
Giving to thee what thou hast given, —
Our dearest offering.

2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3 Oh, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

481.

Baptism of Children. J. F. CLARKE.

1 To Him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come, —
To Him who took them to his breast,
We bring these children home.

2 To thee, O God! whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now.

482.

A Communion Hymn. FURNESS.

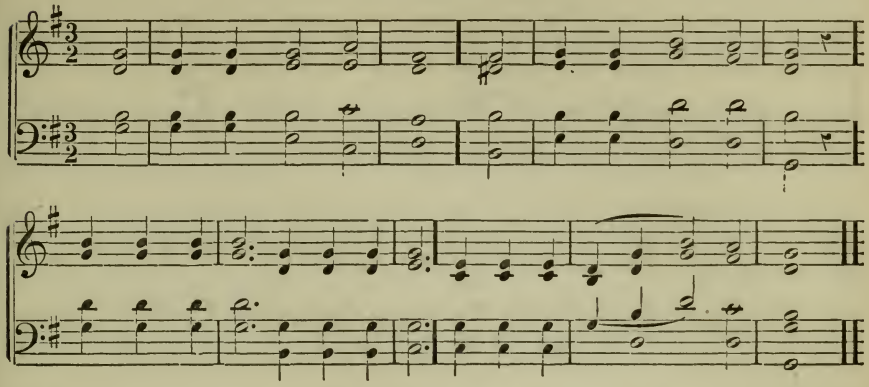
1 HERE, in the broken bread;
Here, in the cup we take, —
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.

2 Yes: that our souls might live,
Those sacred limbs were torn,
That blood was spilt, and pangs untold
Were by the Saviour borne.

3 O Thou who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus!
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than thou hast done for us?

4 We are persuaded now,
That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
Displayed in Him who died, —

PARAH. S.M. DR. L. MASON.



5 Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

483. *Communion with God and Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near:
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs,
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.

4 Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above

484. *Grateful Remembrance of Christ.* WATTS

1 Jesus, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board:
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

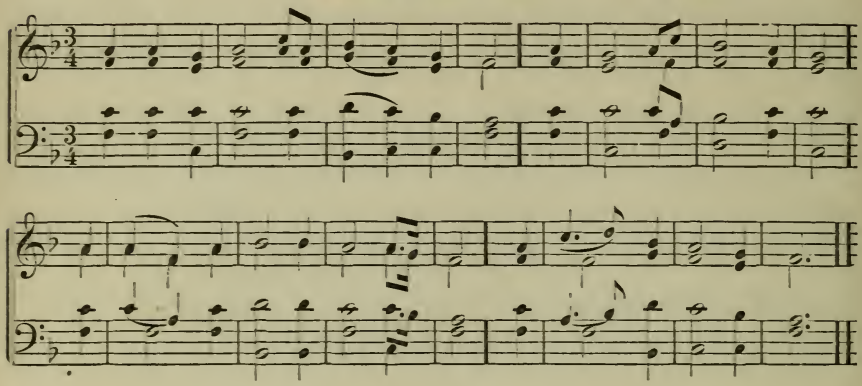
2 Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone, we know:
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affection glow.

5 Warmed with our Master's love
And thy unmeasured grace,
Lord, let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

FLETCHER. C.M. W. ARNOLD.



485. *Dedication of Children.* DODDRIDGE.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
God's guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

486. *Prayer for those Confessing Christ.* J. NEWTON.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove, —
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above,

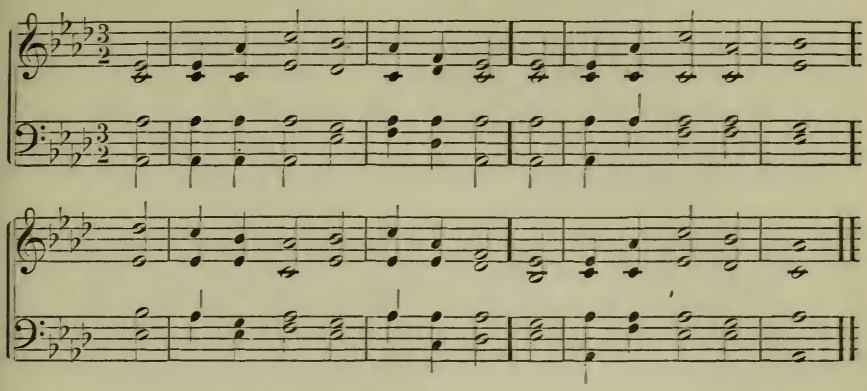
487. *The Bond of Love.* ANON

1 BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives, –
His blessed word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep.
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

EVA. C.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



488. *Remembering Christ.* NOEL.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel that friends are nigh, —

2 Oh shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from sin and woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed! —
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
Oh memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

489. *Coming to the Lord's Supper.* ANON.

1 Let vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way.

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

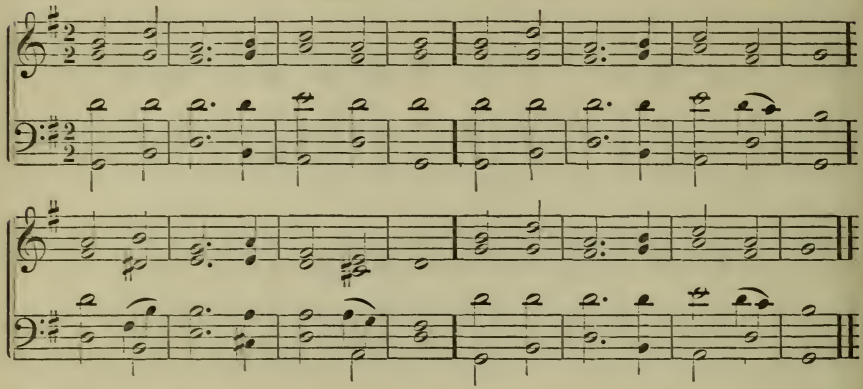
490. *The Table of the Lord.* GREENWOOD

1 Now I approach thy table, Lord,
With reverent joy and love;
I call to mind my Saviour's word,
And will obedient prove.

2 Oh! shall I not remember one
Who bled and died for me;
Nor think on all that he has done
To make me pure and free?

3 Yea: I'll remember him, and strive
To love him more and more;
So that I may with Jesus live,
When this short life is o'er.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.



491. *The Church a Refuge.* MONTGOMERY.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns, —
Turns, a fugitive unblest:
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home;
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

492. *Spiritual Nourishment.* PRATT'S COL.

1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life, oh let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

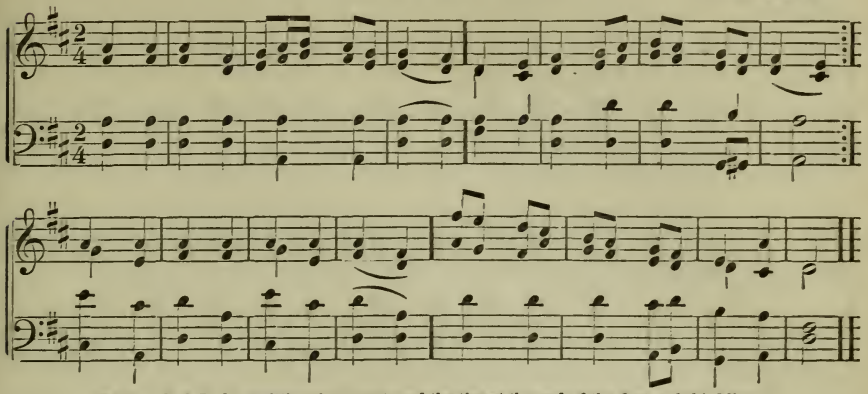
493. *Communion Hymn.* WESLEYAN.

1 JESUS, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Give to us thy humble mind,
Patient, fearless, just, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be, —
Full of goodness, full of thee.

CESAREA. 8s & 7s; or 7s, 6 lines. Arranged from Mozart by Dr. MASON.



NOTE. — 8s & 7s, by omitting the repeat, and the ties at the end of the first and third lines.

494. *Close of Communion.* EXETER COL.

1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear!
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere!

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

495. *The Lambs offered to the Good Shepherd.* ANON.

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share, —

2 Thou, our little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, — thy word believing, —
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be to sin a prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them in life's doubtful way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

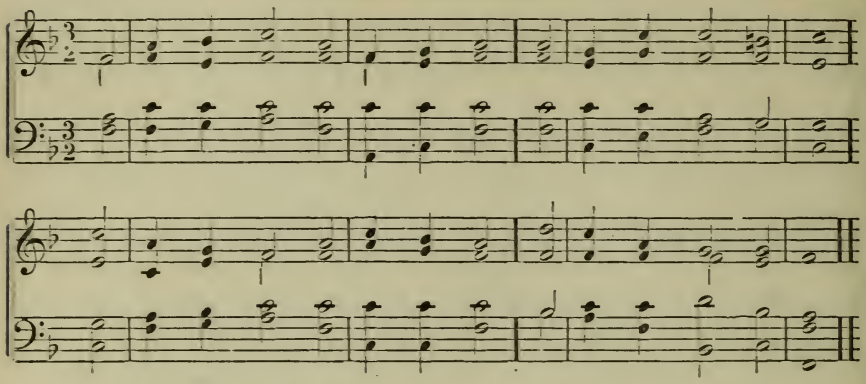
496. *The Holy Feast.* H. ALFORD.

1 Lo! the feast is spread to-day.
Jesus summons: come away
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come, and taste the Bread of heaven

2 Blessed are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage-feast;
Blessed, who on him shall feed, —
Bread of Life, and Drink indeed:
Blessed, for their thirst is o'er;
They shall never hunger more.

COMMUNION. C.M.

S. HILL.



497. "*This do in remembrance of Me.*"

MONTGOMERY.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord, —
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary;
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee: —

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come, —
Jesus, remember me.

498. *Proper Dispositions for the Communion.*

E. TAYLOR.

1 OH here, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace!

2 Not here, where met to think on Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

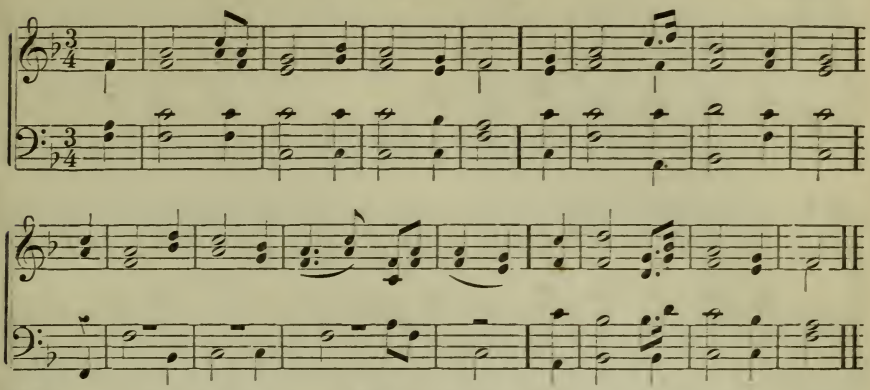
3 No: gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

[wait,

4 "Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

GARLAND. C.M.

W. ARNOLD.



499.

Christian Fellowship. S. F. SMITH.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord!

2 Joined in one body may we be,
One inward life partake,
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide!

500.

Close of Communion. S. GILMAN.

1 O GOD! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.

3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free;
And humbly learn, like him, to give
Our powers, our wills, to thee.

501.

For Communicants. ANON

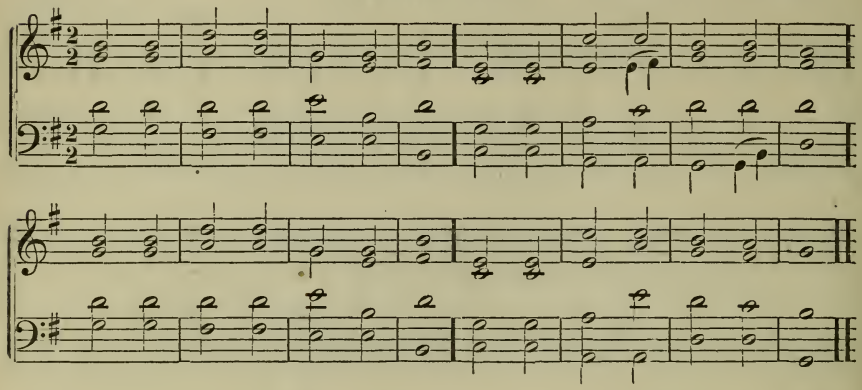
1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,—
What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide:
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honored name;
But, by a near resemblance, prove
The title which they claim.

DELAY. 7s. SACRED STAR (by permission).



502.

Funeral Hymn. ANON.

1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle, — for they must;
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God.

2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

3 Look aloft. The spirit's risen, —
Death cannot the soul imprison:
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

4 Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there, and comfort too:
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

503.

The Christian's Burial. J. H. BANCROFT.

1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God and heir of heaven·
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

4 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned and glorified and blest.

504.

Trust in God. GASKELL

1 WE would leave, O God! to thee
Every anxious care and fear:
Thou the troubled thought canst see,
Thou canst dry the bitter tear.

2 Thou dost care for us, we know, —
Care with all a Father's love;
Thou canst make each earthly woe
Work to higher bliss above.

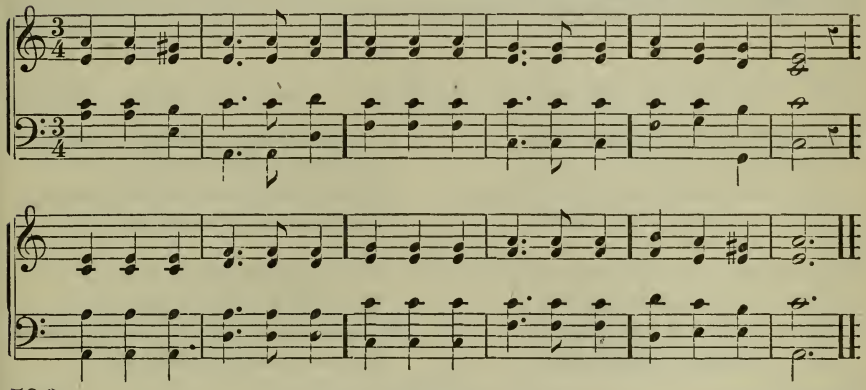
3 On this faith we fain would rest:
Strengthen thou its blessed power;
Steadfast keep it in our breast,
Through each dark and trying hour.

505. *Dews and Tears.* S. F. ADAMS.

1 GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours, —

2 Blessed dews and tears, that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven.
Let us still his praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

AUBURN. 6s & 4s. P.M. L. MARSHALL.
SACRED STAR (by permission)



506. *"Forsake me not when my strength faileth."* MRS. HEMANS

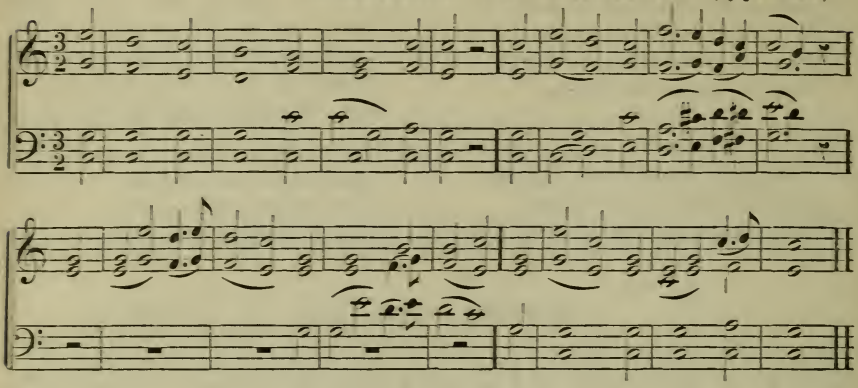
1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine:
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down. —
Sustain us thou.

3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away, —
Aid us, O God!

4 Trembling beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

BEMERTON. C.M. GREATOREX'S COL. (by permission).



507. *Not Lost, but Gone Before.* WHITTIER.

1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

2 Oh half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here!

3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled, —
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

4 Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

508. *God the Everlasting Light.* DODDRIDGE.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, —
Pale empress of the night!

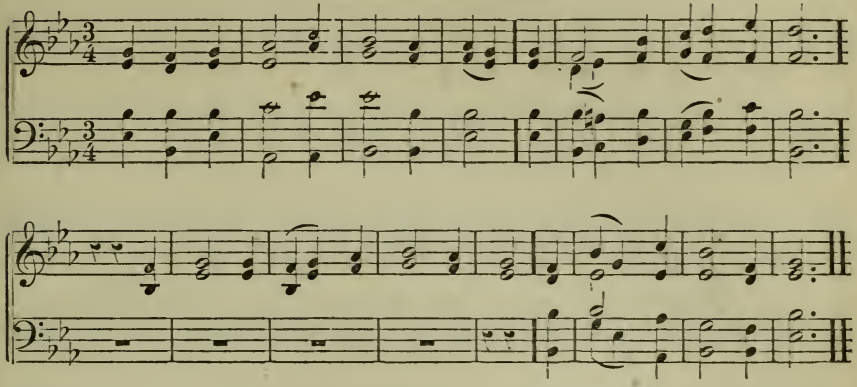
2 And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.

5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

ECKARDTSHEIM. C.M. ZEUNER.



509.

Burial of the Young. MRS. HEMANS.

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now:
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath;
Soul, to its home on high:
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy dear form is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

510.

Death a Release. DALE.

1 DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear, —
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
Oh who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine:
Oh may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine!

511.

Joy from Sorrow. W. A. D

1 THE flower that grows within the shade
Of unseen forest trees
Lends not its fragrance to the waves
Of every summer breeze.

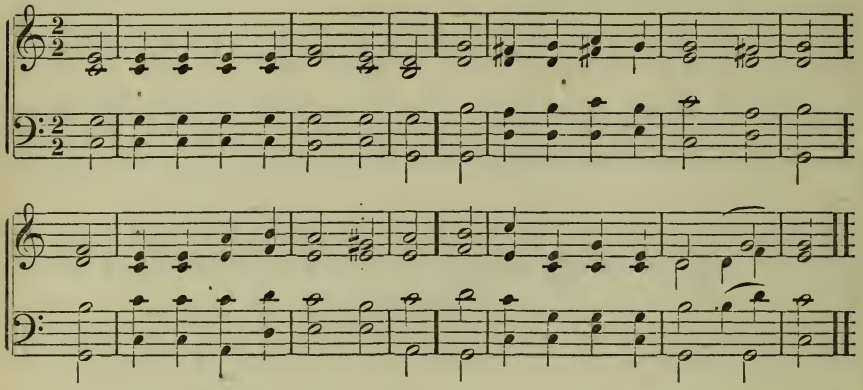
2 The wayward heart turns not to God
In pleasure's fleeting dreams,
When cares are few and skies are bright,
And life the gayest seems.

3 But when deep shades of sorrow fall
Along the path we tread,
And grassy mounds demand our tears
For loved ones early dead, —

4 Its sweetest fragrance then will rise
In many a pleading word,
And, penitent, in love give out
Sweet incense to the Lord.

RAMOTH. L.M.

L. MASON.



512.

The Righteous blessed in Death.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1 How blessed the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around, —
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell:
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blessed the righteous when he dies!"

513.

At a Funeral.

WATTS

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleepers here,
While angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break, sacred morning, from the skies;
Then, clothed anew in bright array,
Immortal form, to life arise,
And swell the song of endless day.

514.

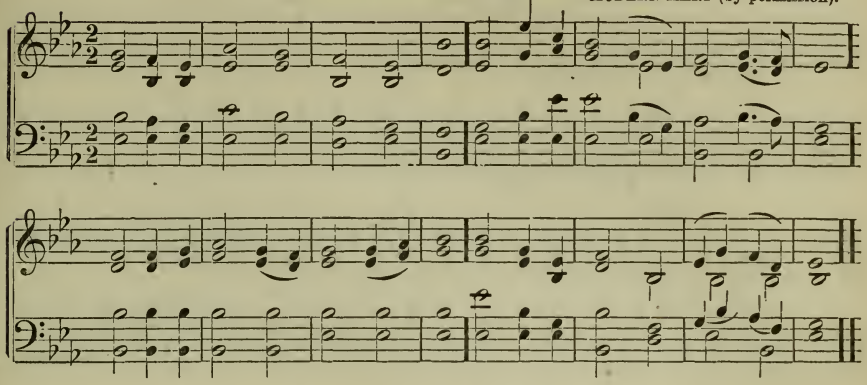
Heaven.

W. B. O. PEABODY

1 Oh when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, it is not rest, —
'Tis glory opening to the blest!

EVENING. L.M.

J. E. GOULD.
MODERN HARP (by permission).



2 There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
There grief find rest, and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

3 No storms shall ride the troubled air;
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe and die.

515. *Blessedness of the Pious Dead.* NORTON.

1 OH stay thy tears! for they are blest
Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!—
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3 Oh cheerless were our lengthened way!
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 Oh stay thy tears! the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love:
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

516. *Death of Parents.* FAWCETT.

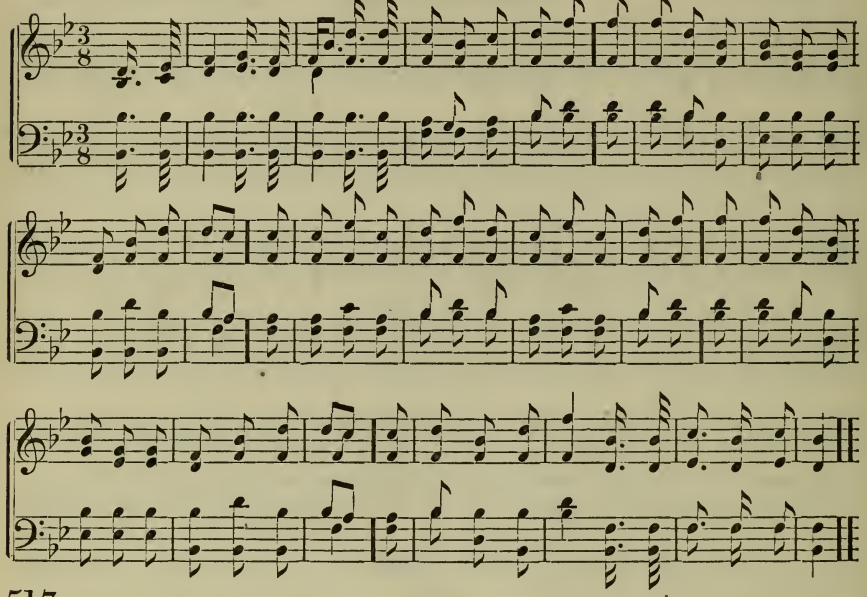
1 THE God of mercy will indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When honored parents fall around,
When friends beloved and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Their mighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

4 To thee, our Father, would we look,—
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
And on thy gracious love and truth
With humble, steadfast hope depend

SCOTLAND. 12s & 11s. DR. CLARKE.



517.

Farewell to a Friend departed. HEBER.

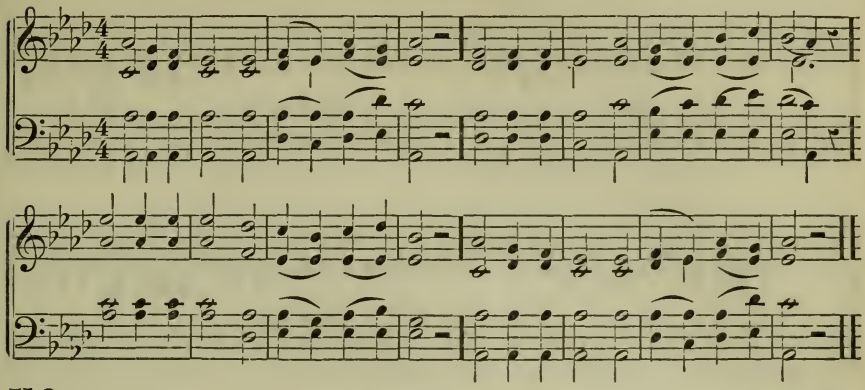
1 THOU art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long:
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Refuge, thy Guardian, thy Guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

"GO TO THE GRAVE." 10s, or L.M T. B. WHITE.



518. *Death of a Christian in his Prime.* MONTGOMERY.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power:
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave: at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, — thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home, — with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave: no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

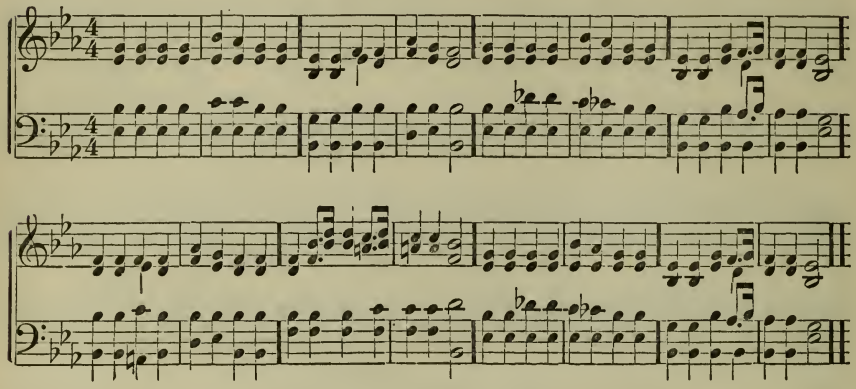
519. *Farewell.* FERGUS.

1 FAREWELL! what power of words can tell
The sorrows of a last farewell,
When, standing by the mournful bier,
We mingle with our prayers a tear?

2 O God! extend thy arms of love, —
A spirit seeketh thee above:
Ye heavenly palaces, unclose,
Receive the weary to repose.

3 Redeemer, thou didst mourn the dead:
Be with us in the time of need;
And grant us all, from sin set free,
At length to rest in heaven with thee.

GOING. 8s & 7s. FRENCH AIR.



520. *Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."* ELIM.

1 THEY are going, — only going:
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets, in the spring-time,
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

2 They are going — only going —
When with summer earth is drest,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going, ever going,
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

3 All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadow dim,
To the brightness of His presence,
Who has called them unto him.

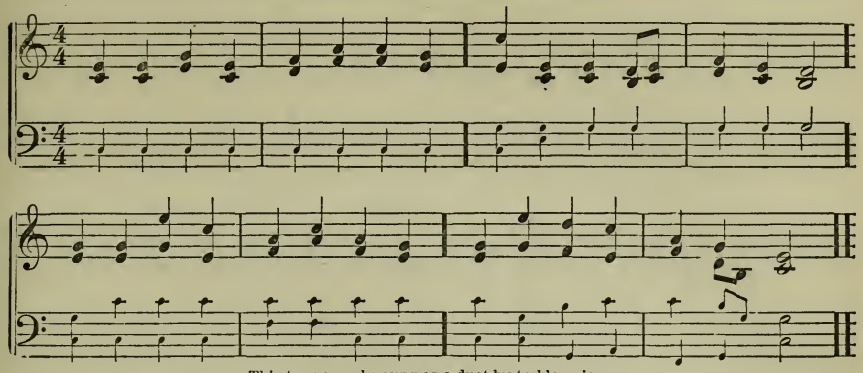
4 They are going — only going —
Out of pain and into bliss;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows, — no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes, — tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips, — no time shall fade them:
Jesus called them unto him.

5 Little hearts for ever stainless;
Little hands as pure as they;
Little feet, by angels guided,
Never a forbidden way.
They are going, — ever going, —
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them, —
Suffer, and forbid them not.

521. *Waiting for Death.* ANON

1 ONLY waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



This tune may be sung as a duet by treble voices.

Till the light of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, — gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

522. *The Departed.* S. F. SMITH.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber, —
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our song shalt know

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

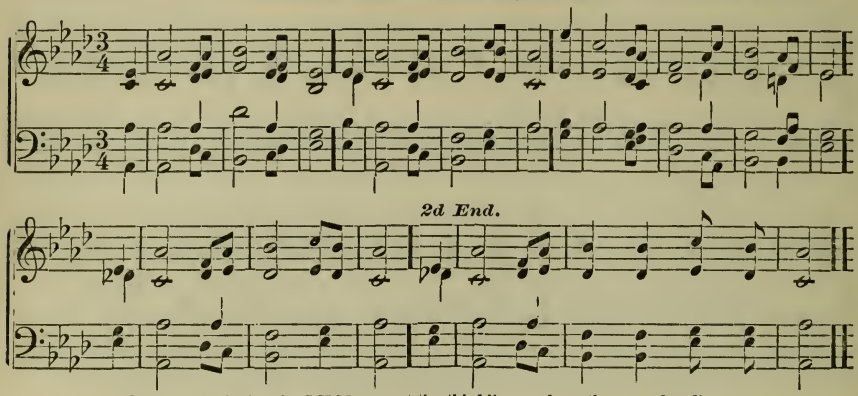
4 Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

523. *Death of a Child.* MOIR.

1 FARE thee well, thou fondly cherished, —
Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well:
He who lent thee hath recalled thee,
Back with him and his to dwell.

2 Yet while mourning, O our lost one!
Come no visions of despair:
Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
Saith thou art not, art not, there.

EVENING STAR. S.M., or S.H.M. WESTERN MELODY.



NOTE. — In singing the S.H.M., repeat the third line, and use the second ending.

524. *On the Death of an Aged Christian.* MONTGOMERY.

1 SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

3 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

4 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

525. *Death of a Daughter.* WILSON

1 WHAT though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry:
It murmureth o'er a lovelier bed,
In air-groves of the sky.

2 What though our bird of light
Lie mute, with plumage dim:
In heaven I see her glancing bright,
I hear her angel hymn.

3 True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat;
But purer now, in heavenly snow,
She lies at Jesus' feet.

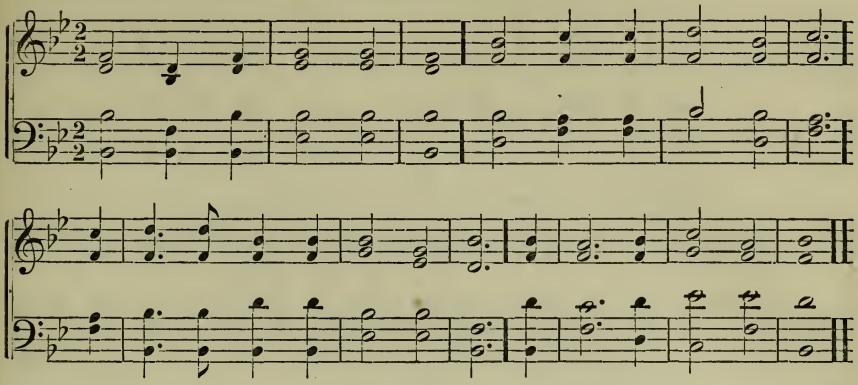
4 O star untimely set,
Why should we weep for thee?
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea.

526. *Death of Friends.* MONTGOMERY

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown, —

REST. S.M.



A whole eternity of love
And blessedness alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

527. *"O death! where is thy sting?"* BOWRING.

1 WHERE is thy sting, O death?
Grave, where thy victory?
The clod may sleep in dust beneath;
The spirit will be free.

2 Both man and time have power
O'er suffering, dying men;
But death arrives, and in that hour
The soul is freed again.

3 Then, death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, grave?
O'er your dark bourn the soul will spring
To Him who loves to save

528. *He is Risen.* HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

1 O SPIRIT freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun

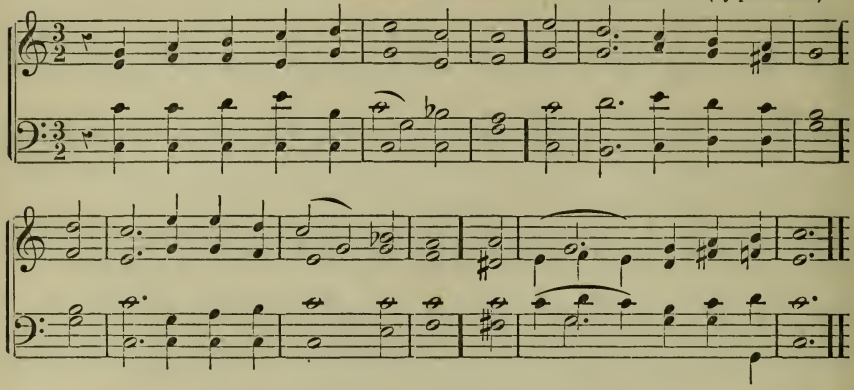
2 Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win:
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within.

3 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime;
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time.

4 Awake, lift up thine eyes;
See! all heaven's host appears;
And be thou glad exceedingly,—
Thou, who hast done with tears.

5 Ascend; thou art not now
With those of mortal birth;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth.

MERTON. C.M. H. K. OLIVER. OLIVER'S COL. (by permission).



529. *Death of the Righteous.* W. B. O. PEABODY.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly, on the wandering cloud,
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls; but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore:
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

530. *Alone in Death.* ANON.

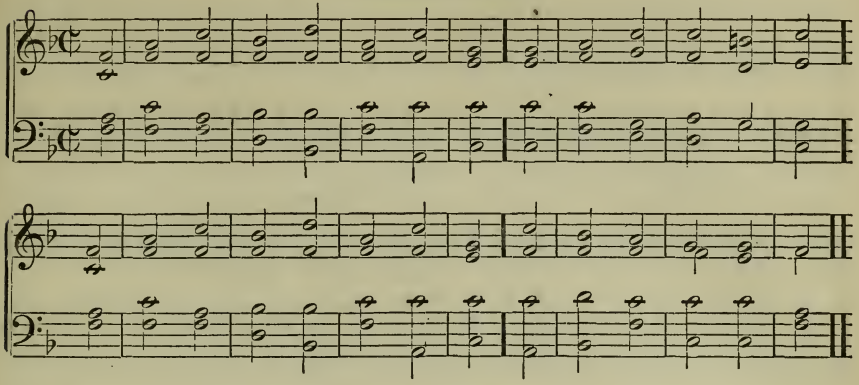
1 THOU must go forth alone, my soul, —
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.

2 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale;
But He whose word is sure hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

3 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To meet thy God above;
But shrink not, — he hath said, my soul,
He is a God of love.

4 His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

YORK. C.M.



531. *The whole Family in Heaven and Earth.* ELIM.

1 So heaven is gathering, one by one,
In its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent,
And beautiful and blest.

2 The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart:
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.

3 But who can speak the rapture, when
The number is complete;
And all the children sundered now,
Around one Father meet?

4 One fold, one Shepherd, one employ;
One everlasting home,
Our Father's house, from whose dear rest
No wanderer e'er shall roam.

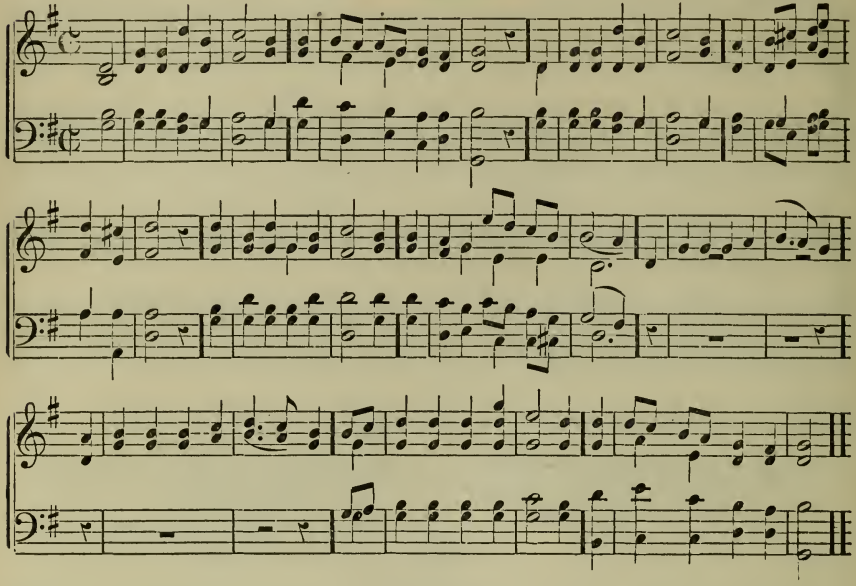
532. *Peaceful Death of the Righteous.* ANON.

1 I LOOKED upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath.
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death.
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye:
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

2 I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above that breathless form.
To soothe the mourner's care;
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave, —
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

3 I looked upon the righteous man;
And all our earthly trust
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride
Seemed lighter than the dust,
Compared with his celestial gain, —
A home above the sky:
Oh grant us, Lord, his life to live,
That we, like him, may die!

ROMAINE. 7s & 6s. BANISTER.



533. *Children in Heaven.* ANON.

1 In the broad fields of heaven,
In the immortal bowers,
By life's clear river dwelling,
Amid undying flowers, —
There hosts of beauteous spirits,
Fair children of the earth,
Linked in bright bands celestial,
Sing of their human birth.

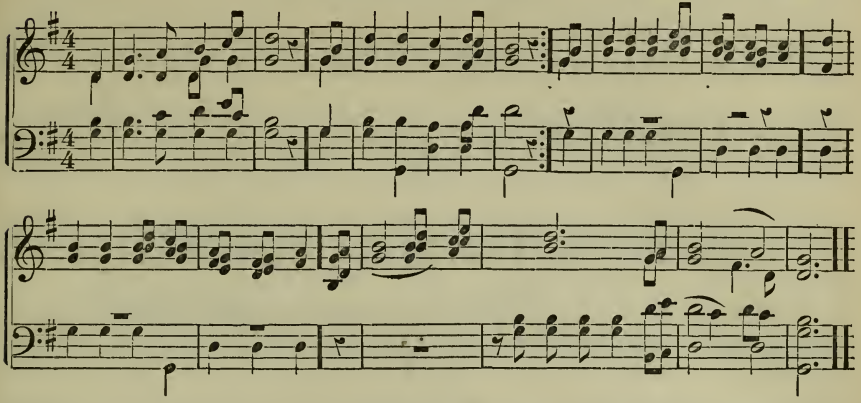
2 They sing of earth and heaven:
Divinest voices rise
To God, their gracious Father,
Who called them to the skies.
They all are there, — in heaven, —
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;
No cloud of sin can shadow
Their bright and holy rest.

534. *Re-union in Heaven.*

1 No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene,
No deep sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.
Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

2 No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.
No death, our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

LISCHER. H.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



535. *The Seasons.* FREEMAN.

1 LORD of the worlds below,
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
In all we see a God appears:
The rolling years are full of thee.

2 Forth in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the hills; the air is balm:
Devotion's calm our bosom fills.

3 Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays;
And oft thy voice in thunder rolls:
But still our souls in thee rejoice.

4 In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man and bird and beast,
And every thing that lives.
Thy liberal care, at morn and noon
And harvest moon, our lips declare.

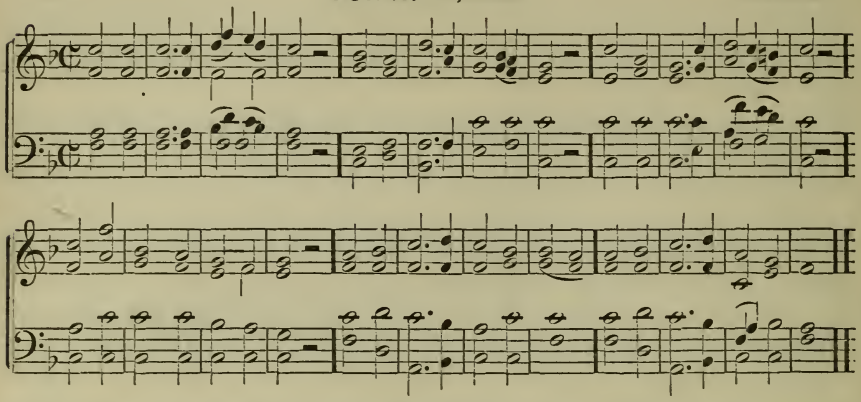
5 In winter, awful thou,
With storms around thee cast:
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast. [King,
While tempests lower, to thee, dread
We homage bring, and own thy power.

536. *Sabbath Morning.* HAYWARD

1 WELCOME, delightful morn, —
Thou day of sacred rest:
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

TURIN. 7s, 6 lines. GIARDINI.



537. *Praise for Nature's Gifts.* SIR HENRY BAKER.

1 PRAISE, oh praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing!
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light.

3 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

4 Praise him for our harvest-store;
He hath filled the garner-floor:
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

5 Glory to our bounteous King,
Glory let creation sing;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

538. *The God of Spring.* HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 PRAISE and thanks and cheerful love
Rise from every thing below,
To the mighty One above,
Who his wondrous love doth show.
Praise him, each created thing, —
God, your Maker; God of spring.

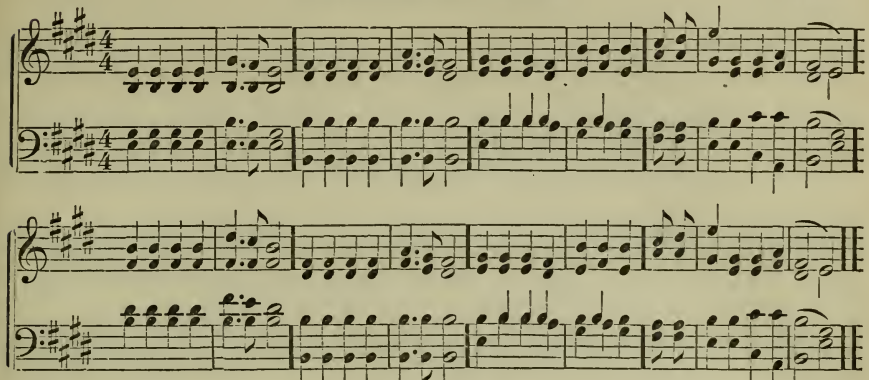
2 Praise him, trees so lately bare;
Praise him, fresh and new-born flowers;
All ye creatures of the air;
All ye soft-descending showers.
Praise, with each awakening thing,
God, your Maker; God of spring.

3 Praise him, man: thy fitful heart
Let this balmy season move
To employ its noblest part, —
Gentlest mercy, sweetest love;
Blessing, with each living thing,
God, your Father; God of spring.

539. *For a Blessing on the New Year.* NEWTON

1 BLESS, O Lord! this opening year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

BENEVENTO. 7s, 8 lines. S. WEBBE.



2 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

540.

A New Year. HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 JOY! joy! a year is born, —
A year to man is given
For hope and peace and love,
For faith and truth and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Yet toil and pain and prayer
Lead to our higher life.

2 Behold! the fields are white;
No longer idly stand:
Go forth in love and might;
Man needs thy helping hand.
Thus may each day and year
To prayer and toil be given;
Till man to God draw near,
And earth become like heaven.

NOTE. — This hymn can be sung to either tune by tying the first two notes of each line, and repeating the first two lines of Turin.

541.

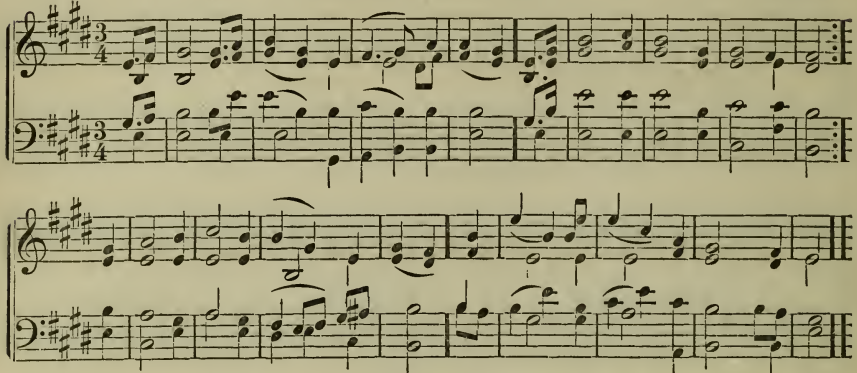
The New Year. J. NEWTON.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

YOAKLEY. L.M. 6 lines. WM. YOAKLEY.



542. "*Let all the People praise Thee.*"

1 FATHER of mercies, God of peace,
Being whose bounties never cease, —
While to the heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise.

2 Our hamlets, sheltered by thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage, by thy blessing, yields
A hundred-fold from ripened fields:
And laden bough and burthened vine
Are tokens of thy love divine.

3 The cradled head of infancy
Doth owe its tranquil rest to thee;
Youth's eager step, man's firmer tread,
In years mature by thee are led;
Secure may trembling age, O Lord!
Lean on its staff, — thy holy word.

4 Teach us these blessings to improve;
Teach us to serve thee, teach to love;
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all good in thee;
And be thy word our daily food, —
Thy service, Lord, our highest good.

543. *Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.* KIPPIS.

1 How rich thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows, —
All from thy boundless goodness rise

2 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs.
Here still may God in mercy reign,
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

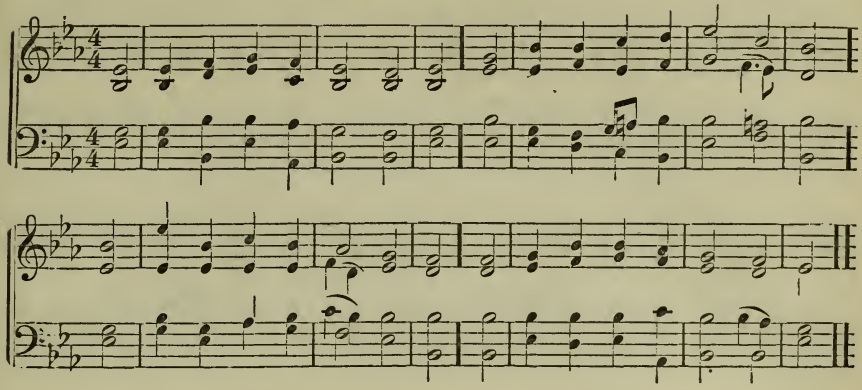
544. *Remembrance of our Fathers.* FLINT.

1 IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

2 What thanks, O God! to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.

UXBRIDGE. L.M.

L. MASON.



3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

4 Thy kindness to our fathers, shown
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God! shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

545. *The Year crowned with Divine Goodness.* Ps. 65. DODDRIDGE.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

4 Oh may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

546. *Public Humiliation.* DYER.

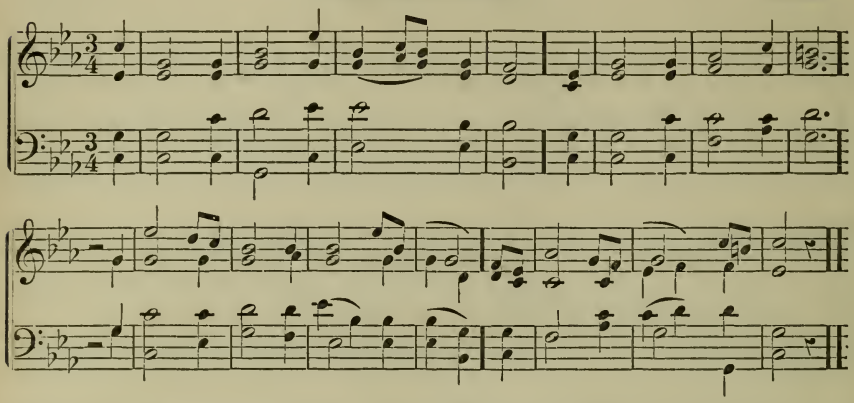
1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore;
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power, —

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry:
Thine altar is the contrite heart;
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.

4 Oh may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod;
By penitence make thee her friend,
And find in thee a guardian God!

POLAND. C.M. SWAN.



547. *For a Day of Fasting and Prayer.* ANON.

1 Now let our prayers ascend to thee,
Thou great and holy One;
Above the world raise thou our hearts;
In us thy will be done.

2 Oh let us feel how frail we are,
How much we need thy grace!
Oh strengthen, Lord, our fainting souls,
While here we seek thy face!

3 Our sins, alas! before thee rise;
Thou knowest all our guilt:
Let not our faith, our hope, our trust,
On earthly things be built.

4 Forgive our sins, thy Spirit grant,
Let love our souls refine,
And heavenly peace and holy hope
Assure that we are thine.

548. *I humbled my Soul with Fasting.* Ps. XXXV. 13. LUTHER.

1 Out of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God: oh hear my prayer!
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair.

2 My hope I rest on thee, O Lord!
My works I count but dust:
I build not there, but on thy word
And in thy goodness trust.

3 Tho' great my sins, and sore my wounds
And deep and dark my fall,
Thy helping mercy hath no bounds;
Thy love surpasseth all.

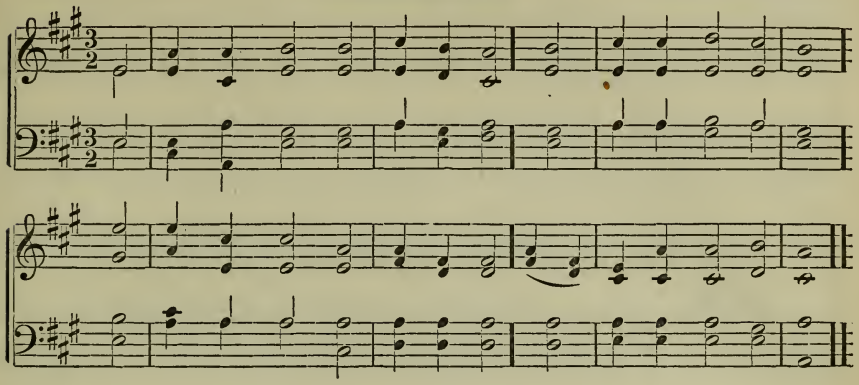
549. *Thanks for an abundant Harvest.* CHR. PSALMIST.

1 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
The plants in beauty grew; [thine:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

AZMON. C.M. Arranged by Dr. MASON.



4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

550. *Close of the Year.* GASKELL.

1 O GOD! to thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,
Throughout another year.

2 Of every breath and every power
Thou wast the gracious Source;
From thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.

3 And if sometimes across our path
A cloud its shadows threw,
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,
But loving-kindness true

4 For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to thee above,
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of thy love.

551. *A New Year.* GASKELL.

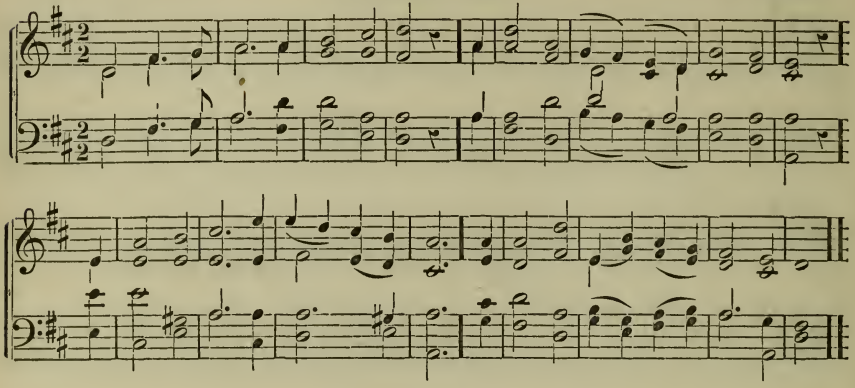
1 OUR Father, through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave, without a fear,
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

4 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest:
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best;
And thou art perfect love.

TRURO. L.M. DR. CH. BURNEY.



552. *Goodness of God in the Seasons.* ANON.

1 GREAT God, at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

3 The new delight how great, to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed,
While in each herb and flower and tree
Thy opening bounty shines confessed!

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.

5 Indulgent God, from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow:
We see, we taste; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

553. *For the Opening or Closing Year.* DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which, supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

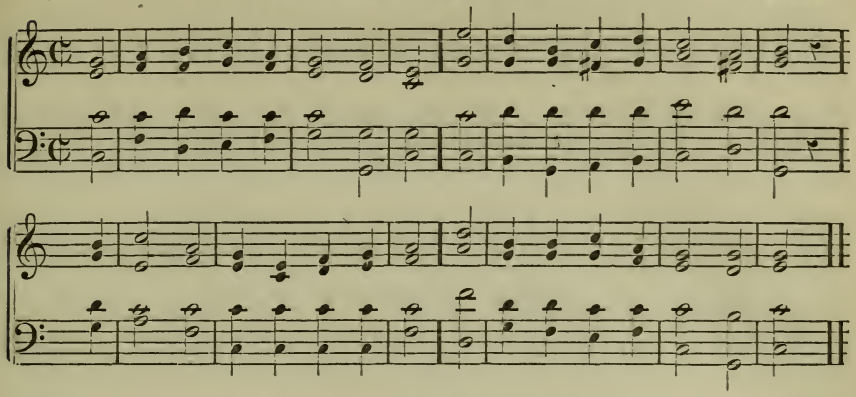
2 By day, by night; at home, abroad,—
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise
Adored through all our changing days.

5 Though death shall interrupt these songs
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

LUTHER'S CHANT. L.M. ZEUNER.



554. *True Length of Life.* J. TAYLOR.

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 "He lived, — he died:" behold the sum,
The abstract, of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

555. *Praise for Joys and Sorrows.* HOLLAND.

1 FOR summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise.

2 We trace to thee our joys and woes, —
To thee of causes still the Cause:
We thank thee that thy hand bestows;
We bless thee that thy love withdraws.

3 We bring no sorrows to thy throne;
We come to thee with no complaint:
In providence thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint.

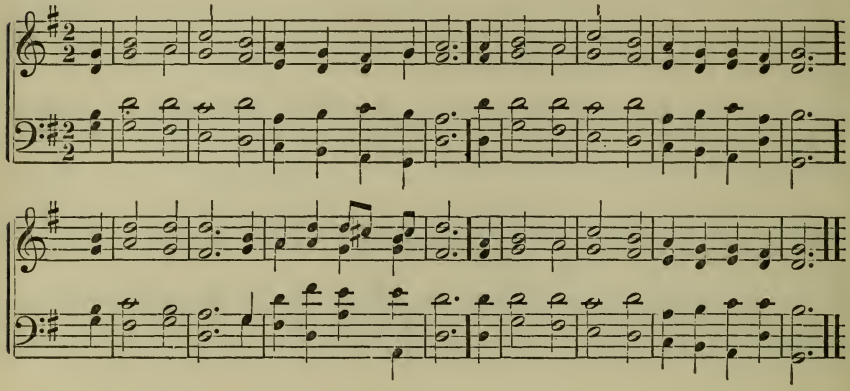
4 Here, at this blest thanksgiving time,
We raise to thee our grateful voice;
Eternal goodness, Lord, is thine:
And, thus believing, we rejoice.

556. *Harvest.* MRS. SIGOURNEY

1 GOD of the year, with songs of praise
And hearts of love we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand; for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.

2 Praise, praise to thee! our hearts expand,
To view the blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

HERB. 10s. DR. L. MASON.



557. *The Changing Year.* E. TAYLOR

1 GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

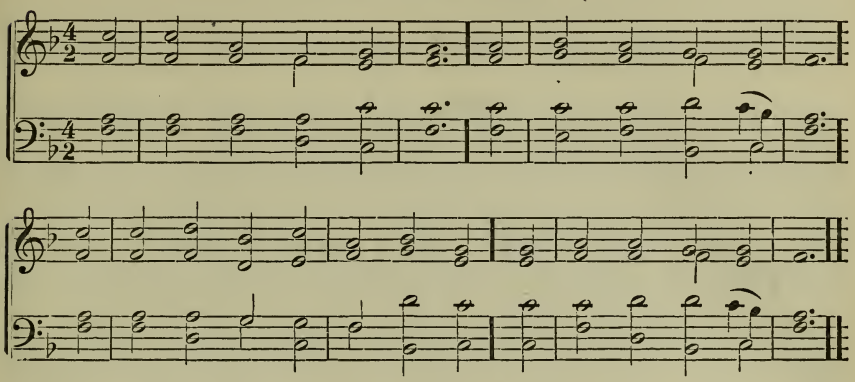
2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness: all are thine.

3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.

4 Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
How vast thy mercies! how remiss our praise!
Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.

5 Oh lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

BADEA. S.M.



558. *The True Fast.* DRUMMOND.

1 "Is this a fast for me?"
Thus saith the Lord our God;
"A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod?

2 "No: is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose,
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?

3 "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?

4 "Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light:
Before you, righteousness shall shine;
Behind, my glory bright."

559. *Confession of Sin.* ANCIENT HYMNS.

1 BEFORE thy mercy's throne,
Thy succor, Lord, we seek:
For thou art good and great alone;
All helpless we, and weak.

2 Like sheep that go astray,
Our wilful course we've run,—
From what thou wouldst, have turned away,
And what thou wouldst not, done.

3 Pour, for the Saviour's sake,
Thy Spirit's healthful dew
On those who fain would sin forsake,
And thy pure ways pursue.

560. *The Voice of Conscience.* HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

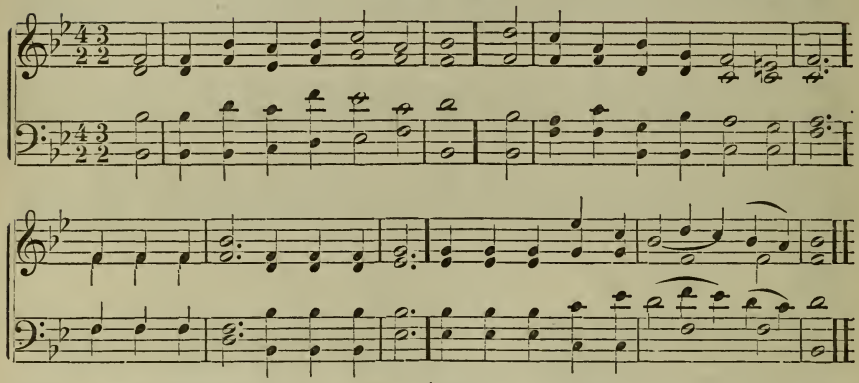
1 GIVE forth thine earnest cry,
O conscience, voice of God!
To young and old, to low and high,
Proclaim his will abroad.

2 Within the human breast
Thy strong monitions plead;
Still thunder thy divine protest
Against the unrighteous deed.

3 Show the true way of peace,
O Thou our guiding light!
From bondage of the wrong release,
To service of the right.

VIII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

AMES. L.M. DR. L. MASON.



561. *The Soul Returning to God.* MONTGOMERY.

1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought,
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife:
Sin's works and ways and wages spurn;
Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 God is thy rest, — with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest, — with lowly mind
His light and easy yoke receive.

562. *Communing with our Hearts.* DODDRIDGE.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

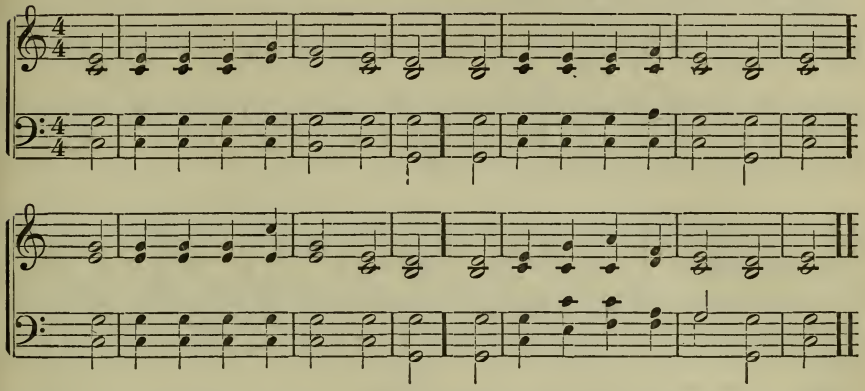
2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent seek them there:
True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,
True strength to break temptation's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

RELIANCE. L.M.

I. B. WOODBURY.
MODERN HARP (by permission).



5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

563. *Inconstancy Lamented.* BEDDOME.

1 THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Are emblems of the fickle mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind and dew and star
Only a faint resemblance bear;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame
Are scarcely through an hour the same:
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.

4 With contrite hearts, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee!

564. *"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."* ANON.

1 JUST as I am, — without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee, —
O Lamb of God! to thee I come.

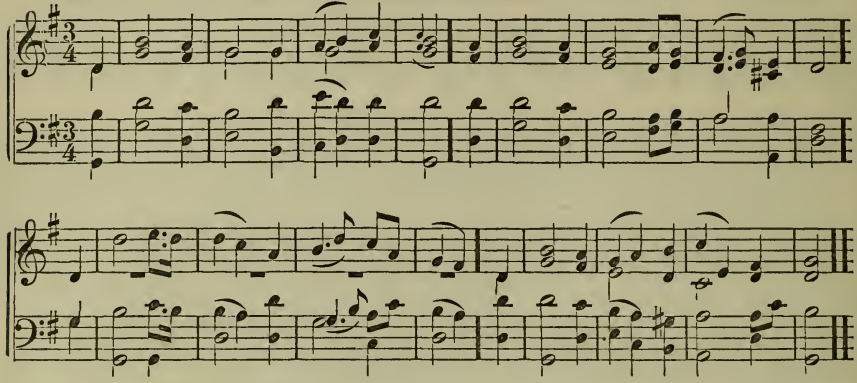
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose power can cleanse each
O Lamb of God! to thee I come.

3 Just as I am, — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
With fears within, and foes without, —
O Lamb of God! to thee I come.

4 Just as I am, — thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe, —
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, — thy love now known
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, —
O Lamb of God! to thee I come.

SEASONS. L.M. PLEYEL.



565.

The Soldiers of the Cross.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

1 THOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here, before thy face,—
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine: [ours;
Thine was the strength that nourished
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

3 While watching on our arms, at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

4 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight,
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

5 Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, — be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

566.

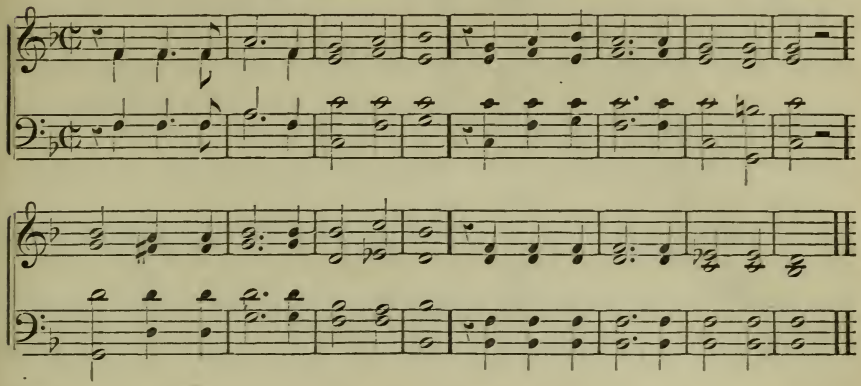
Follow Me. G. BARMBY.

1 BESIDE the shore of Galilee
A voice was heard across the sea,
A voice at once of tender tone,
Yet solemn as an organ's own;
And humble fishers, as they heard,
Forgot their nets, obeyed its word,
Left all, disciples true to be;
For Christ had uttered, Follow me.

2 As, seated at the custom's board,
The faithful Levi saw the Lord,
And in his heart the bell was rung
For worship from that fruitful tongue,—
He left his trade, he left his gold;
His heart grew large, his breast was bold
He went disciple true to be,
For Christ had told him, Follow me.

3 And still e'en now we hear that voice.
Hark! silvery strains, Rejoice! rejoice
Above the clouds, beyond the air,
Up highest heavens' sapphire stair,
Beyond life's gate of mortal bar,
From sky to sky, from star to star,
It quivereth, echoeth, floweth free;
For Christ still calleth, Follow me.

CATHEDRAL CHANT. L.M. ZEUNER.



567. *Christian Resolves.* STEELE.

1 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward!

2 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,—
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

3 Oh may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

568. *Devotion to God.* DODDRIDGE.

1 My gracious God, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?

3 Thy work my feeble age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power.

569. *Seeking Pardon and Aid.* Ps. 51. WATTS.

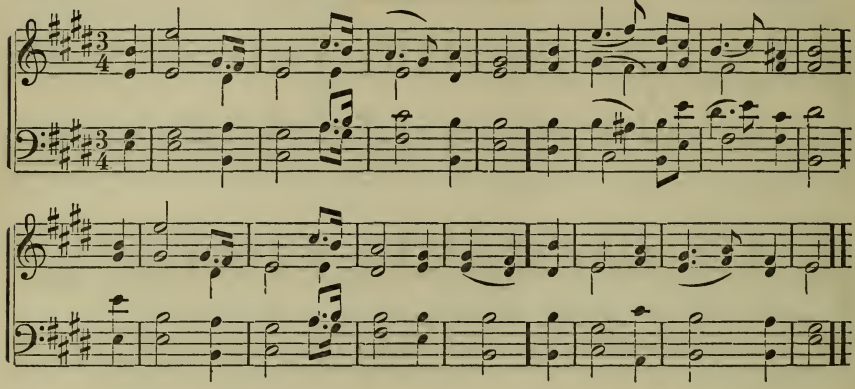
1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more

3 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

4 Oh may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

BRADFORD. C.M. G. F. HANDEL.



570. *Return.* FURNESS.

1 UNWORTHY to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father! Oh more than Father thou
Hast always been to me!

2 Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

3 That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith, —

4 Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

571. *Man's Need of God's Help.* COWPER.

1 WEAK and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part:
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

3 Bound on a voyage of fearful length,
Through dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

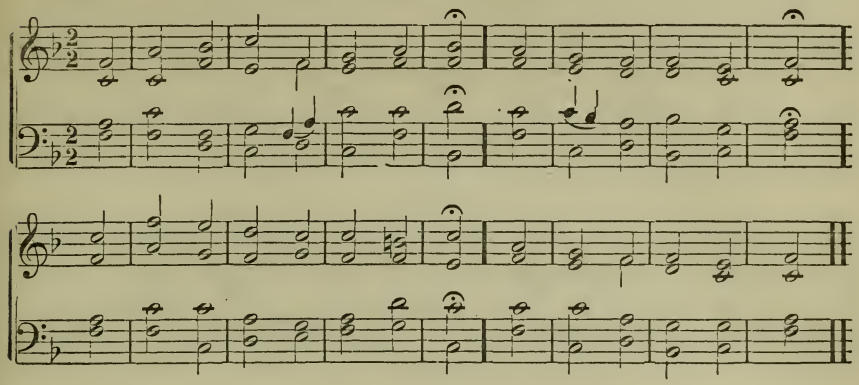
4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast:
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

572. *My God, remember me.* BARTRUM

1 OH from these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free!
I struggle yet with darkness here:
My God, remember me.

2 Refresh my drooping soul with grace
And quickening energy;
Still running, toiling in the race:
My God, remember me.

DUNDEE. C.M.



3 Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from thee;
And raise this feeble, drooping heart:
My God, remember me.

4 For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings, I flee;
With sins and doubts and fears I fight:
My God, remember me.

573. *Cleanse thou me from Secret Faults.* DODDRIDGE.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
Oh let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal!

3 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

4 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

574. *Praying for Divine Help.* H. H. MILMAN.

1 OH help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give:
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

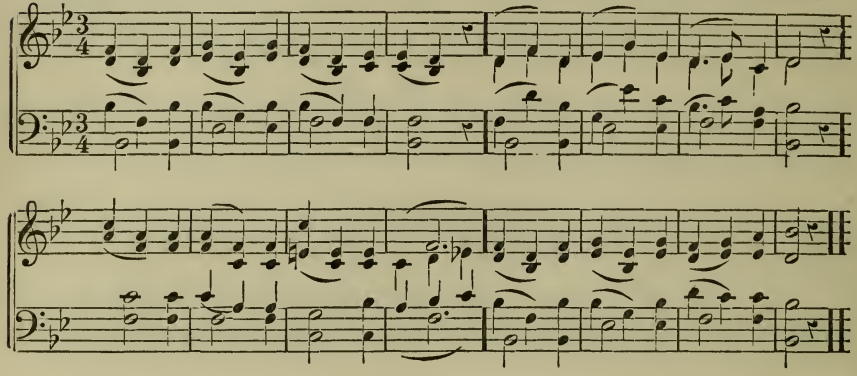
2 Oh help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore!
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more!

3 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Father, from on high!
We know no help but thee:
Oh help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be!

FAYAT. 7s.

J. E. GOULD.
WHITE'S CHURCH MELODIST (by permission).



575. "*Forgive us our Trespasses.*" J. TAYLOR.

1 GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs:
Listen to thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs.

2 Deep our shame for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

4 These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

5 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh restore thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

576. *Seeking a Clean Heart.* MERRICK.

1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thy all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

3 While I thus thy name adore
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

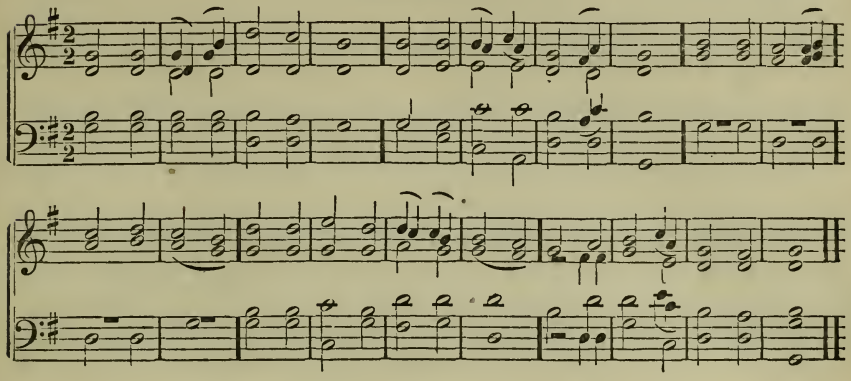
577. *The Decision.* HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 O MY Father! never more
From thy ways that I depart,
Now my failing will restore,
Fix the purpose of my heart.

2 Ere another step I take
In my wilful, wandering way,
Still I have a choice to make:
Oh decide my will to-day!

HENDON. 7s.

Arranged from Malan by Dr. MASON.



3 Patient love is waiting still
In my Father's heart for me, —
Love to bend my froward will,
Love to make me really free.

4 Father, fast the moments flee:
Oh decide my will to-day!
Bind my heart to follow thee,
Ere the song has died away.

578. *To the Prodigal Son.* J. F. CLARKE.

1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother: homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother: God can save.

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee: God will make thee whole.

4 Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
Seek him while he may be found,
Call upon him, — he is near.

579. "*The Spirit also helpeth our Infirmities.*" H. G. TOMKINS.

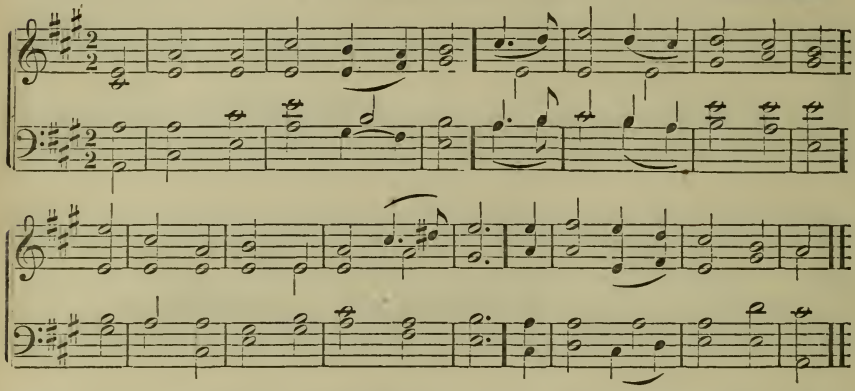
1 WHEN across the inward thought
Comes the emptiness of life,
And it seems that earth has nought
But a vain and weary strife;

2 All to do, and nothing done;
Useless days fast fleeting by;
Wanderings many, progress none;
Faltering steps by fountains dry, —

3 Shall we, in that hapless mood,
Fainting, fall beside the way?
Help us, Giver of all good;
Teach thy weary ones to pray.

4 Oh forgive our faithless mind;
Raise us from our low estate;
Breathe in us the will to find
Higher life in small and great!

ST. THOMAS'. S.M. A. WILLIAMS.



580. *The New Life.* BULFINCH.

1 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And, thro' thy Spirit's quickening power,
Of the new life partake!

2 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light Religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

3 Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

4 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share!
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

581. *Desire to find God.* WESLEY.

1 My Father bids me come;
Oh why do I delay?
He calls the wandering spirit home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 Father, the hindrance show,
Which I have failed to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me far from thee.

3 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display:
Into its darkest corners shine,
Take every veil away.

4 In me the hindrance lies:
The fatal bar remove;
And let me see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love.

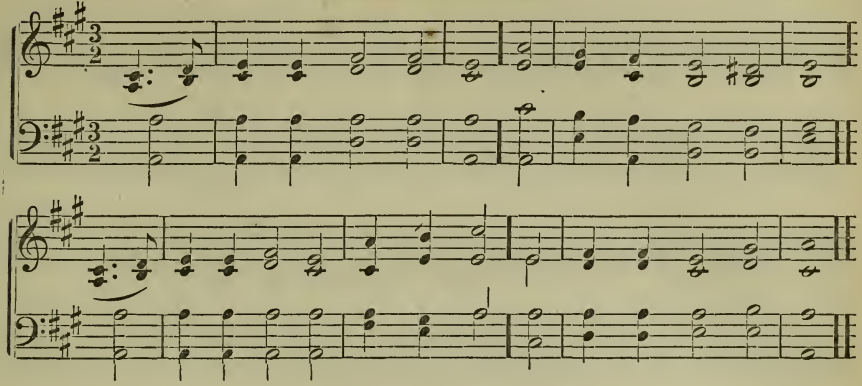
582. *The New Birth.* JOHNS.

1 Thou must be born again.
Such was the solemn word
To him who came, not all in vain,
By night to seek his Lord.

2 Thou must be born again,
But not the birth of clay:
The immortal seed must thence obtain
Deliverance unto day.

HAVERHILL. S.M.

L. MASON.



3 Thou canst not choose but trace
The steps the Master trod,
If once thou feel his truth and grace,
A conscious child of God.

4 The mortal's birth is past;
The immortal's birth must be:
Seek well, and thou shalt find at last
That blest nativity.

583. *For Help in Temptation.* C. WESLEY.

1 THOU seest my feebleness:
Father, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode;
My helm and sword and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
For always, I commend:
Oh take me, Father! for thine own,
And keep me to the end.

584. *The Lord shall lead me.* BONAR.

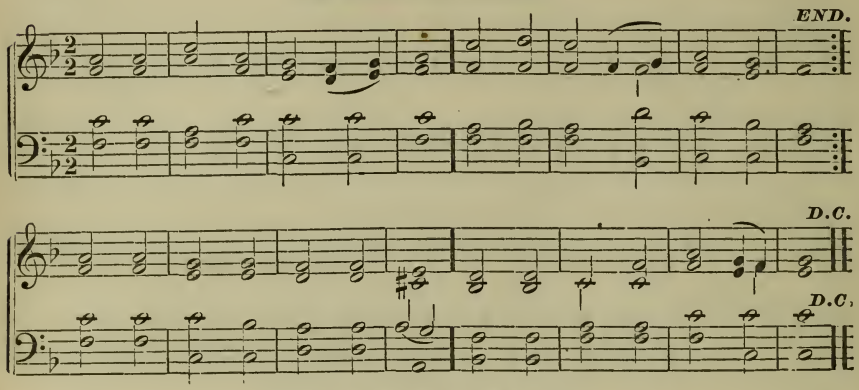
1 THY way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be:
Lead me aright by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best:
Winding or straight it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose thou the way for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small:
Be thou my light, my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

MERCY. 7s. Double.



Note.—Six lines, by omitting the repeat.

585. "*Father, I have sinned.*" S. Longfellow.

1 Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,—
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam!

3 I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

4 I, who wasted and misspent
Every talent he had lent;
I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein!

5 To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw:
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

6 See! my Father waiting stands;
See! he reaches out his hands;
God is love: I know, I see
There is love for me,—even me.

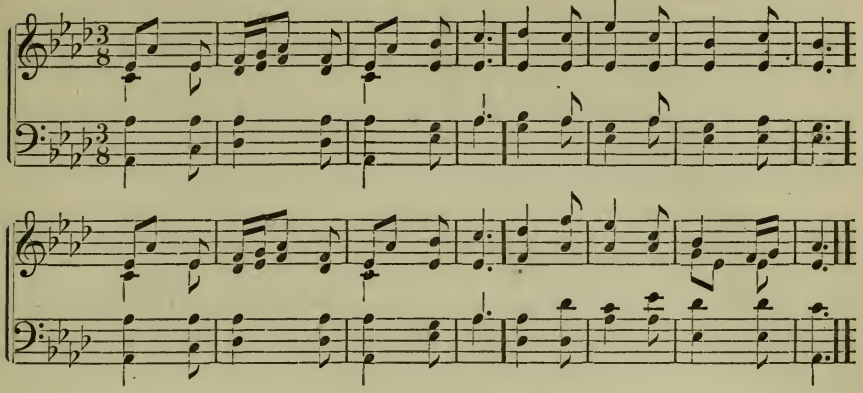
586. *Prayer for Mercy in Spiritual Need.* Milman.

1 Lord, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way:
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy word,—
Then, oh then! have mercy, Lord.

2 Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,—
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim, advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour has come;
When is loosed the silver cord,—
Then, oh then! have mercy, Lord.

3 Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;

RODMAN. 7s.



When the earliest gleam is given
Of the bright but distant heaven, —
Then thy fostering grace afford;
Then, oh then! have mercy, Lord.

587. *Christ who strengtheneth me.* GASKELL.

1 WHEN arise the thoughts of sin;
When the world our hearts would win;
When, to selfish pleasures given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven, —
Lord, we would remember thee:
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

2 When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go;
When, by toils and hardship pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest, —
Lord, we would remember thee:
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.

3 When the day grows dark and drear;
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling thro' the thickening night, —
Lord, we would remember thee:
Thou our Comforter wilt be

588. *The Christian Warfare.* H. K. WHITE.

1 ONWARD, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe:
Faint not; much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign,

2 Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

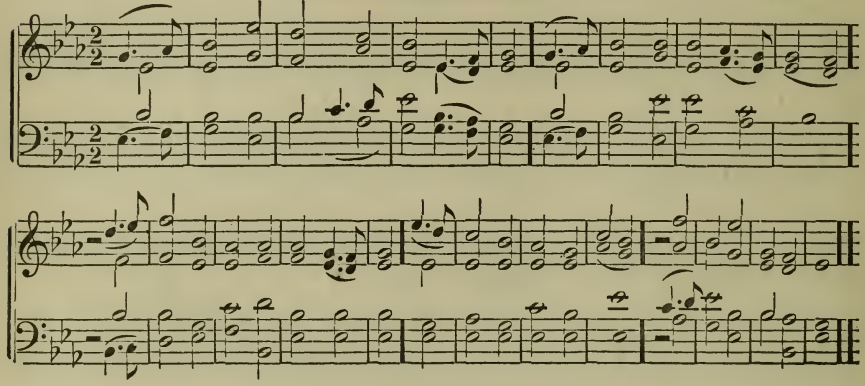
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long:
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your nee

5 Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

CHRISTMAS. C.M.

HANDEL



589. *Zeal and Vigor in the Christian Race.* DODDRIDGE.

1 AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye, —

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

590. *The Christian's Life and his Hope.* GISBORNE.

1 A SOLDIER'S course from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun, —
Behold the Christian's life!

2 Oh let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more.

3 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane;

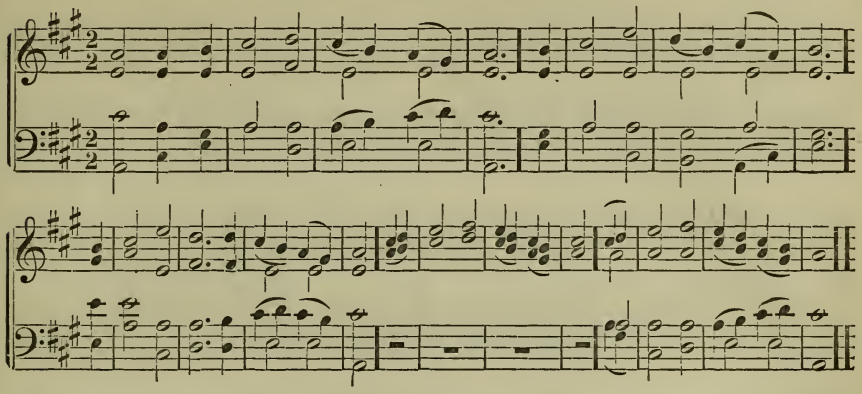
4 The land where, suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day;

5 Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

591. *Christian Watchfulness.* DODDRIDGE

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene·
Legions of foes encamp around,
And treachery lurks within.

DEVIZES. C.M. TUCKER.



2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail:
How canst thou hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail?

3 Then to the work of God awake, —
Behold thy Master near, —
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigor and with fear.

592. *The Whole Armor.* ANON.

1 Oh speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring!

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 Oh faint not, Christian! for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne:
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

593. *Life with God.* T. H. GILL.

1 Alas the outer emptiness!
What life has it to give?
Oh! shall it God's own fire oppress?
Soul, wilt thou slightly live?

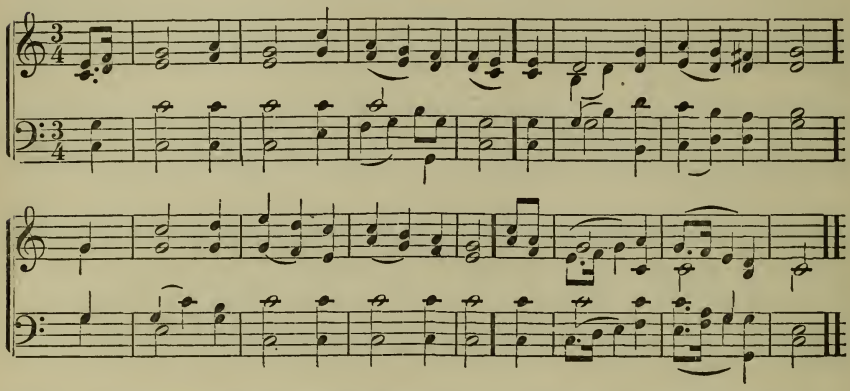
2 Some joy of thine own seeking win;
To thine own strength repair:
Breathe, breathe the awful life within;
Feel all the glory there.

3 Thyself amidst the silence clear,
The world far off and dim,
Thy vision free, the Bright One near,
Thyself alone with him.

4 The silence thronged gloriously
With business how divine!
God's glory passing unto thee,
All heaven becoming thine.

5 The rapture, mighty, measureless,
In each eternal thing;
The mingling with Almightiness,
The dwelling by life's Spring.

HOWARD. C.M.



594. *Preparation of the Heart.* MONTGOMERY.

1 GOD of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts:
Give what thine eye delights to see, —
Truth in the inward parts.

2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice, and live;

3 Patience, to watch and wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

4 Give these; and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

595. "*Help thou my unbelief.*" WREFORD.

1 LORD, I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey:
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight:
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

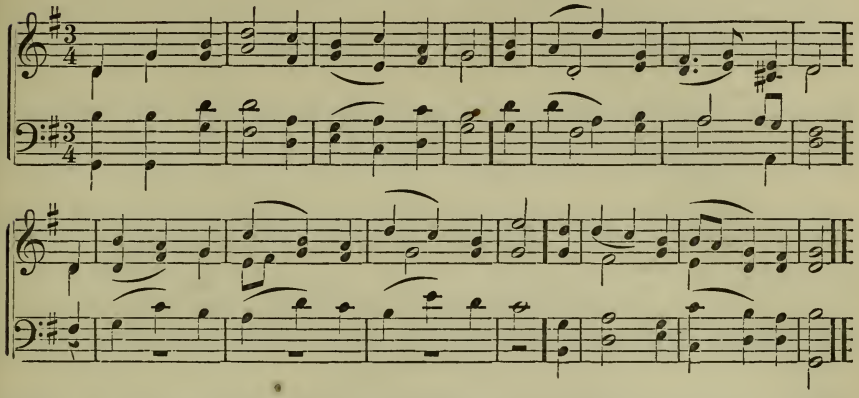
4 Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou my unbelief.

596. *Vain Repentances.* C. WESLEY

1 TIMES without number have I prayed,
This only once forgive;
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,
And suffered me to live.

2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

CHESTERFIELD. C.M.



597. *Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.* SMART.

1 FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And, while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart,
And let it guard and guide and warm
And penetrate my heart,

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love;
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

598. *Walking with God.* DODDRIDGE.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.

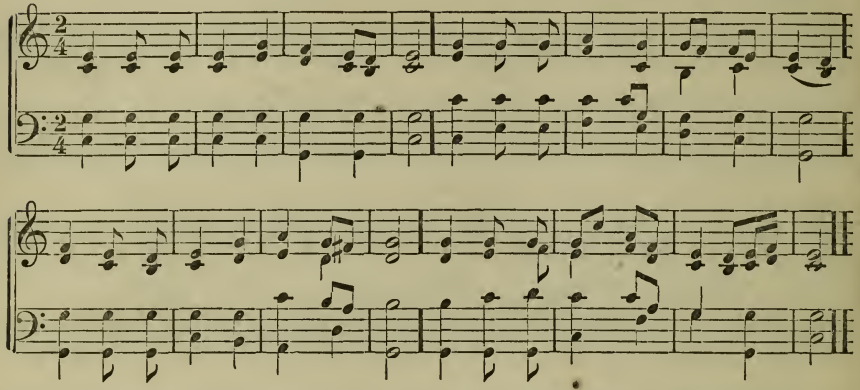
2 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band;
In solitude, with thee.

5 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

BRISTOL. L.M. E. L. White.
Modern Harp (by permission).



599. *For Guardianship and Guidance.* Moravian.

1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence, I fear;
No ill, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God! thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

600. *Confession of Sin.* Miss H. M. Kimball.

1 Dear Lord, to thee alone I dare
The record of my sins repeat:
Thou knowest all, before my prayer
Is breathed in sorrow at thy feet.

2 My newest griefs to thee are old;
My last transgression of thy law,
Though wrapped in thought's most secret fold,
Thine eyes with pitying sadness saw.

3 Not thine omniscience, but thy grace,
Leads me to seek thee, day and night;
When I should shrink from human face,
Were this frail heart in human sight.

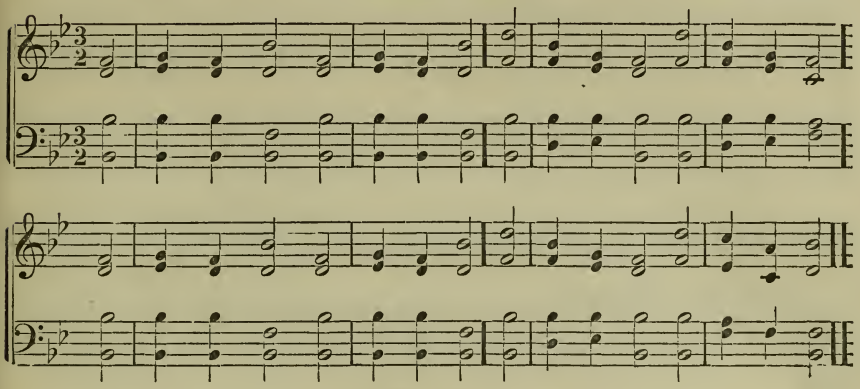
4 Hope that thy love will hide my shame
With pardon tender, full, and sweet,
Bestowed, when asked in Jesus' name, —
This bows me, Father, at thy feet.

601. *Seeking God.* Richter.

1 My soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see·
Oh let thy presence set me free!

2 Take full possession of my heart,
The lowly mind of Christ impart;
I still will wait, O Lord! on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.

CLARE. L.M. E. HAMILTON.



602. *Humble Service.* H. M. KIMBALL.

1 It is an easy thing to say,
"Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;"
And easy, in the bitter fray
For his defence, to draw the sword.

2 But when, at his dear hands, we seek
Some lofty trust for him to keep,
To our ambition, vain and weak, —
How strange his bidding, "Feed my sheep"!

3 "Too mean a task for love," we cry;
Remembering not, if, in our pride,
We pass his humble service by,
Our vows are by our deeds denied.

4 O Father! help us to resign
Our hearts, our strength, our will to thee:
Then, even lowliest work of thine
Most noble, blest, and sweet will be.

603. *Religion the One Thing Needful.* DODDRIDGE.

1 Why do we waste, in trifling cares,
The lives divine compassion spares;
While, thro' the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Our Father calls us from above,
Our Saviour pleads his dying love;
Awakened conscience gives us pain.
Shall all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so our dying eyes will view
The objects which we now pursue;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

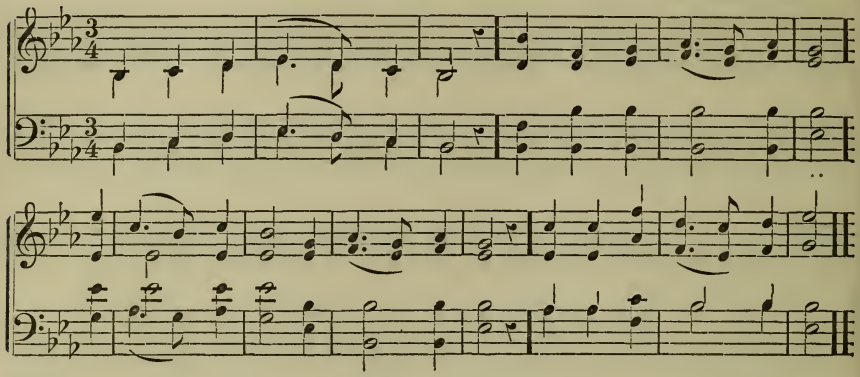
4 Then wake, my soul; thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care:
With steady step that path be trod,
Which thro' the grave conducts to God.

604. *Serving God in Daily Labor.* C. WESLEY

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord! we go,
Our daily labor to pursue:
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all we think or speak or do.

2 Still would we bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
Would still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

WALTON. S.M. MENDELSSOHN COL.



605. *Christian Fidelity.* C. WESLEY.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely:
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

606. *Christian Watchfulness.* DODDRIDGE.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
For awful is his name.

3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned

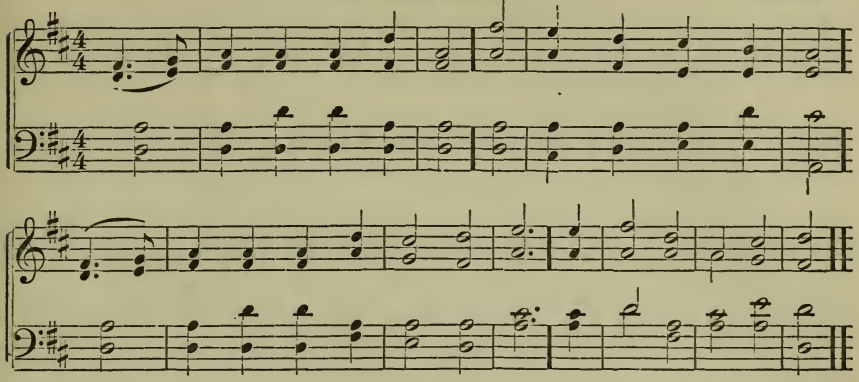
607. *Purity.*

1 OH know ye not that ye
The temple are of God?
Revere the earth-built shrine, where he
Should find a meet abode.

2 Immortal man, keep pure
The soul's mysterious shrine:
No stain upon its robes endure,
That should be all divine.

3 Let life, a holy stream,
Its fountain holy show;
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
Heaven's purity below

LABAN. S.M. DR. L. MASON.



608. *"Watch and Pray."*

1 My soul, be on thy guard:
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

609. *The Christian Encouraged.* MORAVIAN.

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

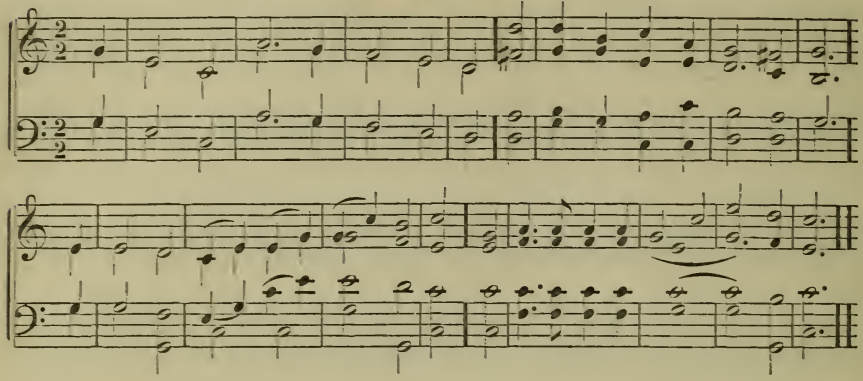
4 Thou comprehend'st him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

610. *"The Pure in Heart shall see God."* KEELE.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

TRELL. L.M.



611. *The Christian Race.* WATTS.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears, —
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint, —

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

612. *The Christian Warfare.* MRS. BARBAULD.

1 AWAKE, my soul: lift up thine eyes, —
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host!
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all; guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

3 Come, then, my soul: now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

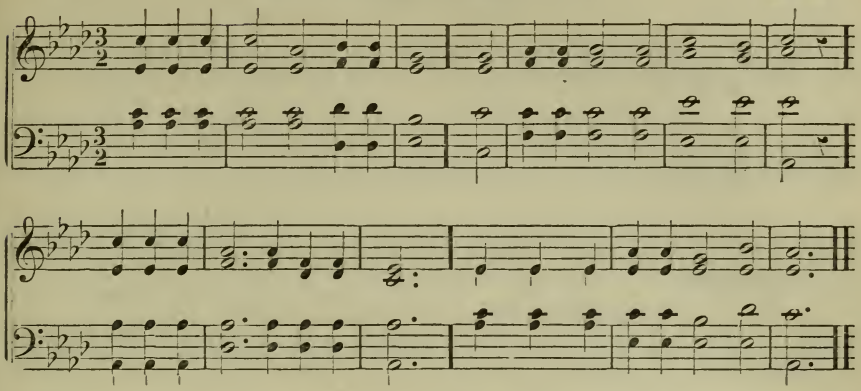
4 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell:
The man of Calvary triumphed here, –
Why should his faithful followers fear?

613. *Press on!* GASKELL.

1 PRESS on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

ZEUNER.



2 Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

3 Press on, press on! still look in faith
To Him who conquereth sin and death:
Then shall ye hear his word, "Well done."
True to the last, press on, press on!

614. *The Christian Soldier.* MONTGOMERY.

1 THE Christian warrior, — see him stand
In the whole armor of his God!
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod;

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread:

3 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down;
Fights the good fight; and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

615. *Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.* HENRY MOORE.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree,
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing Spirit came.

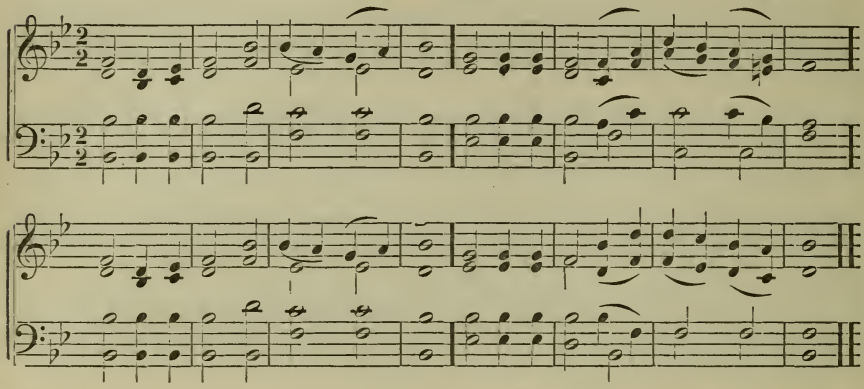
2 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign;
Self-poised, and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

3 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race!

4 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, — is bliss above.

ERNAN. L.M.

L. MASON.



616. "*Followers of God, as dear Children.*"

1 We follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
Into thy glorious liberty.

2 We cast behind fear, sin, and death;
With thee we seek the things above;
Our inmost souls thy Spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love:—

3 The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father's will;
With thee, the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still:

4 The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long:
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.

5 Thus thro' thy quickening Spirit, Lord,
Thy perfect life in us reveal,
And help us, as we live to God,
Still more and more with man to feel.

617. *An Independent and Happy Life.* SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1 How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

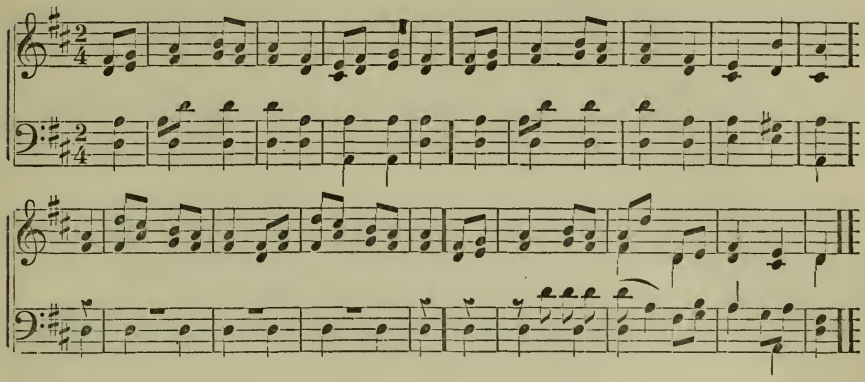
4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

618. *Faith without Works is Dead.* DRUMMOND.

1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

ORFORD. L.M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace:
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

619. "*Go work To-day in my Vineyard.*" BONAR.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent, —
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises, — what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough while here,
If he shall praise thee: if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
No toil for him shall be in vain

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil, comes rest; for exile, home:
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come!

620. *A Prayer for Faith.* PHOEBE CARY.

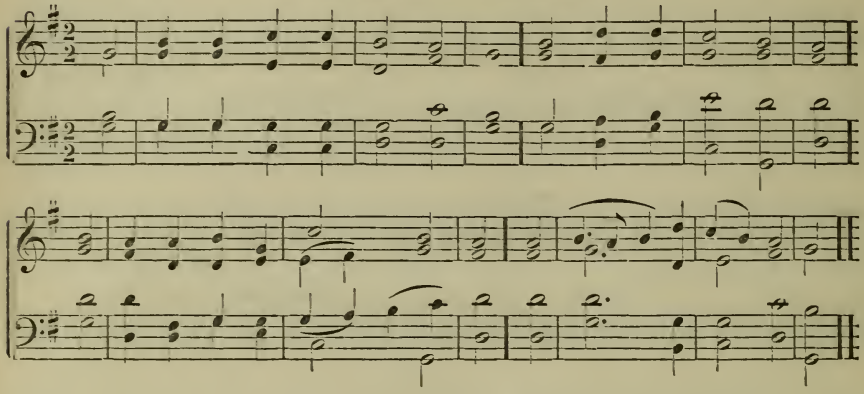
1 I ASK not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

2 I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

3 I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety to my feet;

4 But pray, that, when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unfathomed sea of doubt.

PETERBOROUGH. C.M.



621. "*Walk in the Light.*" BARTON.

1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away;
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

622. *Christian Perseverance.* J. NEWTON

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own:
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

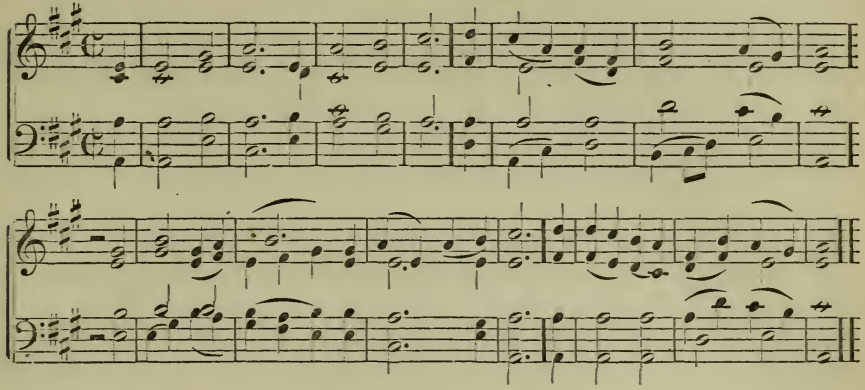
3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence:
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

ZEUNER. C.M.

ZEUNER.



623. *Faith in Providence.* MARTINEAU'S COL.

1 THY way is on the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with thee;
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

2 Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet should go.

3 A moment may his hand be lost, —
Drear moment of delay, —
We cry, Lord, help the tempest-tost;
And safe we're borne away.

4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes himself where'er he hears
The voice of loving prayer.

5 O happy soul! of faith divine,
Thy victory, how sure!
The love that conquers all is thine,
The patience to endure.

6 Come, Lord of peace, our griefs dispel,
And drive our fears away:
'Tis thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless the sway.

624. *Holy Fortitude.* WATTS

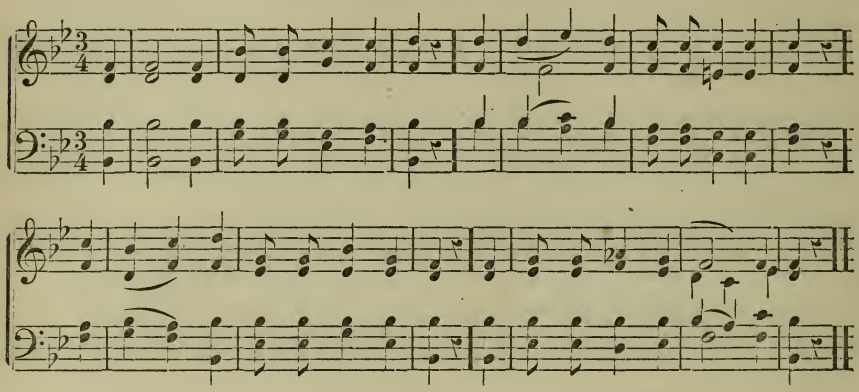
1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must not I stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

TEMPLE CHANT. L.M. ZEUNER.



625. *Holiness and Grace.* WATTS.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope, —
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

626. *Charitable Judgment.* SCOTT.

1 All-seeing God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call, —
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

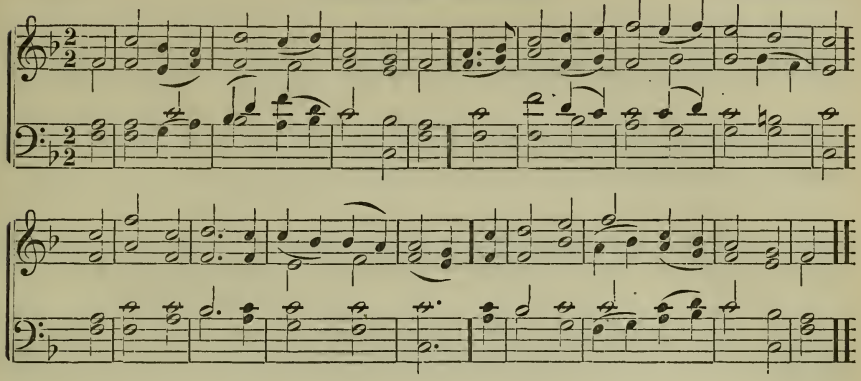
4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While, faithful, we improve our light, —
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

627. *Welcome to Fellowship.* KELLY

1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord;
In Jesus' name we bid thee come:
No more thy feet shall roam abroad,
Henceforth a brother, welcome home.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Joined in one spirit to the Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

ALFRETON. L.M. W. BEASTALL.



3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love:
Oh may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above!

628. *All Things Vain without Love.* WATTS.

1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the cravings of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name, —

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues nor gifts nor fiery zeal
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

629. *Christian Fellowship.* BARBAULD.

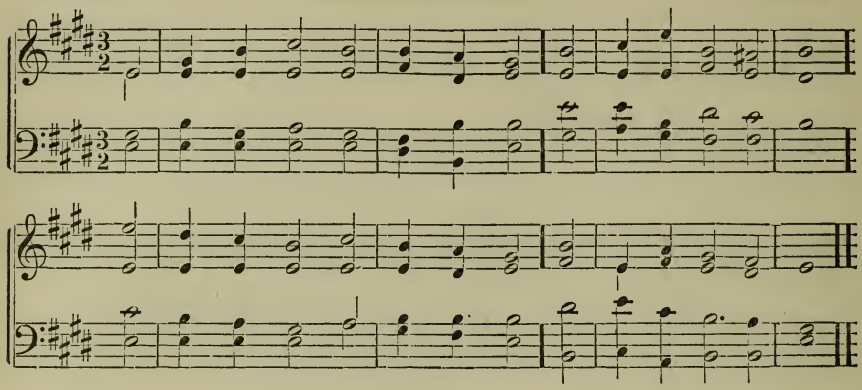
1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 In glad accord they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When droops at length frail nature's fire;
For they shall meet in realms above, —
A heaven of joy, because of love

DOWNS. C.M. L. MASON.



630. *Doing Good for Christ's Sake.* CROSSWELL.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure;
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

631. *All Equal before God.* H. MARTINEAU.

1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

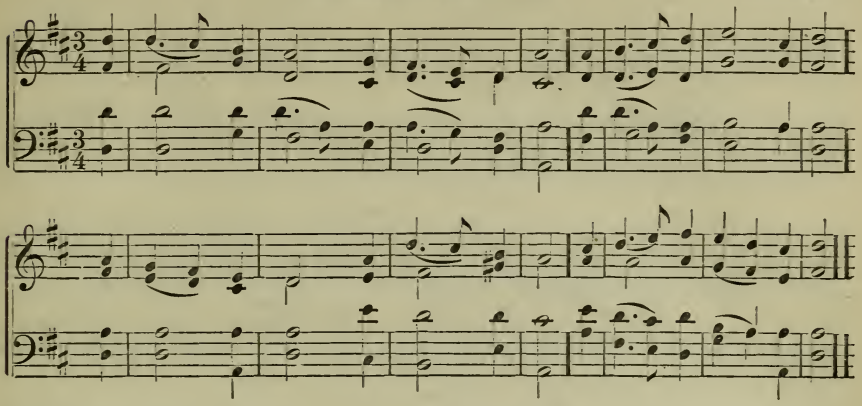
4 Oh let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move!

5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low, your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

632. *The Law of Love.* R. C. TRENCH.

1 MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing founts,
To fill them every one.

COLCHESTER. C.M. WILLIAMS.



2 But if, at any time, we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have, —
Such is the law of love.

633. *For a Charitable Occasion.* BODEN.

1 WHAT shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

2 Our offering is a willing mind
To comfort the distressed;
In others' griefs our own to find,
In others' blessings blessed.

3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there

4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be fed;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

634. *Who is thy Neighbor?* PEABODY.

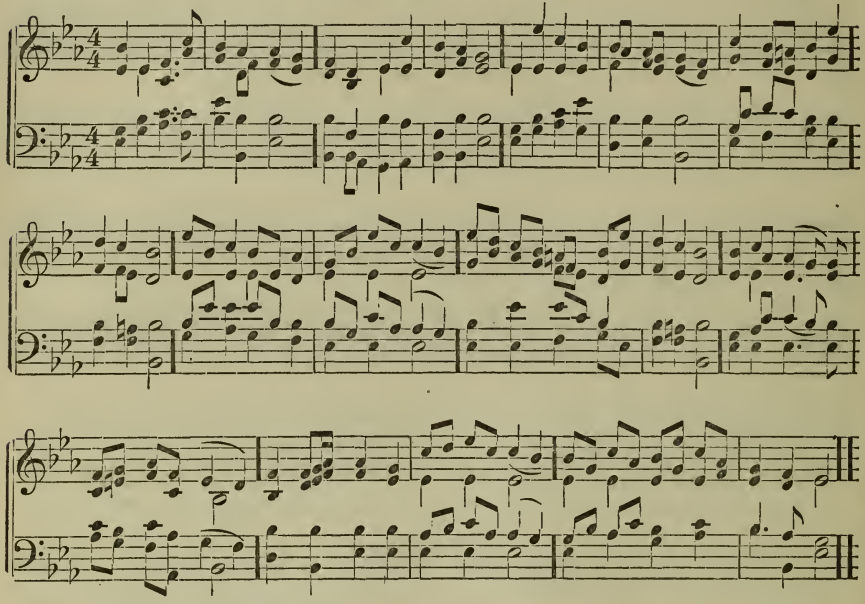
1 WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim:
Oh enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him!

3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim:
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him.

HOTHAM. 7s. DOUBLE. DR. MADAN.



635. *God a Refuge.* C. WESLEY.

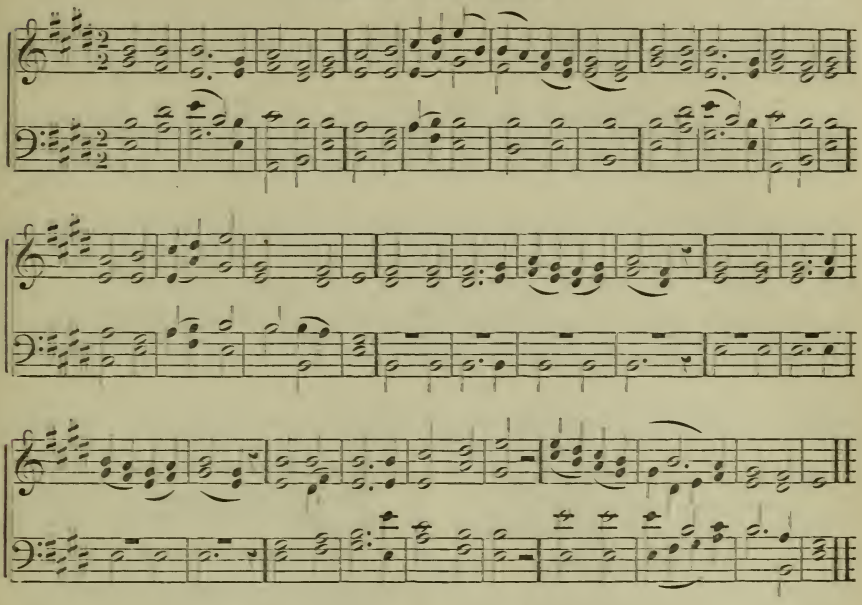
1 FATHER, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Father! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Helpless hangs my soul on thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo! on thee I cast my care;
Reach me out thy gracious hand,
While I of thy strength receive:
Hoping against hope I stand;
Dying, and, behold! I live.

4 Thou, O God! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart:
Rise to all eternity.

ONIDO. 7s. DOUBLE. PLETEL.



636. *"O Grave! where is thy Victory?"*

1 LORD, in thee I place my trust:
Thou art my defence and tower;
Death thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul it hath no power.
Thou wilt save and strengthen me;
Give me of thy peace and might:
Father, thou art unto me
Resurrection, Life, and Light.

2 Life of life, within me dwell;
For the peace thy presence sheds
Gives a joy no tongue can tell,
Charms the pain from dying beds.
I am safe within thine arm:
Thanks, O Father! unto thee,
Death can hurt not, nor alarm,—
Thou hast given the victory.

637. *Mutual Love.* C. WESLEY.

1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow
Perfecting the Church below,
Steadfast may we cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be!
Join our faithful spirits,—join
Each to each, and all to thine;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

2 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void:
Names and sects and parties fall;
Thou, O God! art all in all.

HUMMEL. C.M. ZEUNER.



638. *The Honor that cometh from God.* LYRA CATH.

1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Workman of God, oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like!
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

3 Oh blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

4 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

5 Oh learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

639. *Discipline.* MASON.

1 The world can neither give nor take,
Nor can it comprehend [bought;
The peace of God, which Christ has
The peace which knows no end.

2 God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

3 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And, though he does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

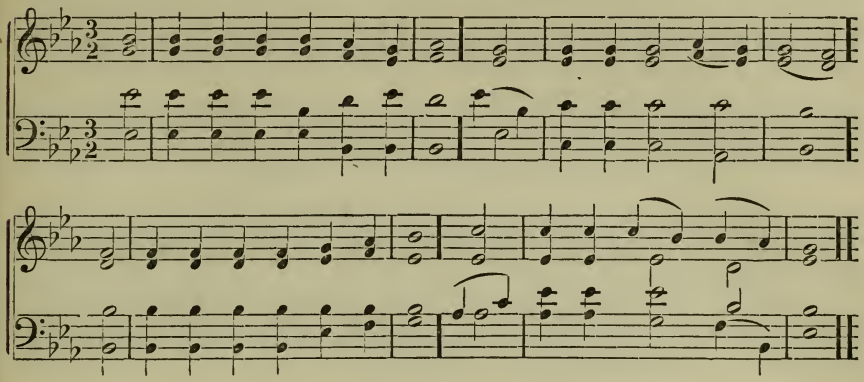
640. *The City of God.* E. SCUDDER

1 In thee my powers, my treasures live;
To thee my life must tend:
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

2 And wherefore should I seek above
The city in the sky? —
Since firm in faith and deep in love
Its broad foundations lie;

WYMAN'S CHANT. C.M.

E. HAMILTON.



3 Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care
Its holy towers are raised.

4 Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified, —
There, only there, is heaven.

641. *The Anvil of Affliction.* F. H. HEDGE.

1 BENEATH thine hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone:
Oh mould me till to self I die,
And live to thee alone!

2 With frequent disappointments sore
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

3 Smite, Lord: thine hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

4 Smite, till, from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
And have no will but thine.

642. *Through Cross to Light.*

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

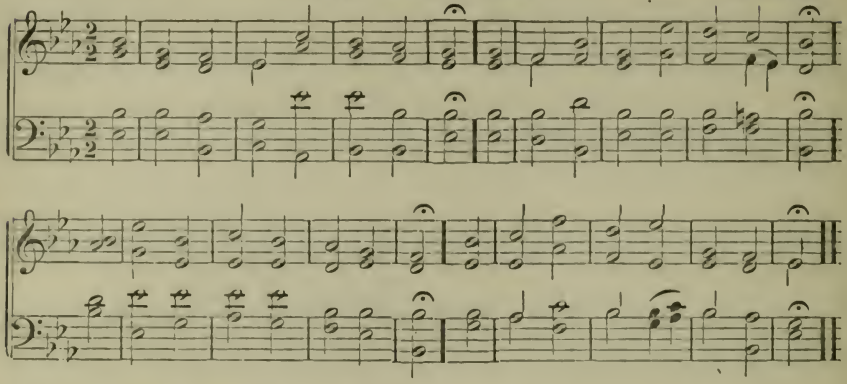
1 BEAR on, my soul! the bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

2 Bear on, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance will come:
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring his children home.

3 And thou, my heavenly Friend and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on, —
Taught me to rest my fainting head
Upon thy heart alone.

4 So comforted and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All, messengers of love.

ST. PAUL'S. L.M. DR. GREEN.



643. *Trust and Submission.* NORTON.

1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

644. *Blessed are they that Mourn.* BRYANT.

1 Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep:
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

3 Oh there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide, an evening guest;
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

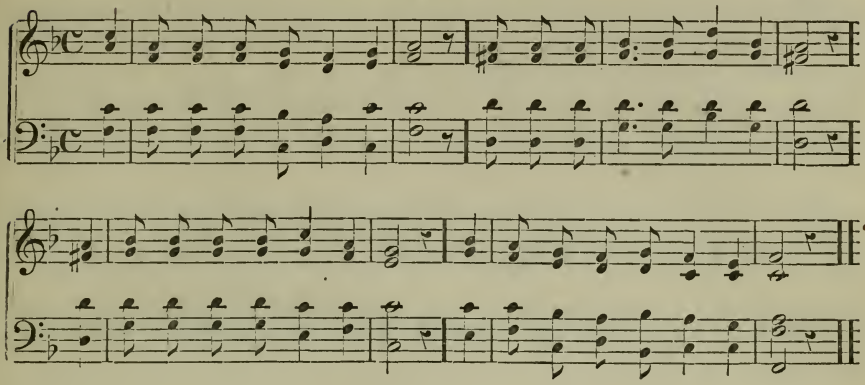
645. *Submission to God's Will.* ANON

1 He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful to the flower:
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?

Note.—In singing this hymn, repeat the first two lines of the tune.

OLD CHANT. L.M. ZEUNER.



Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

3 Oh ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine be done.

646. *Trust in God* O. W. HOLMES.

1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

647. *Strangers and Sojourners.* ELIM.

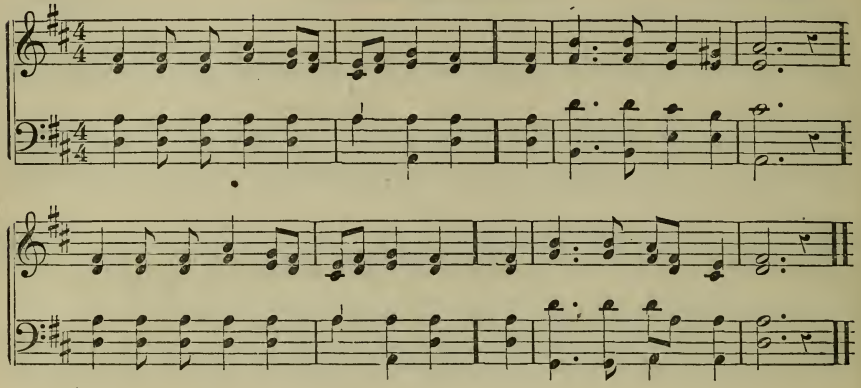
1 WE have no home on earth below,
And time is short and heaven is near:
Oh that our hearts were weaned so
That we could live like strangers here,—

2 Like pilgrims that have paused an hour
To rest upon some foreign strand;
Like banished men that love to pour
The praises of their Fatherland!

3 Bright are the flowers that God has lent
To bloom beneath the traveller's tread;
And beautiful the starry tent
He spreadeth o'er the pilgrim's head.

4 But in the Land that's far away
There needs no light of sun or moon;
And flowers that never know decay
Along its starless shores are strewn.

NAOMI. C.M. DR. L. MASON.



648. *Submission to Trial.* ANON.

1 GREAT Author of the world, I bow
Beneath thy chastening rod;
And at thy feet I lay me low,
My Father and my God.

2 From the same hand, all merciful,
Are blessings day by day:
Fill thou my cup of misery full;
I will not turn away.

3 But oh! this vain, this frantic hope,
That burns within my breast,
That fills my soul's extremest scope,
And will not let me rest!—

4 Grant thou the power to overcome,
The patience to subdue;
Oh call my wandering spirit home,
My feeble faith renew!

5 And pardon thou my bosom's guilt,
That idols there should be;
Make me, O Lord! whate'er thou wilt,
So I forsake not thee.

649. *Prayer for the Dead.* N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

1 THEY passed away from sight and hand,
A slow, successive train:
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

2 Their spirits up to God we gave,
With eyes as wet as dim,
Confiding in his power to save;
For all do live to him.

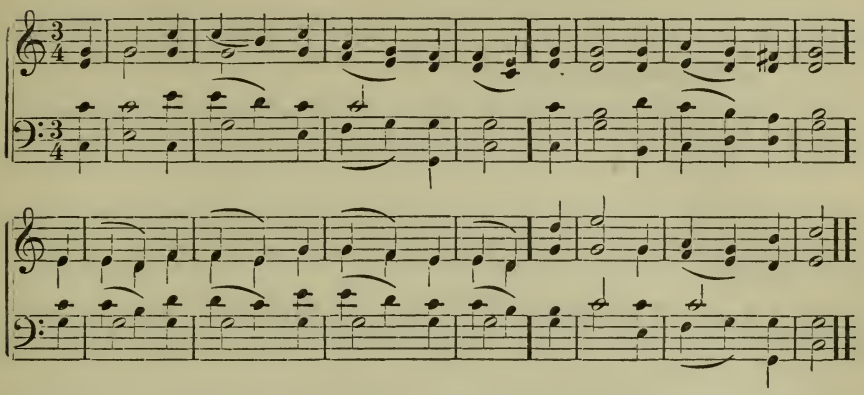
3 Beyond all we can know or think,
Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond time's lone and dreaded brink,
Their deathless dwellings lie.

4 Dear thoughts that once our union made,
Death does not disallow: [stayed,
We prayed for them while here they
And what shall hinder now?

5 Our Father, give them perfect day,
And portions with the blest:
Oh pity, if they went astray,
And pardon for the best!

COVENTRY. C.M.

Arranged by Dr. MASON.



6 As they may need, still deign to bring
The helpings of thy grace,
The shadow of thy guardian wing,
Or shinings of thy face.

7 For all their sorrows here below
Be boundless joy and peace;
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That nevermore shall cease.

650. *Immortal Joys.* MRS. STEELE.

1 OH could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above earth's gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise, [spring
To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal in the skies.

651. *"Thou art my Portion, O Lord!"* ELIM

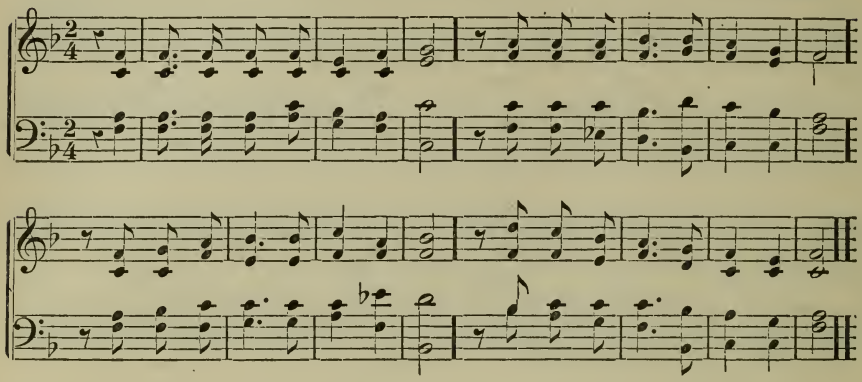
1 I HAVE a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see:
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

2 I have a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest,
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be thus is best.

3 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

4 "Thou art my portion," saith my soul, —
'Amen!" sweet voices say:
The music of that glad Amen
Will never die away.

IMPLORING CHANT. L.M. L. MARSHALL (by permission).



652. "*The Fellowship of his Sufferings.*" NORTON.

1 FAINT not, poor traveller, though the way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day:
This path of suffering leads to God.

2 Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain:
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

3 Christian, thy Friend, thy Master, prayed
While dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his sufferings undismayed:
Wilt thou not strive to do the same?

4 Oh thinkest thou his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise?

5 Go, sufferer; calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share.

653. *The Bitter Cup.* J. ROSCOE

1 THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love: [here,
Though clouds and darkness shroud me
I know that all is bright above.

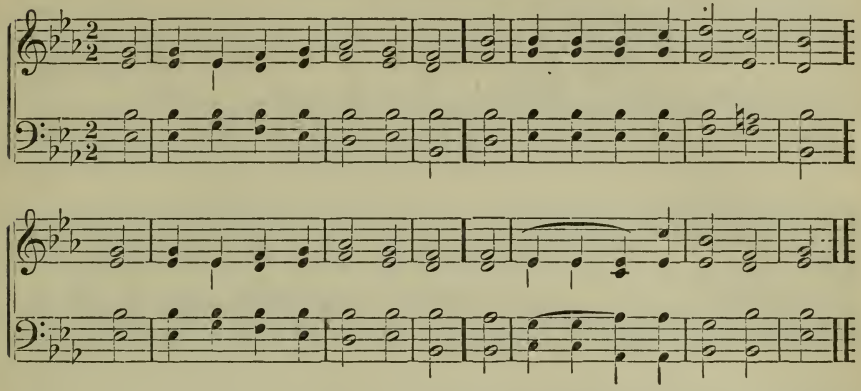
2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe:
O Father! joyful on my way,
To drink thy bitter cup, I go.

AVON. L.M., or P.M. MODERN HARP (by permission).



654. "*Thy Will be Done.*" CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

1 My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done"!

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not;
But breathe the prayer, divinely taught,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield thee what is thine:
"Thy will, my God, be done."

4 If but my fainting heart be blest,
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
O God! to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will, my God, be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

655. *Humility.* ENFIELD.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day, —
Oh why should mortal man be proud?

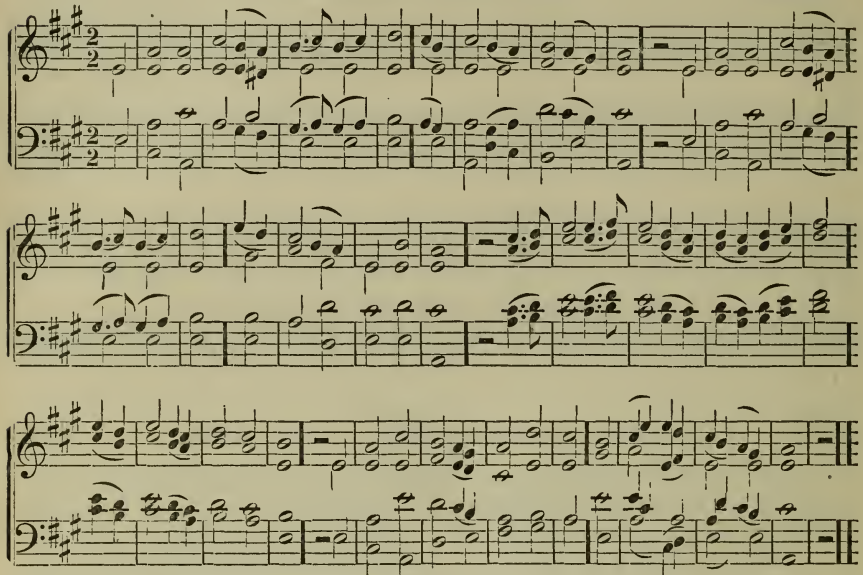
2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!

4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life, Father divine,
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, oh let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find!

JORDAN. C.M. Double. BILLINGS.



Note. — The fifth and sixth lines may be sung by trebles, or tenors, or both in octaves.

656. *The Promised Land.* Watts.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

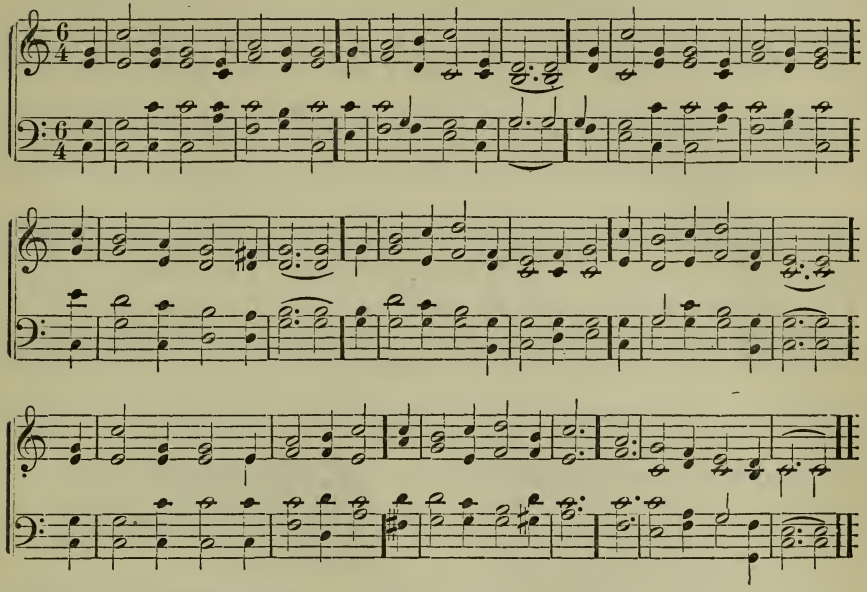
6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er! [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

657. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.* Chr. Psalmist.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold, — [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

KOLLOCK. C.M. DOUBLE. DR. L. MASON.



3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know: [scenes,
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see

658. *The Future World* J. TAYLOR.

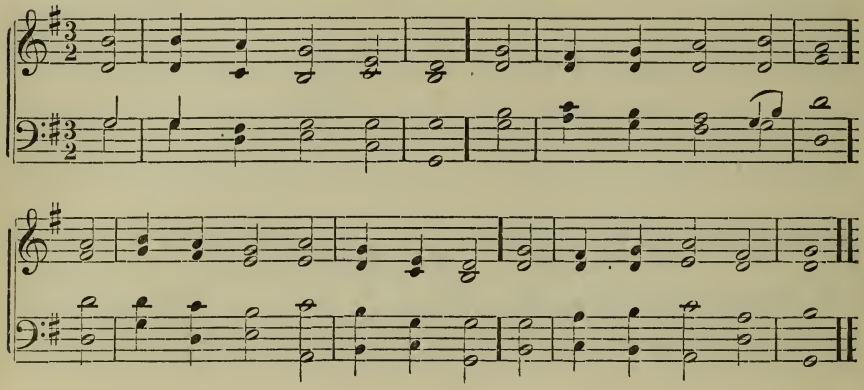
1 THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.

2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around
And guard my quiet bed.

3 The things unseen, O God! reveal;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel and see and know
That those I love are near.

4 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

STATE STREET. S.M. J. C. WOODMAN.



659. *Each Day nearer Heaven.* PHOEBE CARY. (altered).

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before;

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown;

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Father, to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my wayworn feet
Press through the stream of death.

660. *For ever with the Lord.* MONTGOMERY

1 FOR ever with the Lord!
So, Father, let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word.
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

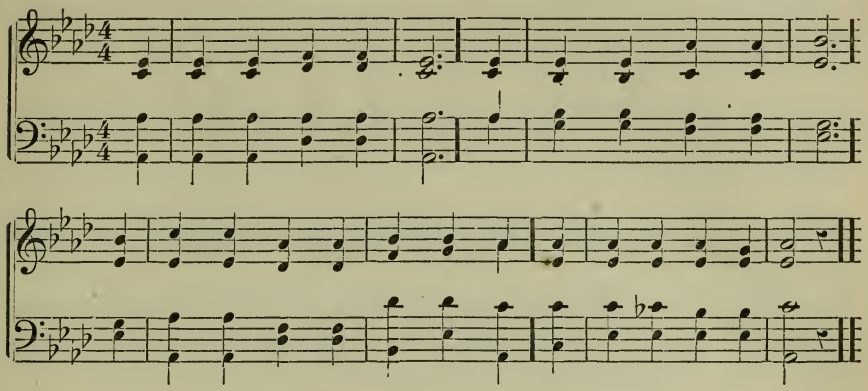
3 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

5 And then I feel, that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

GORTON. S.M.

Arranged from Beethoven by Dr. MASON.



661. *Uncertainty of Life.* DODDRIDGE.

1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

662. *Heaven.* MRS. STEELE.

1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There sickness never comes;
There grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

3 No strife nor envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast

4 No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

663. *Heaven Everywhere.* MISS FLETCHER

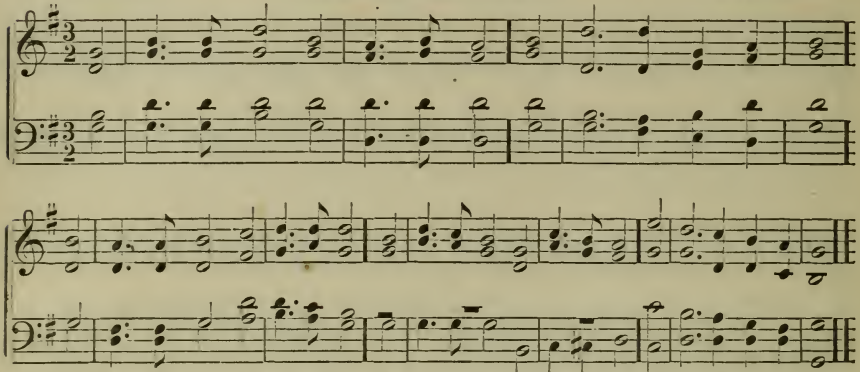
1 OUR heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.

2 'Tis where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
For comfort and relief.

3 Wherever truth abides,
Sweet peace is ever there:
If we but love and serve the Lord,
Our heaven is everywhere

WOODLAND. C.M.P.

N. D. GOULD.



NOTE. — In singing Woodland to a C.M., the third line of each verse must be repeated.

664.

Heaven a Rest. W. B. TAPPAN.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

665.

The Future Life. PLYMOUTH COL.

1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies;
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies.

2 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn;
Bright beaming from the Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul;
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 For there adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene;
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

666.

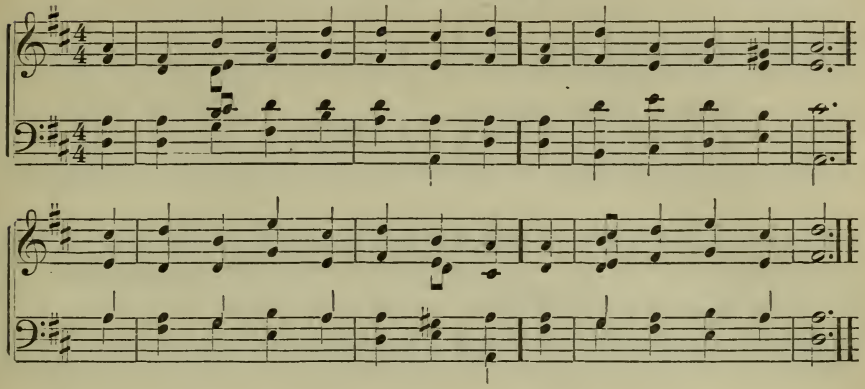
The Peace and Repose of Heaven. W. B. TAPPAN.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

ST. ANNS. C.M. DR. CROFT.



4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

667. *The End of Life.* ANDREW REED.

1 THERE is an hour, when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hour, when I must lie
Low on affliction's bed,
And anguish, pain, and tears become
My bitter daily bread.

3 There is an hour, when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death,
And yield to Him, who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.

4 O Saviour! then, in all my need,
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, in steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee

668. *All as God Wills.* WHITTIER.

1 ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

5 No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

GERMAN CHANT. L.M. ZEUNER.



669. *The Wisdom of redeeming Time.* DODDRIDGE.

1 God of eternity! from thee
Did infant Time his being draw:
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and swift they glide away:
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

670. *The Better Land.* ANON.

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught,—

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain:
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

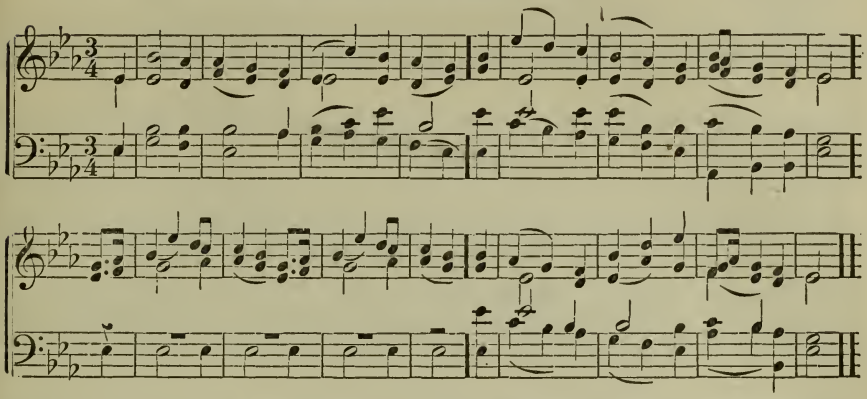
3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode:
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

671. *"Be ye also Ready."* ANON

1 O God! thy grace and blessing give
To us who on thy Name attend;
That we this mortal life may live,
Regardful of our journey's end

MORNING HYMN. L.M. COSTELLOW.



2 Teach us to know that Jesus died,
And rose again, our souls to save;
Teach us to take him as our Guide,
Our Help from childhood to the grave.

3 Then shall not death with terror come;
But welcome as a bidden guest,
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

672. *The Future World.* MRS. STEELE.

1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

2 There shall the servants of the Lord,
With never-fading lustre, shine;
Surprising honor, vast reward,
Conferred on man by love divine!

3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

4 On wings of faith and strong desire,
Oh may our spirits daily rise,
And reach at last the shining choir
In the bright mansions of the skies!

673. *Close of the Year.* NORTON.

1 OH what concerns it him whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That nearer comes the closing day,
That one more year of life has fled!

2 Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.

3 When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

4 Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being, feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

EDINBURGH. 11s. MODERN HARP, (by permission).



674. *"Are they not all Ministering Spirits?"* ANON.

1 How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss
May bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
Will leave their bright home in the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

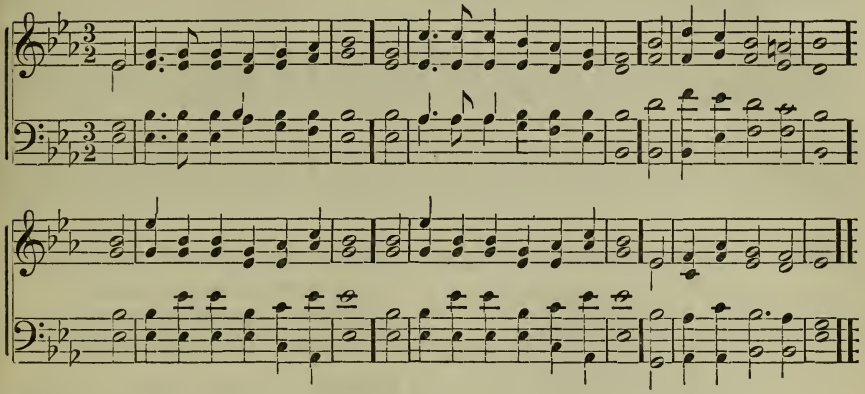
675. *I would not Live alway.* EPISCOPAL COL.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
I would not live alway: no,—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul?

MERIBAH. C.P.M. DR. L. MASON.



676. *Holiness is Everlasting.* HENRY MOORE.

1 ALL earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.

2 The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay:
Their honors time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
Beam everlasting day.

677. *True Wisdom.* WESLEY'S COL.

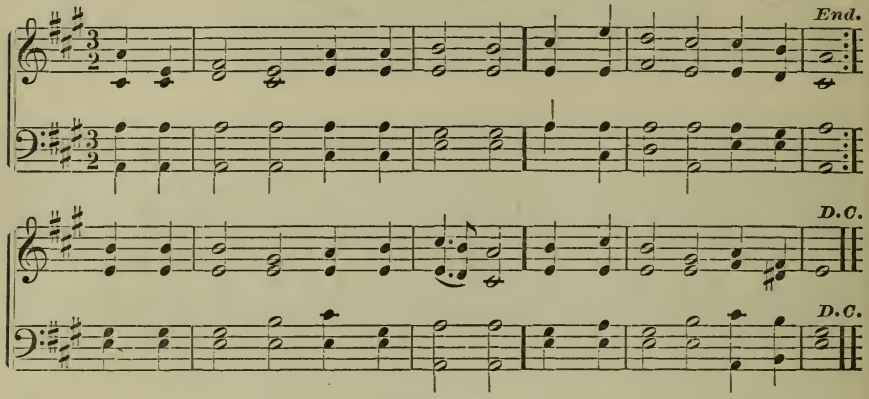
1 BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good!

2 Oh may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

678. *Doxology.*

To God whose glory fills the sky,
Whom all the blessèd ones on high
And saints on earth adore, —
Be glory as in ages past,
So now, and long as earth shall last,
Till time shall be no more.

CRAWFORD. 8s & 7s. HARP OF JUDAH. L. O. EMERSON.



679.

Dedication to God. ANON.

1 HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm.
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

680.

Before the Throne. ELIM.

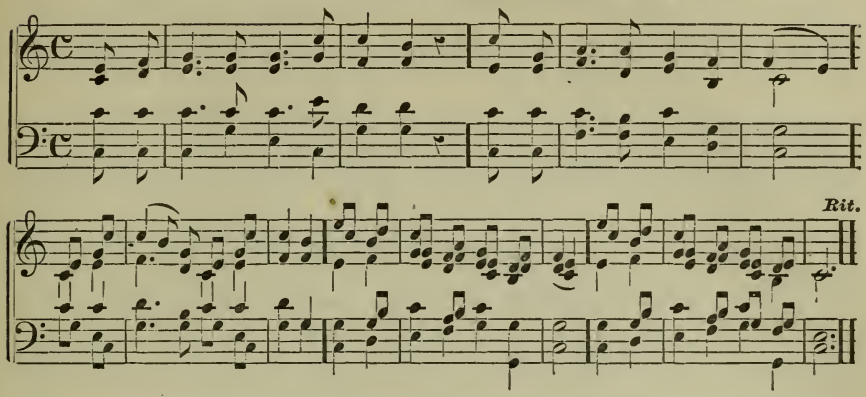
1 HARK the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord, to thee!
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars, in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, and martyr,
Confessor, evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,—
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory;
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;

ZION. 8s & 7s. Arranged by L. H. SOUTHARD.



Love and peace they taste for ever;
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Father and of thee.

681. *The Redeemed in Heaven.* MONTGOMERY.

1 WHO are these in bright array,—
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came:
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

682. *Prayer for Light.* TOPLADY

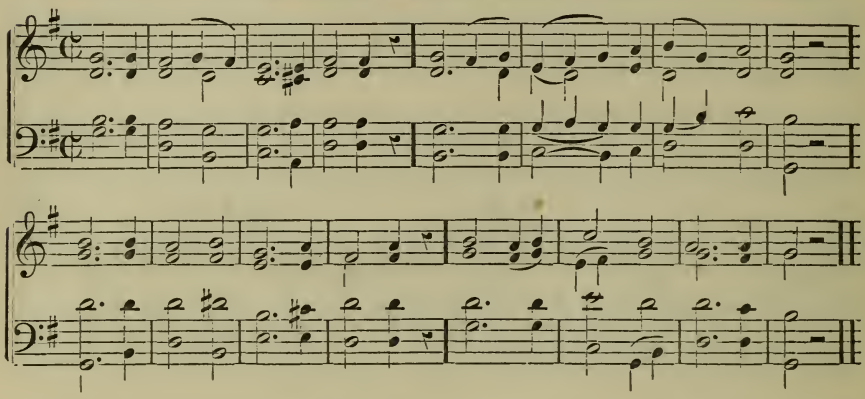
1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, thyself revealing;
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of life and light creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing:
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

4 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou God of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

SLEEP. 8s & 7s. WM. SHORE. OLIVER'S COL. (by permission).



683. *One by One.* A. A. PROCTER.

1 ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

2 One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

3 One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.

4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band:
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.

5 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

684. *Psalm of Life.* LONGFELLOW

1 TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

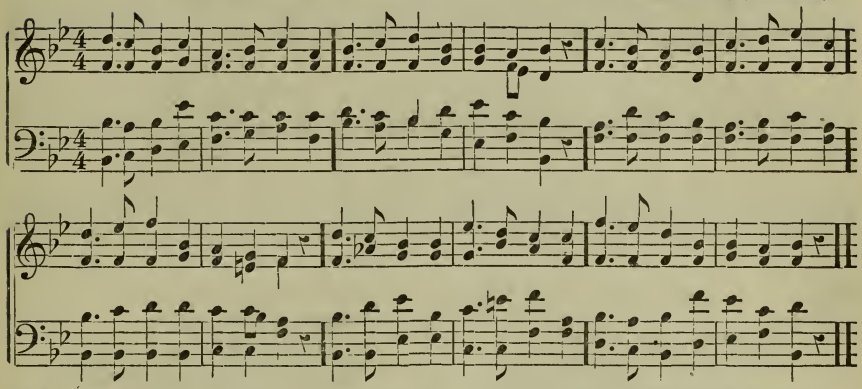
3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

4 Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead:
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead

5 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

IX. MISCELLANEOUS.

AMERICAN HYMN. 8s & 7s, 6 lines. MODERN HARP (by permission).



685. *God our Protector.* H. F. GOULD.

1 WHO, when darkness gathered o'er us,
Foes and death on every side,
Clothed in glory walked before us,
Leading on like Israel's guide?
'Twas Jehovah! He, appearing,
Showed his banner far and wide.

2 When the trump of war was sounding,
'Twas the Lord who took the field:
He, his people then surrounding,
Made the strong in battle yield.
To our fathers, few in number,
He was armor, strength, and shield.

3 In the God of armies trusting,
'Mid their weakness, void of fear;
Soon they felt their bonds were bursting,
Saw the dawning light appear.
Clouds dissolving in the sunbeams
Showed the land of freedom near.

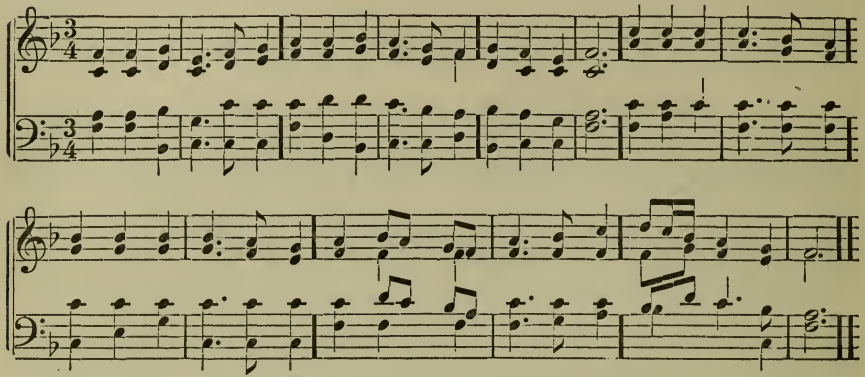
4 Hark! we hear to heaven ascending,
From the voices of the free,
Hallelujahs, sweetly blending
With the song of Liberty.
Power Almighty, we the victory
Ever will ascribe to thee.

5 Lo! the dove, the olive bearing,
Plants it on our country's shore;
Every breast its branch is wearing
Where the buckler shone before.
Praise the Eternal! he is reigning!
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

686. *Safety in God.* MONTGOMERY

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence shall harm thee
In eternal safeguard there.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



687. *National Hymn.* S. F. SMITH.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong!

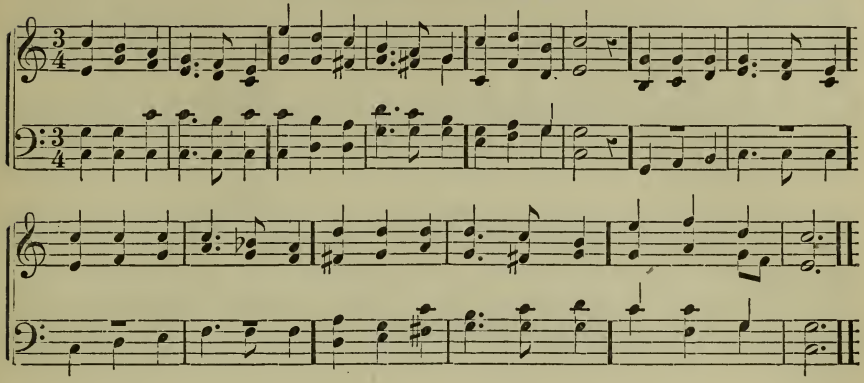
4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,—
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

688. "*God save the State.*" J. S. DWIGHT

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

SOUTHAMPTON. 6s & 4s. HOLYOKE.



689. *Our Fathers.* PIERPONT.

1 GONE are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

2 Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust, —
The faith that dared the sea.
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

3 Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills, —
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
Oh let thy light repose
On these our hills!

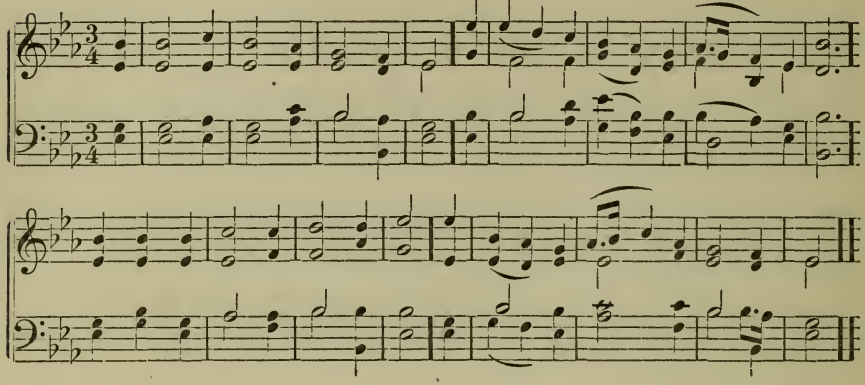
690. "*The God of Harvest Praise.*" MONTGOMERY

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord:
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

LUTON. L.M. BURDER.



691. *The Day of Freedom.* WHITTIER.

1 O THOU whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day! —

2 When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.

3 Sweet peace be here, and hope and love
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

4 And grant, O Father! that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
The message of thy love shall hear;

5 When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The bondman's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

692. *Army Hymn.* O. W. HOLMES

1 O LORD of hosts, Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

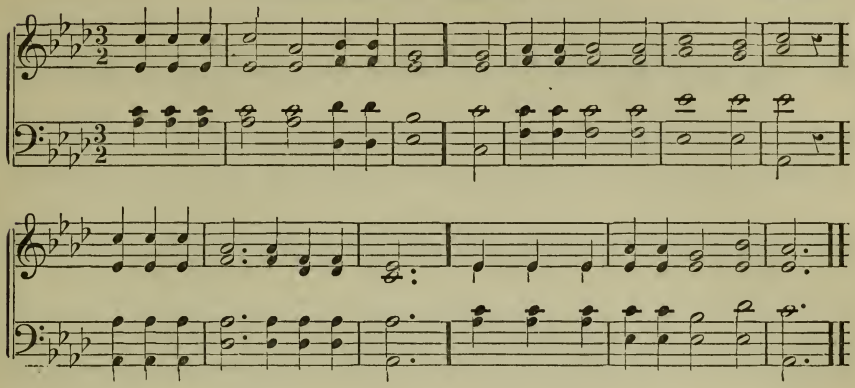
2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.

3 Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And, when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to thee!

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M. ZEUNER.



693. *Preaching the Gospel.* WINCHEL'S SELECTION.

1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name:
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And, when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

694. *Worship.* J. G. FORMAN.

1 Father of all, with song and prayer,
We worship at thy sacred shrine;
And feel how blest thy temples are,
How infinite thy love divine.

2 Thy Holy Spirit here impart,
Thy wisdom teach us to adore;
On every longing, faithful heart
Send down thy grace for evermore.

3 Give to thy people willing minds
Thy righteous purpose to fulfil,
The holy love whose influence binds
Their hearts to know and do thy will.

695. *For Inspiration.* S. C. BEACH

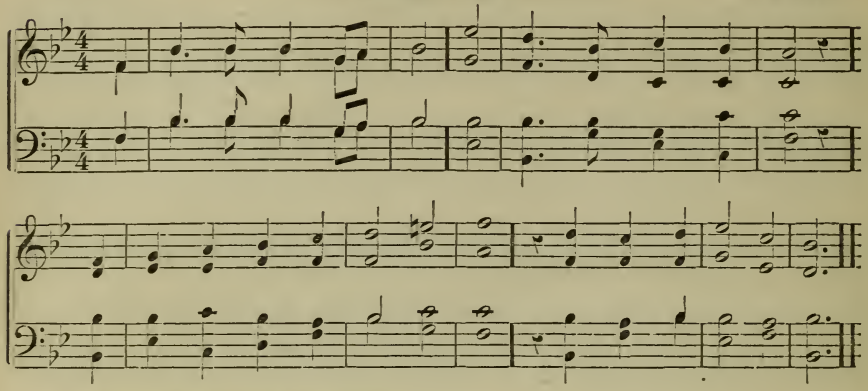
1 Mysterious Presence, Source of all,—
The world without, the soul within;
Fountain of life, oh hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in!

2 Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power

3 Thy hand unseen, to accents clear
Awoke the Psalmist's trembling lyre;
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

4 That touch Divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard

MORRIS. S.M. CH. ZEUNER.



696. "*Strong Drink hath Slain its Thousands.*" ANON.

1 MOURN for the thousands slain, —
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
O'er the deluded throng.

2. Mourn for the ruined soul, —
For reason's life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free:
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And guard their liberty.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to the Lord above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

697. *The Pilgrim Fathers.* MRS. HEMANS.

1 THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

2 And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er, —
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New-England shore,

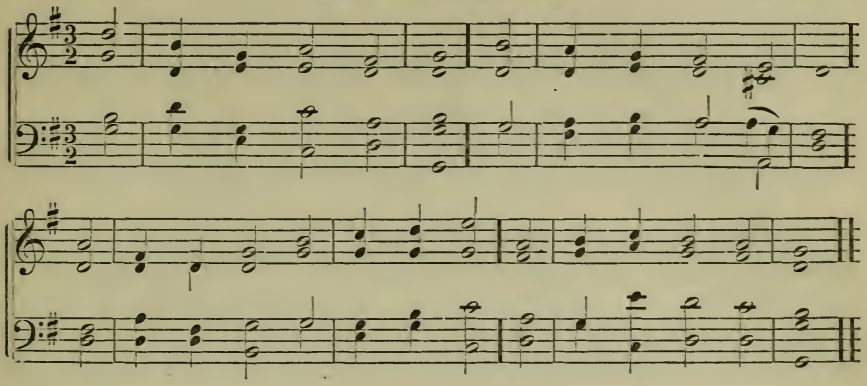
3 Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; [gloom
They shook the depths of the desert's
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

4 Amidst the storm they sang.
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
With the anthem of the free. [rang

5 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

6 Ay, call it holy ground, —
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God.

PENTONVILLE. S.M. LINLEY.



698. *I Love thy Church.* DWIGHT.

1 I LOVE thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

699. "*Still with Thee.*" ANON

1 STILL with thee, O my God!
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee;—

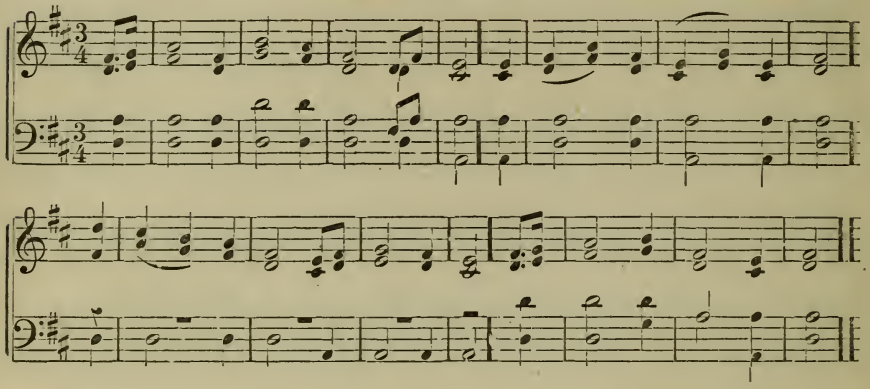
2 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart;

3 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find;

4 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close;

5 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

SILOAM. C.M. I. B. WOODBURY (by permission)



700. *Early Religion.* HEBER.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath!
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

701. *For our Country.* WREFORD.

1 Oh guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness!

2 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

3 Here may religion pure and mild
Smile on our sabbath hours,
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

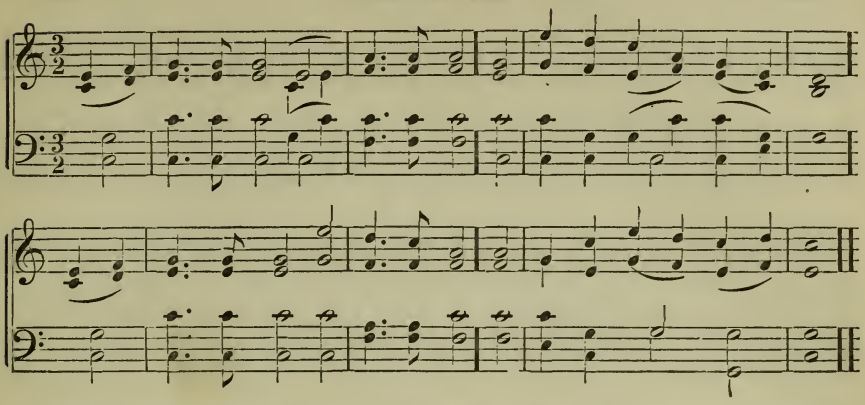
4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend:
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

702. *The Uses of Affliction.* MONTGOMERY.

1 I cannot call affliction sweet;
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

HEBER. C.M

GEO. KINGSLEY.



2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
Oh had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

3 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

703. *Dedication Hymn.* N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

1 O SAVIOUR, whose immortal word
For ever lasts the same!
Thy grace within these walls afford,
Here builded to thy name.

2 No other name is named below,
No other sign unfurled,
To lead our hopes, or quell our woe,
Or sanctify the world.

3 Here may thy saints new progress make;
Thy loitering ones be sped:
And here thy mourners comfort take,
And here thy poor be fed.

4 May God, thy God, his Spirit send!
The Word is else unblest;
And fill this place from end to end,
O Ark of strength and rest!

704. *Dedication.* BRYANT.

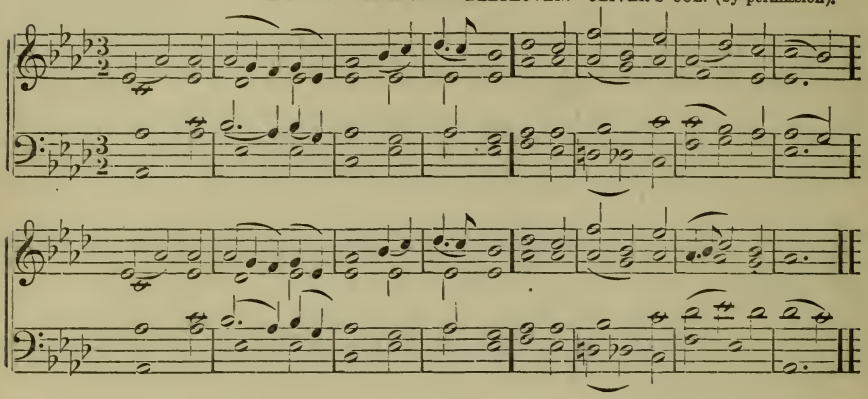
1 O THOU whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray!

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies!

LOVE. 8s & 7s. BEETHOVEN. OLIVER'S COL. (by permission).



705.

Sunset. S. D. ROBBINS.

1 Down toward the twilight drifting,
Hover now the shadows fast:
Lo! the evening clouds are rifting,
And the storm is overpast.

2 One by one the stars are peeping
Gently from the azure deeps;
Loving angels round are keeping
Watch and ward while nature sleeps.

3 Memory to the heart is calling
Happy visions that had fled;
While, like dew around me falling,
Comes the presence of the dead.

4 Hush! the solemn midnight tolleth;
Morn is breaking from on high;
God away the darkness rolleth,—
Light! and immortality!

706.

Autumn Warnings. BP. HORNE.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground!
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

2 "Sons of Adam (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell),
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell.

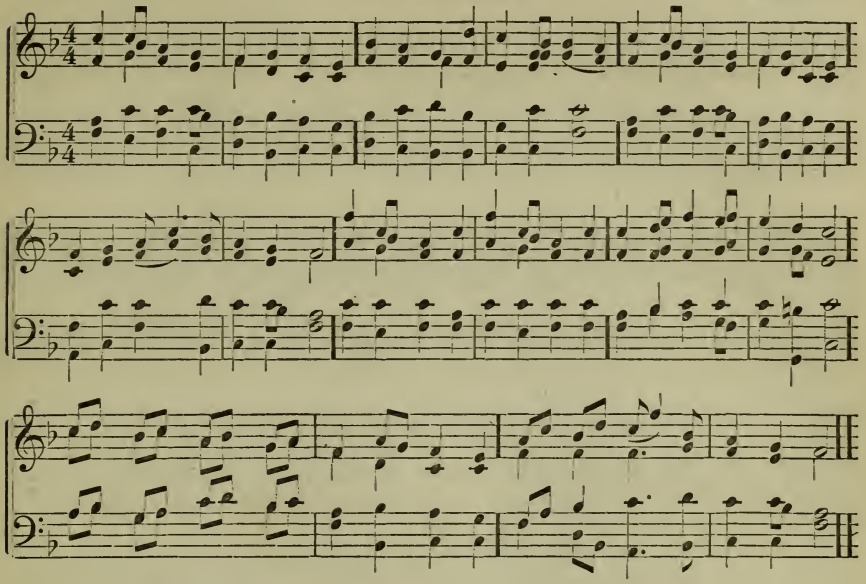
3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

4 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade

SMYRNA. 8s & 7s. MOZART.



707. *The Prayer of Life.*

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

708. *The Grave not Feared.* THOMAS DAVIS.

1 SHALL I fear, O Earth! thy bosom?
Shrink and faint to lay me there,
Whence the fragrant, lovely blossom
Springs to gladden earth and air?

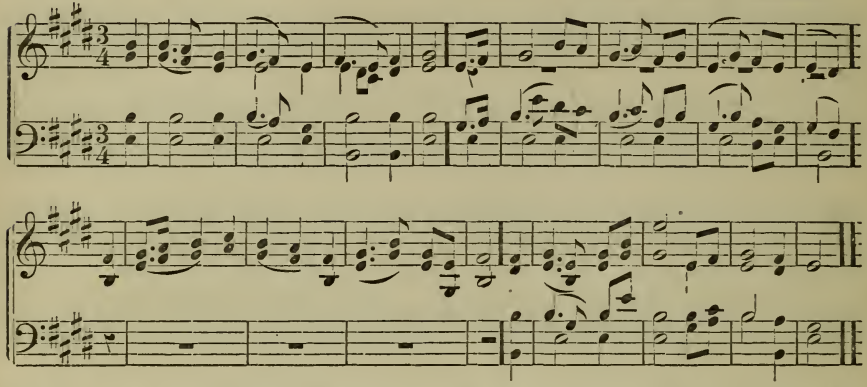
2 Whence the tree, the brook, the river,
Soft clouds floating in the sky,
All fair things come, whispering ever,
Of the love divine on high?

3 Yea, whence One arose victorious
O'er the darkness of the grave;
His strong arm revealing, glorious
In its might divine to save?

4 No, fair Earth! a tender mother
Thou hast been, and yet canst be;
And through him, my Lord and Brother,
Sweet shall be my rest in thee.

SPOHR. L.M.

SPOHR.
MODERN HARP (by permission).



709.

The Altar and the School. W. P. LUNT.

1 WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

2 Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared:
On that, the gifts of faith were laid;
In this, their precious hopes were reared.

3 The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.

4 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer;
For thou, who wast our fathers' friend,
Wilt make our offspring still thy care.

710.

In a Cemetery. GEORGE LUNT.

1 How oft, beneath this sacred shade,
Encompassed by the earth's green breast,
Shall many a weary head be laid,
And wandering hearts find peaceful rest!

2 Each opening leaf and flower shall bring
Memorials of their higher birth,
And whispering breezes o'er them sing
Some requiem for the lost of earth.

3 If earth were all, how sad to leave
What never, never can return!
But oh! if opening heaven receive,
How vain the parted shade to mourn.

4 But here, while days on days repeat
The annals of each coming race,
May Faith, Hope, Love, for ever meet,
To crown and bless the sylvan place!

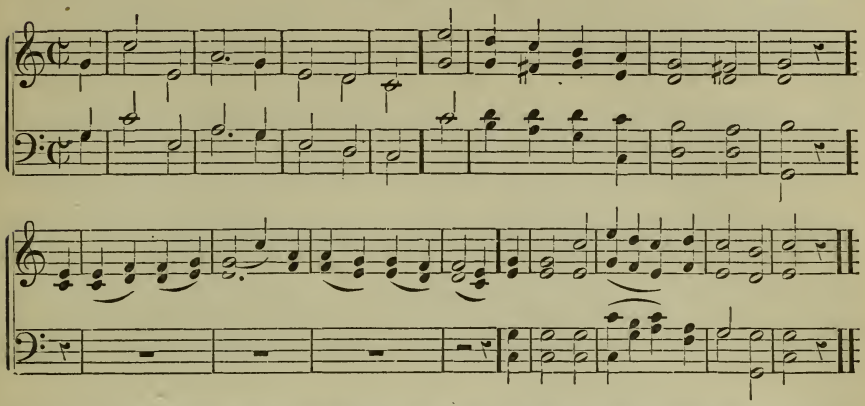
711.

Temple Worship. NORTON

1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,—
There are thy temples, God of all!

2 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.

CALVIN. L.M. ZEUNER.



3 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, thro' weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold!

4 Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers!

712. "*The Earth is Full of Thy Riches.*" BRYANT.

1 ALMIGHTY, hear us while we raise
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise,
That thou hast given the human race
So bright, so fair a dwelling-place;

2 That, when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in thy forming hand,
Thy calm, benignant smile impressed
A beam of heaven upon its breast.

3 Then towered the hills, and, broad and green,
The vale's deep pathway sank between;
Then stretched the plain to where the sky
Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye.

4 And stately groves beneath thy smile
Arose on continent and isle; [glowed,
And fruits came forth and blossoms
And fountains gushed and rivers flowed.

5 Thy hand outspread the billowy plains
Of ocean, nurse of genial rains;
Hung high the glorious sun, and set
Night's cressets in her arch of jet.

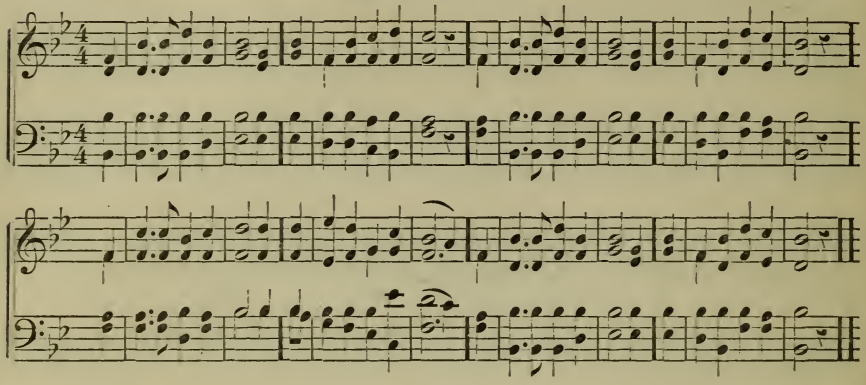
6 Lord, teach us, while the unsated gaze
Delighted on thy works delays,
To deem the forms of beauty here
But shadows of a brighter sphere.

713. *Memento.* ANON

1 MY son, be this thy simple plan:
Serve God and love thy brother man;
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power.

2 Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may:
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God, and know no other fear."

WEBB. 7s & 6s. G. J. WEBB.



714. *The Spread of the Gospel.* ANON.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord has come

715. *Safety in God.* MONTGOMERY.

1 GOD is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and désolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

716. *Hymn for Sunday School.* WM. H. BALDWIN.

1 To thee, O God! we offer
Our joyful songs of praise,

To thee the bounteous Giver,
And Guardian of our days.
Again we meet to thank thee,
To raise our evening prayer:
Our hearts are filled with gladness
For thy most tender care.

2 Oh give these teachers courage
To boldly face all sin!
Help them to spread thy gospel,
Till all are gathered in.
That faith we cherish deeply,
May we with zeal impart!
Oh plant its living power
In every beating heart!

3 Guard thou the young, we pray thee,
From sin and error's ways;
Show them the path of duty,
And guide them all their days.
May youth and age so serve thee,
Thou God of watchful love,
That all, when life is ended,
Shall dwell with thee above.

717. *Temperance Hymn.* E. H. CHAPIN.

1 Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win;
Lo! on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant sin;
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charmèd cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is, "On!"

2 Our fathers' God, our keeper!
Be thou our strength divine:
Thou sendest forth the reaper,
The harvest all is thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness;
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more.

718. *Pious Joy.* ANON

1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

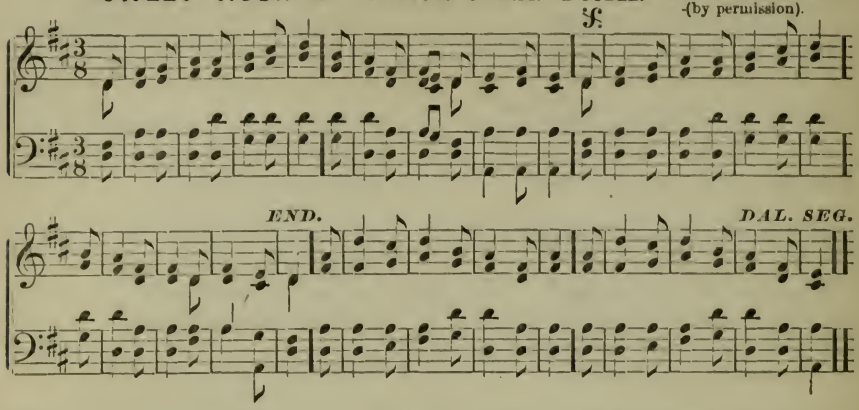
2 Thy gracious love possessing
In all my pilgrim road,
My soul shall feel thy blessing
In thy divine abode.
There bowing down before thee,
My every conflict o'er,
My spirit shall adore thee,
For ever, evermore.

719. "*Remember thy Creator.*" S. F. SMITH

1 "REMEMBER thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night:
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear:
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L.M. DOUBLE. WM. B. BRADBURY (by permission).



720.

Prayer. ANON.

1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!

2 In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

721.

God — our Father. S. S. H. BOOK.

1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend, —
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

722.

Morning Hymn. For a Child. PIERPONT

1 O GOD! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

2 Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

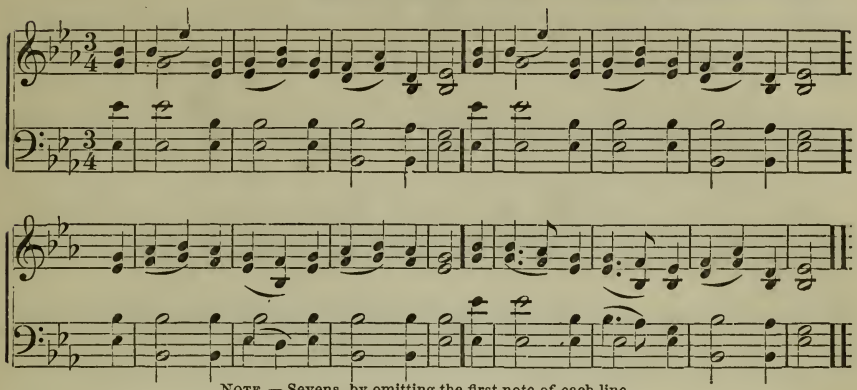
723.

Evening Hymn. For a Child. PIERPONT

1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God! thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose, —
My spirit to my Father's will.

GRATITUDE. L.M. BOSTON MENDELSSOHN COL.



NOTE. — Sevens, by omitting the first note of each line.

724.

Teaching of Children. L. E. LANDON.

1 WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
Which may too soon be stained by sin;

2 Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care, —
Teach the young heart to look above,
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer.

3 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
Or sorrow's shadow round us lies.

4 The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more;
Reclasping thus the broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

725.

The Sunday School. ANON.

1 O THOU who sendest sun and rain
On wilderness and peopled plain!
Shed thou thy grace on heart and tongue,
And bless our teaching of the young.

2 We ask for no reward of praise,
No mere success in outward ways;
But may we, Lord, successful be
In leading these young souls to thee.

3 Grant thou our hands the seed to sow
Which to eternal life shall grow;
Without thine aid our toil must fail,
But with it, Lord, we shall prevail.

726.

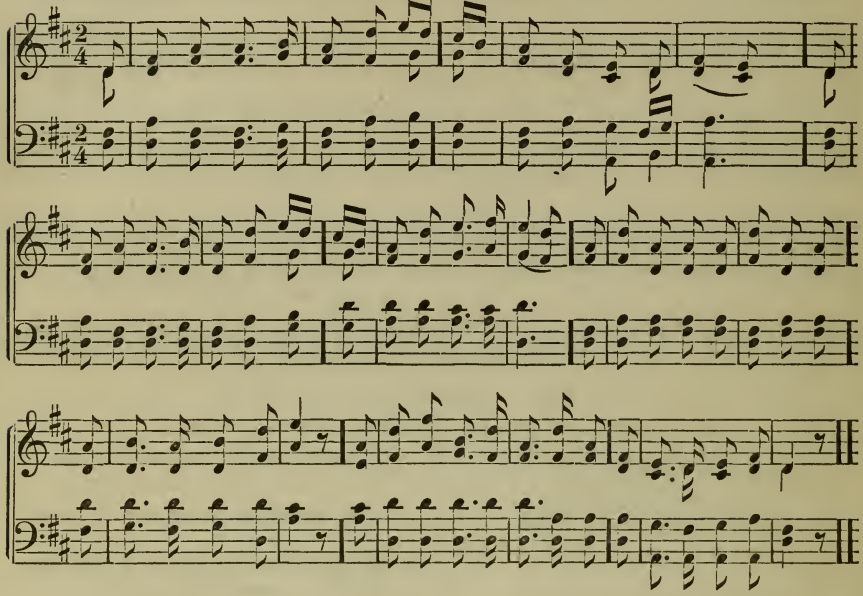
The Teachers. BRYANT

1 MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind, —

3 Shed on those who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right;
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

"NOW CONDESCEND ALMIGHTY KING." SCOTCH MELODY.



727. *Evening Hymn for a Household.*

1 Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen, while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
We come to own thy power divine
That watches o'er our days:
For this our feeble voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.

2 Before thy sacred footstool see,
We join in humble prayer,
A happy little family,
To ask thy tender care!
May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee!

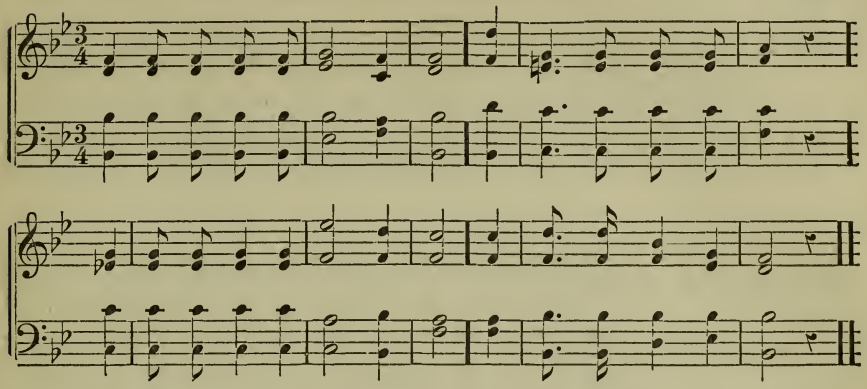
3 And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then shall our morning hymns of praise
Declare thy goodness, Lord.
Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move:
Oh smile upon this little band,
And join our hearts in love!

728. *The Hope of Heaven our Support.* WATTS

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

HUSSITTAN CHANT. C.M. ZEUNER.



3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

729. *Ordination.* S. LONGFELLOW.

1 O GOD! thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait:
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do thy will.

3 O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!

4 O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And, in the ear of sin and self,
May his rebuke be strong!

5 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him!

6 And grant him many hearts to lead
Into thy perfect rest:
Bless thou him, Father, and his work;
Bless, and they shall be blest.

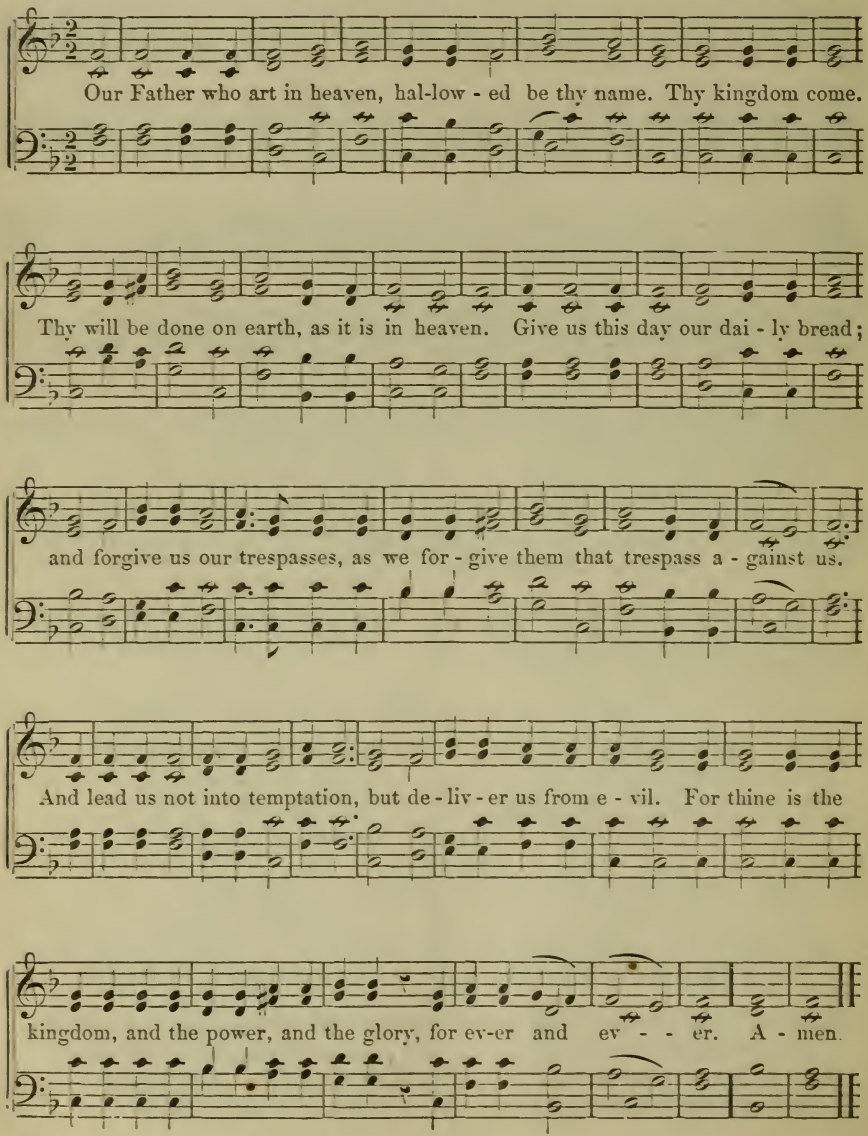
730. "*Thou Knowest all my Ways.*" ANON.

1 I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown;
I travel like a bird in flight,
Onward, — but not alone.

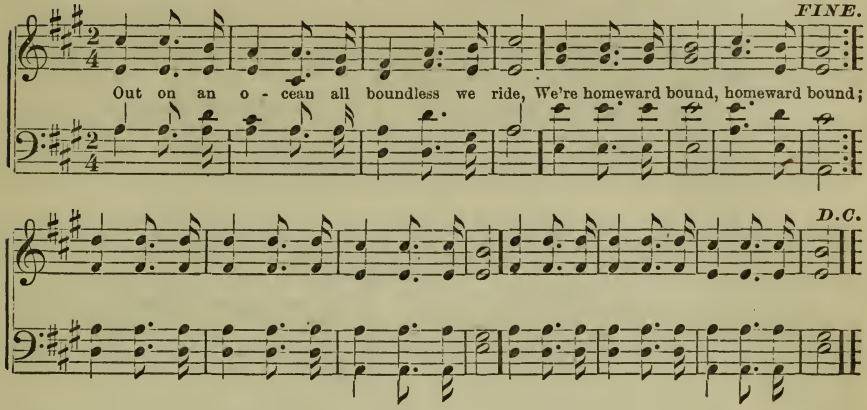
2 In secret paths God leads me on
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of love
Through all the heavenly road.

3 The ways most rugged and perplexed
He renders smooth and straight:
Through all the paths I'll sing his name,
Even unto heaven's gate.

731. THE LORD'S PRAYER. DR. L. MASON.



HOMEWARD BOUND. 10s & 4s. Arranged from REVIVAL MELODIES.



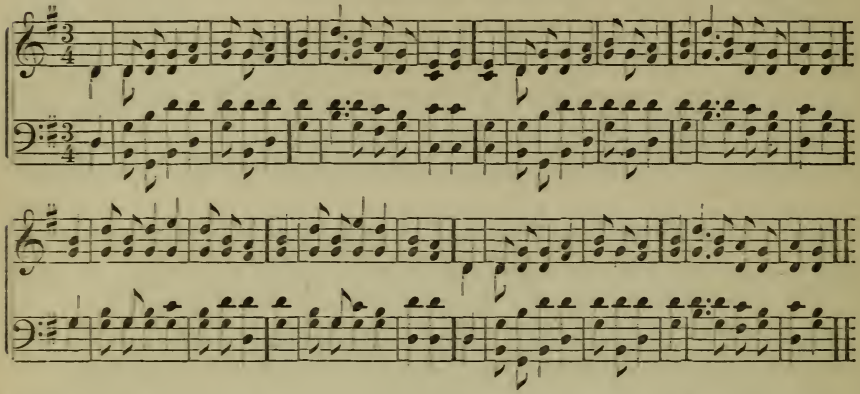
732.

1 OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride.
We're homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed:
We're homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars:
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores:
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail:
We're homeward bound!

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide:
We're home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide:
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore:
We're home at last.

THE SHINING SHORE. G. F. ROOT.



733. *The Shining Shore.*

1 My days are gliding swiftly by;
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly, —
Those hours of toil and danger.
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning:
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For, oh! we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing:
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, oh! we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever:
Our King says come; and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever.
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover

734. "*Jerusalem, my Happy Home*"

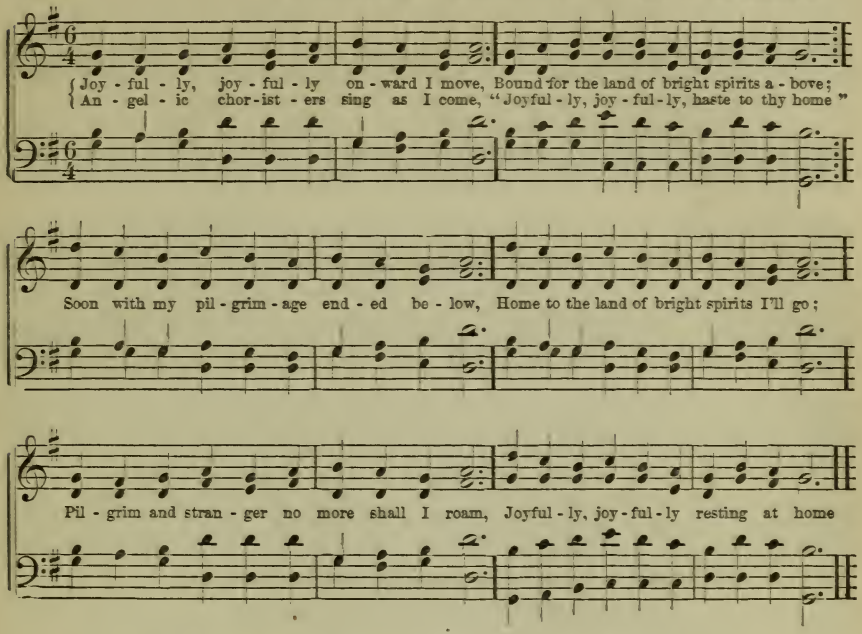
1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end, —
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Reach down, O Lord! thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

3 Jesus my Lord to glory's gone:
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren, here below,
Will soon come after me.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun

735. "JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY." REV. A. D. MERRILL.

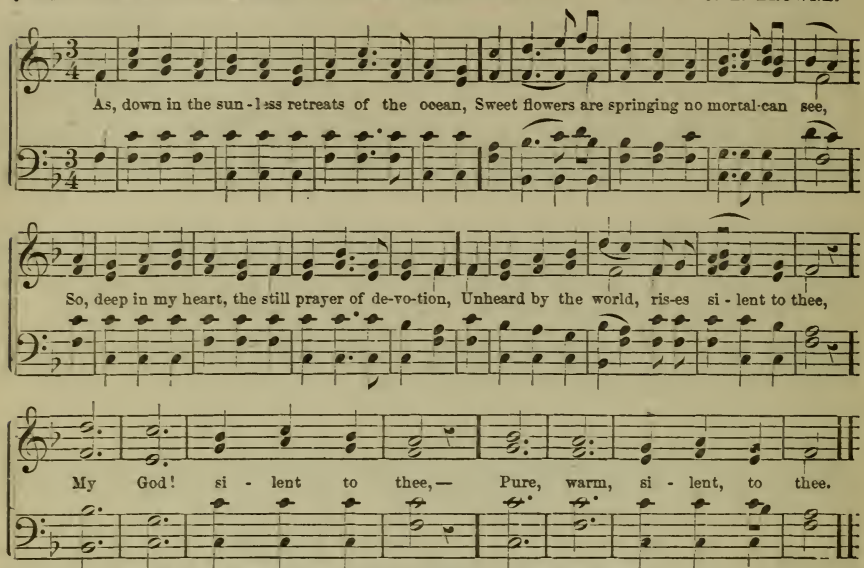


2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessèd! your voices I hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, King of terrors, I fear not thy blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone:
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

736. DEVOTION.

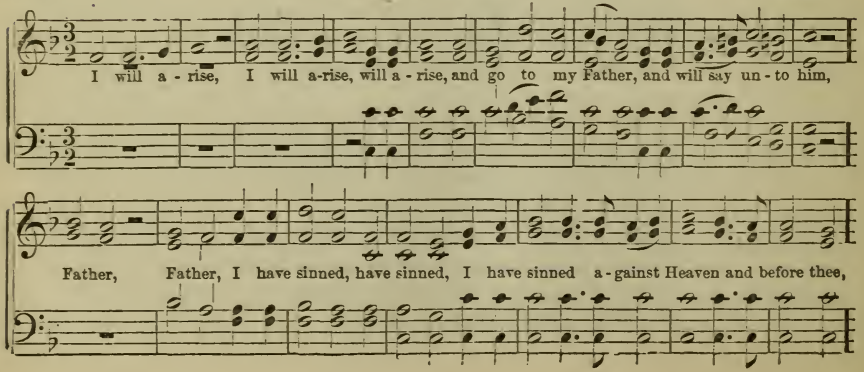
WORDS BY T. MOORE. REV. E. C. L. BROWNE.



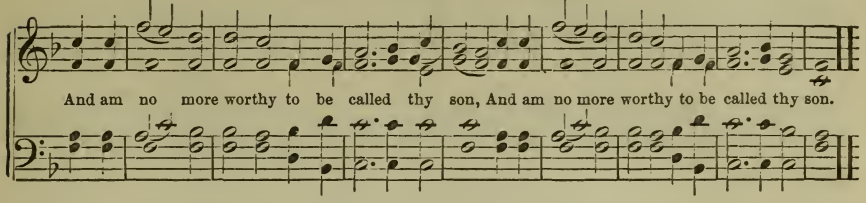
2 As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea;
So, dark as I roam, through this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to thee,
My God! trembling, to thee,—
True, fond, trembling, to thee.

737. I WILL ARISE.

CECIL.



I WILL ARISE *(continued)*.



GOD SPEED THE RIGHT. P.M.

Arr. by Dr. MASON.



738.

God Speed the Right.

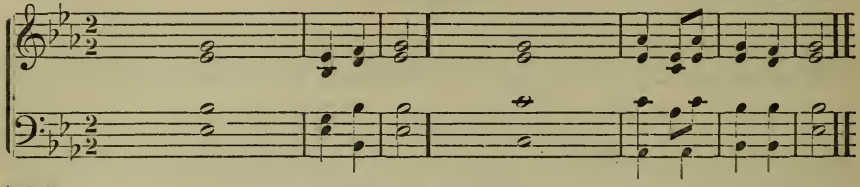
1 Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right.

2 Be that prayer again repeated,—
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory:
God speed the right

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains nor toils nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding,—
God speed the right.

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it:
God speed the right.

CHANT 1. *"From the recesses."* DR. L. MASON.



739. *"Out of the Depths I cry."* BOWRING.

1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit, Our humble prayer ascends; O|Fath - er!|hear it.
Borne on the trembling wings of awe and|meekness, - For|give - its|weakness.

2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us: We hear thy voice; it counsels|and - it|courts us;
And then we turn away; and still thy|kindness - For|gives - our|blindness.

3 Oh how long-suffering, Lord! But thou delightest To win with love the|wander-ing; - thou in|vitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or|terrors, - Man|from - his|errors.

4 Father and Saviour, plant within each bosom The seeds of holiness, and|bid - them|blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and|vernal, - And|spring - e|ternal.

5 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens, Where angels walk, and seraphs|are - the|wardens;
Where every flower escaped through death's dark|portal - Be|comes - im|mortal.

740. *"Come unto me."*

1 COME unto me, all ye that labor and are|hea - vy|laden,
And|I - will|give - you|rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you, and|learn - of|me,
And ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is|easy, - and my|burden - is|light.

3 Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth. give|I - unto|you.
Let not your heart be troubled, neither|let - it|be - a|fraid.

741. *"Visit me with thy Salvation."* J. VEBY

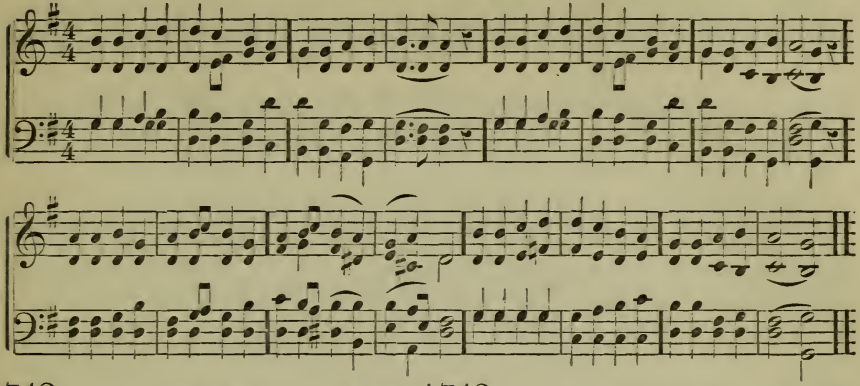
1 WILT thou not visit me? The plant beside me feels thy|gen - tle|dew;
Each blade of grass I see, From thy deep earth its|quick - ening|mois - ture|drew.

2 Wilt thou not visit me? Thy morning calls on me with|cheer - ing|tone;
And every hill and tree Lend but one voice, the|voice - of|thee - a|lone.

3 Come; for I need thy love, More than the flower the dew, or|grass - the|rain,
Come, like thy holy dove, And let me in thy sight re|joice - to|live - a|gain.

4 Yes: thou wilt visit me; Nor plant nor tree thine eye de|lights - so|well,
As when, from sin set free, Man's spirit comes with|thine - in|peace - to|dwell.

JOY. P.M. 8s & 5s. Arranged from BEETHOVEN.



742. *Faith and Work.* BAILEY.

1 EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care:
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove:
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

2 Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.
Labor! wait! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done:
Count not lost thy fleeting moments;
Life hath but begun.

3 Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear, —
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

743. *The Voice of the Soul.* WHITTIER.

1 HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?

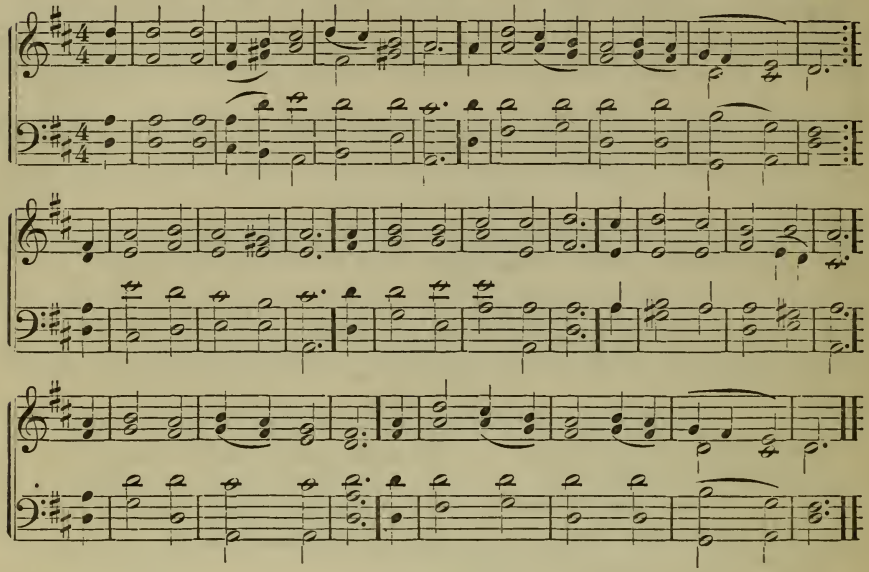
2 Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching, —
What, and where, is truth?

3 Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end:

4 Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

5 And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

"A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD." LUTHER.



744. *Luther's Psalm.* Tr. by F. H. HEDGE.

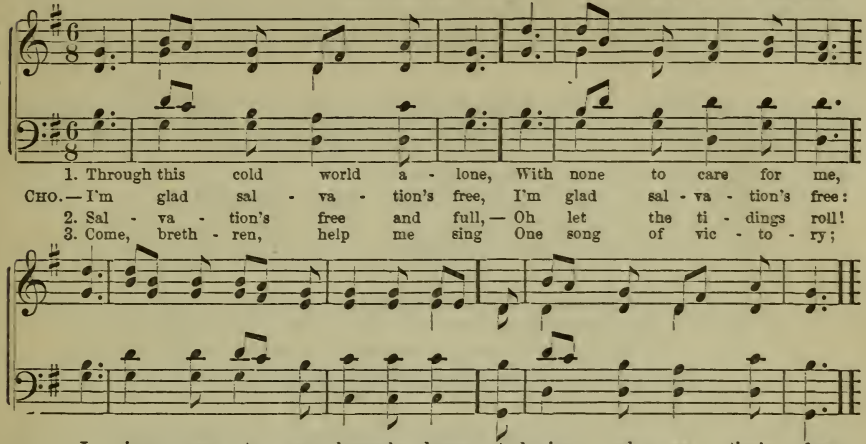
1 A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great;
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,—
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus: it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

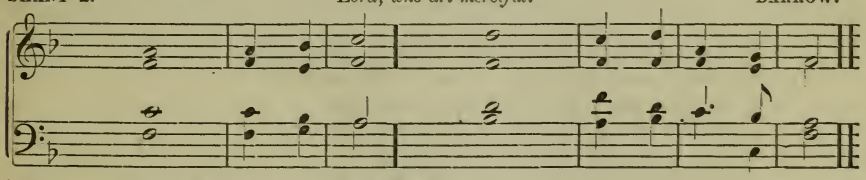
3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear; for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us,
The Prince of Darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him:
His rage we can endure,
For, lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is for ever.

745. **DUNBAR.** S.M. REV. E. W. DUNBAR.



CHANT 2. *"Lord, who art merciful."* BARROW.



746. 1 LORD! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a | child - of | dust:
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee; A | las! - but | what - I | can

2 Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for | thou - art | there,
Accept my sacri | fice - and | hum - ble | prayer.

3 Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with | this - pe | tition:
My nothingness, my wants, my | sins, - and | my - con | trition.

747. *Inward Peace.* BEAUMONT.

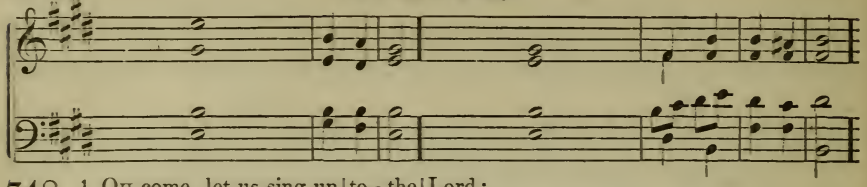
1 As earth's pageant passes by, Let reflection | turn - thine | eye
Inward, and observe thy breast: There a | lone - dwel's | sol - id | rest.

2 That's a close, immurèd tower Which can mock all | hos - tile | power:
To thyself a tenant be, And in | hab - it | safe - and | free.

3 Say not that this house is small, Girt up in a | nar - row | wall:
In a cleanly, sober mind, Heaven it | self - full | room - doth | find.

4 The infinite Creator can Dwell in it; and | may - not | man?
Here, content, make thy abode With thy | self - and | with - thy | God.

CHANT 3. *"Oh come, let us sing."*



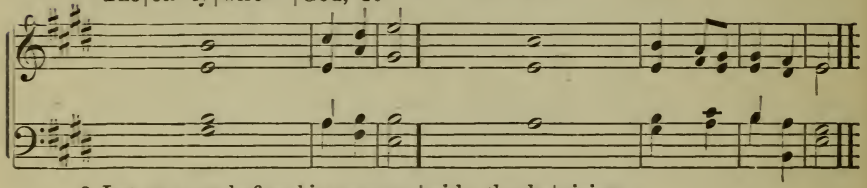
748. 1 OH come, let us sing un|to - the|Lord;
Let us heartily rejoice in the|strength - of|our - sal|vation! 2

3 For the Lord is a|great—|God,
And a great|King - a|bove - all|gods. 4

5 The sea is his, and|he—|made it;
And his hands|formed - the|dry—|land. 6

7 For he is the|Lord - our|God;
And we are the people of his pasture|and - the|sheep - of his|hand. 8

9 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in|vis - i|ble,
The|on - ly|wise—|God, 10



2 Let us come before his presence|with - thanks|giving.
And show ourselves|glad - in|him - with|psalms. 3

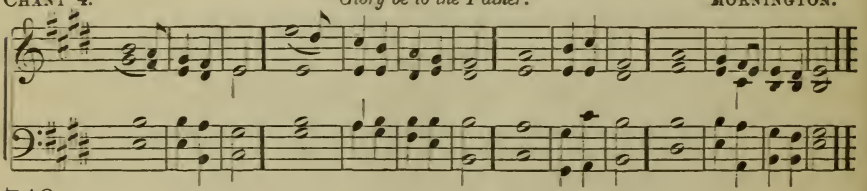
4 In his hand are all the corners|of - the|earth,
And the strength of the|hills - is|his— | also. 5

6 Oh come, let us worship|and - fall|down,
And kneel be|fore - the|Lord - our|Maker! 7

8 Oh worship the Lord in the|beauty - of|holiness!
Let the whole earth|stand - in|awe - of|him. 9

10 Be|honor - and|glory,
For ever and|ev - er.|A— | men.

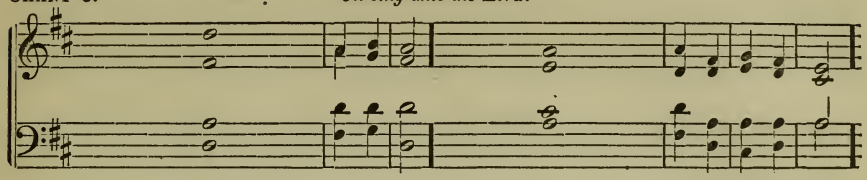
CHANT 4. *"Glory be to the Father."* MORNINGTON.



749.

1 GLORY be to the Father, Al|migh - ty|God, Through|Je - sus|Christ - our|Lord.
2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and|ev - er|shall be, World|with - out|end. - A|men.

CHANT 5. *"Oh sing unto the Lord."*



750.

1 OH sing unto the Lord a|new — |song!
For he hath|done —|marvel-lous|things. 2

3 The Lord hath declared|his-sal|vation;
His righteousness hath he openly|showed-in the|sight of-the|nations. 4

5 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord,|all-ye|lands;
Sing, re|joice, — |and-give|thanks. 6

7 Let the sea roar, and the|fulness-there|of;
The world, and|they-that|dwell-there|in. 8

10 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in|vis-i|ble.
The|on-ly|wise — |God, 11



2 With his own right hand, and with his|ho-ly|arm,
Hath he|gotten-the|vic-to|ry. 3

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the|house-of|Israel;
And all the ends of the earth have seen the sal|va-tion|of-our|God. 5

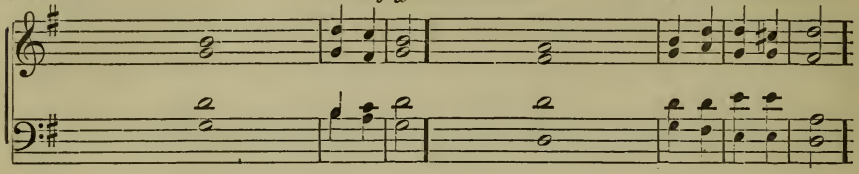
6 Praise the Lord up|on-the|harp;
Sing with the|harp-a|song of-thanks|giving. 7

8 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be|fore-the|Lord
For he|cometh-to|judge-the|earth; 9

9 With righteousness shall he|judge-the|world,
And the|peo-ple|with —|equity. 10.

11 Be honor|and — |glory,
For|ever-and|ever -A|men

CHANT 6. *"Oh be joyful in the Lord."* REV. MR. FITZHERBERT.



751.

1 OH be joyful in the Lord, | all - ye | lands!
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | pres - ence | with - a | song. 2

3 Oh go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts - with | praise!
Be thankful unto him, and | speak - good | of - his | name. 4

5 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in | vis - i | ble,
The | on - ly | wise — | God, 6



2 Be sure that the Lord | he - is | God. of | his — | pasture. 3
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people and the | sheep

4 For the Lord is gracious: his mercy is | ev - er | lasting;
And his truth endureth from generation to | gen - e | ra — | tion. 5

6 Be | honor - and | glory,
For | ever - and | ever. - A | men.

752.

1 MY soul doth magni | fy - the | Lord,
And my spirit hath re | joiced - in | God - my | Saviour.

2 For he hath regarded the lowliness | of - his | handmaiden;
For, behold! from henceforth all gene | rations - shall | call - me | blessed

3 For he that is mighty hath | magni - fied | me,
And | ho - ly | is - his | name.

4 And his mercy is on | them - that | fear him,
Through | out - all | gen - e | rations.

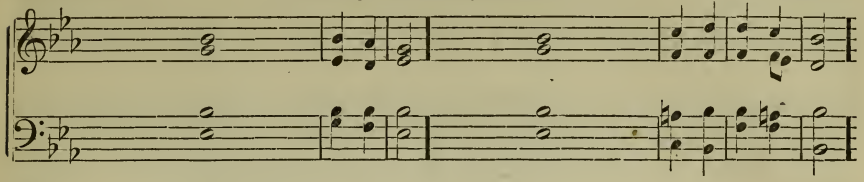
5 He hath showed strength | with - his | arm,
He hath scattered the proud in the imagi | na - tion | of - their | hearts.

6 He hath put down the mighty | from - their | seats,
And ex | alt - ed the | humble - and | meek.

7 He hath filled the hungry | with - good | things,
And the rich he | hath - sent | empty - a | way.

8 He, remembering his mercy, hath holpen his | ser-vant | Israel;
As he promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and - his | seed - for | ever.

CHANT 7. *"It is a good thing to give thanks."* MORNINGTON.



753.

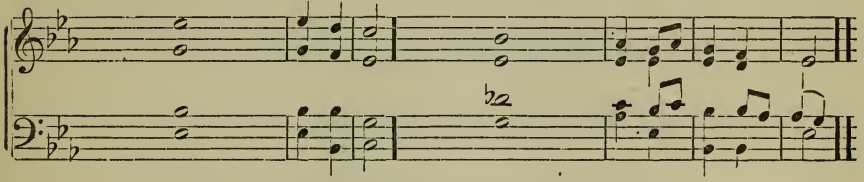
1 It is a good thing to give thanks un|to-the|Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy|name,—|O-Most|High! 2

3 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad|through-thy|works:
I will triumph in the|work—|of-thy|hands. 4

5 But the unwise man doth not con|sid-er|this,
Neither doth a fool|un-der|stand—|it. 6

7 Those that are planted in the|house-of the|Lord
Shall flourish in the|courts—|of-our|God. 8

9 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in|vis-i|ble,
The|on-ly|wise—|God, 10



2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early|in-the|morning,
And of thy|truth-in the|night—|season. 3

4 O Lord! how glorious|are-thy|works:
Thy|thoughts-are|ve-ry|deep. 5

6 The righteous shall flourish|like-a|palm-tree;
He shall grow up like a|cedar-in|Leb-a|non. 7

8 That they may show how true is the|Lord-my|strength,
And that there is no un|right-eous|ness-in|him. 9

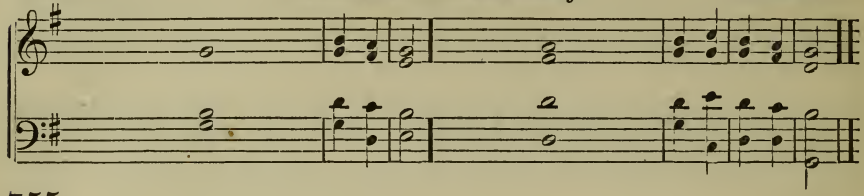
10 Be|honor-and|glory,
For|ever-and|ever.-A|men.

754.

"Glory be to the Father."

Glory be to the Father and|to-the|Son,
To|whom-all|praise-be|longs:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and|ev-er|shall be,
World|with-out|end.-A|men.

CHANT 8. *"And there were in the same country."* GREGORIAN.



755.

1 AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding | in - the | field,
Keeping watch | over - their | flock - by | night.

2 And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone
And | they - were | sore - a | fraid. [round - a | bout them

3 And the angel said unto them, | Fear — | not;
For, behold! I bring you tidings of great joy, which | shall - be | to - all | people.

4 For unto you is born this day, in the city of | David, - a | Saviour,
Which | is — | Christ - the | Lord.

5 And this shall be a | sign - unto | you.
Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, | ly - ing | in - a | manger.

6 And suddenly there was | with - the | angel
A multitude of the heavenly host, | prais - ing | God, - and | saying,

7 Glory to God | in - the | highest,
And on earth | peace, - good | will - to | men. A | men.

756.

'Glory be to the Father."

GLORY be to the Father, | God - most | high;
Who is, and was, and shall be, world | with - out | end. - A | men.

757.

Baptismal Hymn.

1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them - that | fear him,
And his righteousness | un - to | chil - dren's | children;

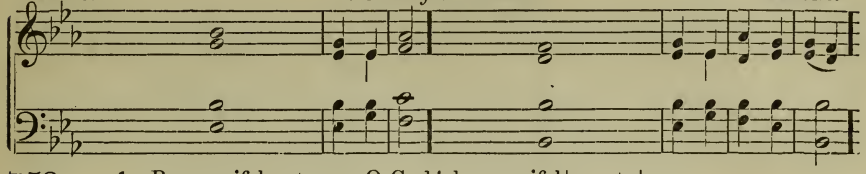
2 To such as | keep - his | covenant,
And to those that remember his com | mandments - to | do — | them.

3 Suffer little children to come unto me, and for | bid - them | not,
For of | such - is the | kingdom - of | heaven.

4 Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye | shall - be | clean;
A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit | will - I | put - with | in you.

5 I will pour out my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing up | on - thine | offspring:
For the promise is unto | you - and your | chil — | dren.

CHANT 9. *"Be merciful unto me."* DR. O. GIBBONS.



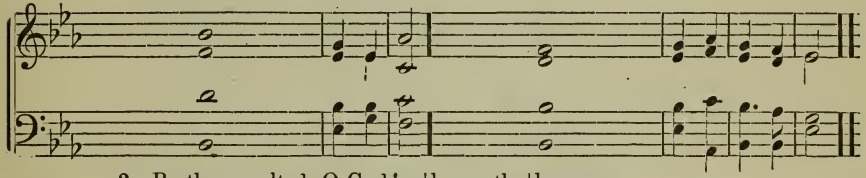
758.

1 BE merciful unto me, O God! be merciful|un - to|me;
For my soul|trust - eth|in —|thee. 2

3 My heart is fixed, O God! my|heart - is|fixed:
I will|sing —|and - give|praise. 4

5 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord! a|mong - the|people;
And I will sing to|thee - a|mong - the|nations. 6

8 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in|vis - i|ble,
The|on - ly|wise —|God, 8



2 Be thou exalted, O God! a|bove - the|heavens,
And let thy glory be a|bove —|all - the|earth. 3

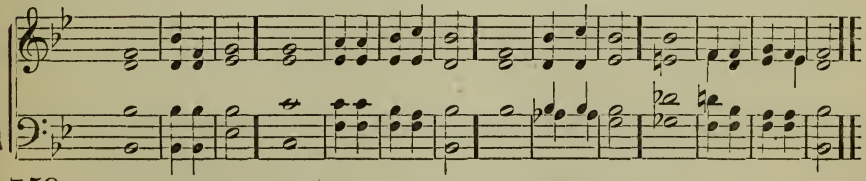
4 Awake, my soul; awake,|lute - and|harp:
I myself|will - a|wake - right|early. 5

6 For thy mercy reacheth|to - the|heavens,
And thy|truth —|to the|clouds. 7

7 Be thou exalted, O God! a|bove - the|heavens,
And let thy glory be a|bove —|all the|earth. 8

9 Be honor|and — |glory,
For|ever - and|ever. - A|men.

CHANT 10. *"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant."* FROM BEETHOVEN.

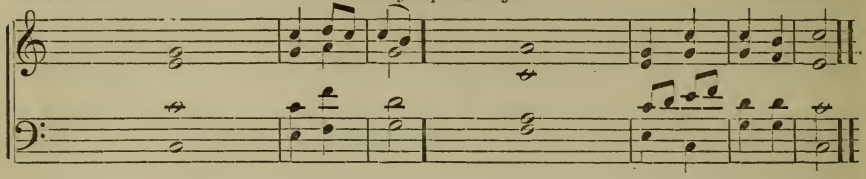


759.

1 LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according|to - thy|word;
For mine eyes have|seen —|thy - sal|vation,

2 Which thou hast prepared before the|face of - all|people, [A|men.
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the|glory - of thy|peo - ple|Israel

CHANT 11. *"I will lift up mine eyes."* J. JONES.



760.

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence | cometh - my | help:
My help cometh from the Lord who | made — | heaven - and | earth.

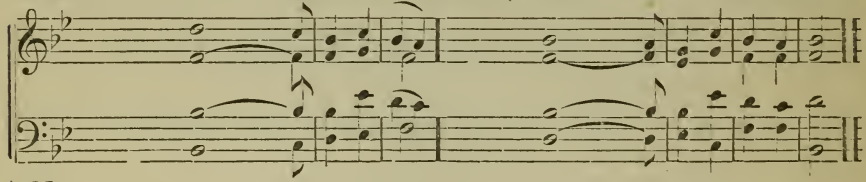
2 He will not suffer thy foot to stumble: he that keepeth thee | will - not | slumber
Behold! he that keepeth Israel will neither | slum - ber | nor — | sleep.

3 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon | thy - right | hand:
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon — | by — | night.

4 The Lord will preserve thee from all evil: he will pre | serve - thy | soul;
The Lord will preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and | even - for | ev-er | more.

5 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the | only - wise | God,
Be honor and glory for | ever-and | ever. - A | men.

CHANT 12. *"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."* DR. ARNOLD.



761.

1 BLESSED be the Lord | God - of | Israel; For he hath visited | and - re | deemed - his | people,

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal | va - tion | for us In the house | of - his | ser - vant | David.

3 As he spake by the mouth of his | ho - ly | prophets, Which have been | since - the | world - be | gan,

4 To perform the mercy promised to | our - fore | fathers, And to remember | his — | ho - ly | covenant.

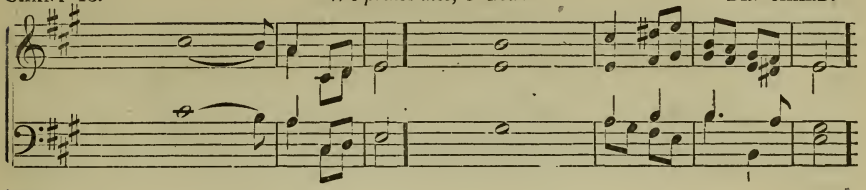
5 That we might serve him | with - out | fear, In holiness and righteousness, | all - the | days of - our | life;

6 To give knowledge of salvation un | to - his | people For the re | mis - sion | of - their | sins.

7 Through the tender mercy | of - our | God, Whereby the dayspring from on | high - hath | visit - ed | us;

8 To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the | shadow - of | death, And to guide our feet in | to - the | way - of | peace. A | men.

CHANT 13. *"We praise thee, O God!"* DR. CHARD.



762.

1 We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to | be - the | Lord:
All the earth doth worship thee, the | Fa - ther | ev - er | lasting. 2

4 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of - thy | glory;
The glorious company of the a | pos - tles | praise — | thee. 5

6 The holy Church throughout all the world doth ac | know - ledge | thee
The Father of an | infi - nite | ma - jes | ty. 7

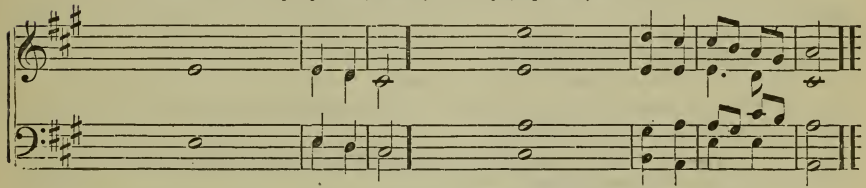
8 Thou art the King of | glory, - O | Lord!
And Jesus Christ is thy | well - be | lov - ed | Son. 9

10 When he had overcome the | sharpness - of | death,
He opened the kingdom of | heaven - to | all - be | lievers. 11

12 We therefore pray thee | keep - thy | servants,
Whom thou hast redeemed through | his - most | pre - cious | blood. 13

14 O Lord! save thy people, and | bless - thy | heritage;
Govern them, and | lift - them | up - for | ever. 15

16 Vouchsafe, O Lord! to keep us this | day - without | sin;
O Lord! have mercy upon us, have | mer - cy | up - on | us. 17.



2 To thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens and all the | powers - there | in:
To thee cherubim and seraphim con | tin - ual | ly - do | cry, 3

3 Holy, | ho - ly, | holy
Lord | God - of | Sab - a | oth. 4

5 The goodly fellowship of the prophets | praise — | thee;
The noble army of | mar - tyrs | praise — | thee; 6

7 Thy beloved, true, and | on - ly | Son;
Also, the Holy | Spirit, - the | Com - fort | er. 8

9 When thou gavest him to de | liv - er | man,
It pleased thee that he | should - be | born - of a | virgin. 10

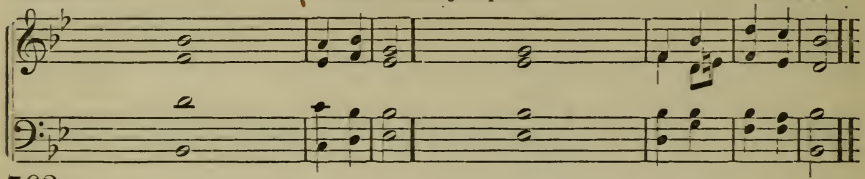
11 He sitteth at the right hand of God, in the glory | of - the | Father.
We believe that he will | come - to | be - our | Judge. 12

13 Make them to be numbered | with - thy | saints
In | glo - ry | ev - er | lasting. 14

15 Day by day we | magni - fy | thee;
And we worship thy | name - ever, | world - without | end. 16

17 O Lord! let thy mercy be upon us, as our | trust is - in | thee:
O Lord! in thee have I trusted; let me | nev - er | be - con | founded.

CHANT 14. *"The Lord is my shepherd."* H. F. HEMY.



763.

1 THE Lord | is - my | shepherd,
I | shall — | not — | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in | green — | pastures;
He leadeth me be | side - the | still — | waters;

3 He re | storeth - my | soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, | for - his | name's — | sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear - no | evil:
For thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff - they | com - fort | me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of - mine | enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup — | run - neth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of - my | life,
And I will dwell in the | house - of the | Lord - for | ever.

7 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the | only - wise | God,
Be honor and glory for | ever - and | ever. - A | men.

764.

1 LET not your | heart - be | troubled:
Ye believe in God; be | lieve — | also - in | me.

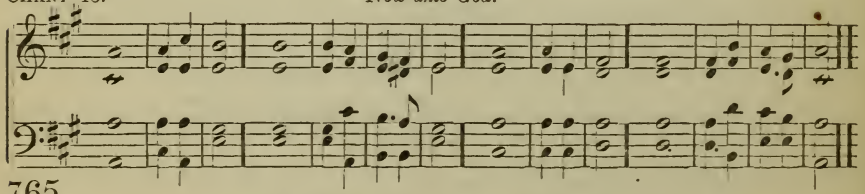
2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I | would - have | told you.
I go to pre | pare - a | place - for | you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you | unto
That where I | am - there | ye may - be | also. [my | self,

4 And whither I go ye know, and the | way - ye | know.
I am the | way, - the | truth, - and the | life.

5 I will not | leave - you | comfortless,
I will | come — | un - to | you.

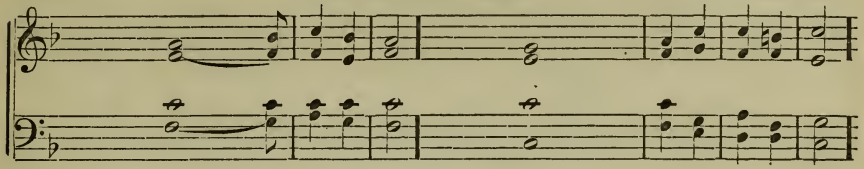
CHANT 15. *"Now unto God."*



765.

Now unto God, our Father, the | God - of | grace, For the power of his Spirit | and - the | love - of | Christ,
Be glory in the Church through | out - all | ages, World | with - out | end. - A | men.

CHANT 16. *"Bless the Lord, O my soul!"* FITZHERBERT AND HAYES.



766.

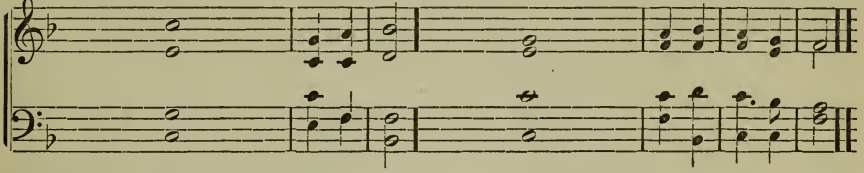
1 BLESS the Lord, | O - my | soul!
And all that is within me, | praise - his | ho - ly | name. 2

3 Who forgiveth | all - thy | sins,
And | healeth - all | thine - in | firmities. 4

5 The Lord is full of com | passion - and | mercy,
Long-suffering, | and - of | great — | goodness. 6

7 For as the heaven is high a | bove - the | earth,
So great is his mercy toward | them - that | fear — | him. 8

9 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in | vis - i | ble, The | on - ly | wise — | God, 10



2 Bless the Lord, | O - my | soul!
And for | get - not | all - his | benefits. 3

4 Who saveth thy | life - from de | struction,
And crowneth thee with | mercy - and | lov - ing | kindness. 5

6 He hath not dealt with us | after - our | sins,
Nor rewarded us ac | cording - to | our - in | iquities. 7

8 As far as the east is | from - the | west,
So far hath he removed | our - trans | gres - sions | from us. 9

10 Be | honor - and | glory For | ever - and | ever. - A | men.

767. *"Holy, holy, holy."*

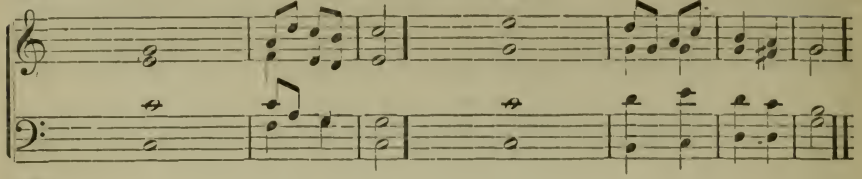
1 Holy, holy, holy | Lord - God Al | mighty,
Which was, and | is, - and | is - to | come.

2 Thou art worthy, O Lord! to receive glory and | hon - or and | power; [ated.
For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they | are - and | were - cre |

3 Worthy is the | Lamb - that was | slain, [blessing.
To receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and | honor - and | glory - and |

4 Blessing and honor and | glory - and | power
Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb - for | ever - and | ever.
[A | men.

CHANT 17. *"I was glad when they said."*



768.

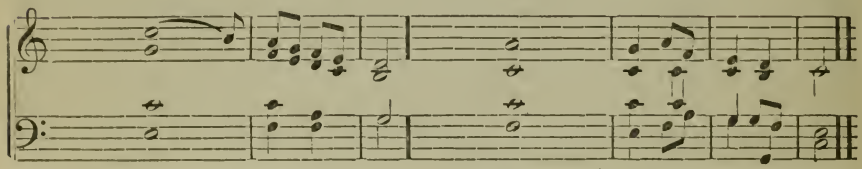
1 I WAS glad when they|said - unto|me,
Let us go|into - the|house - of the|Lord. 2

3 Whither the tribes go up, the|tribes - of the|Lord,
According to the law of Israel, to give|thanks un - to the|name - of the|Lord. 4

5 Pray for the|peace - of Je|rusalem:
They shall|pros - per|that - love|thee. 6.

7 For my brethren and com|pan - ions'|sakes,
I will|now - say,|Peace - be with|in thee. 8

9 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in|vis - i|ble,
The|on - ly|wise —|God,



2 Our feet shall stand within thy|gates, - O Je|rusalem!
Jerusalem is builded as a city that|is - com|pact - to|gether. 3

4 For there are set|thrones - of|judgment,
The|thrones - of the|house - of|David. 5

6 Peace be with|in - thy|walls,
And pros|peri - ty with|in thy|palaces. 7

8 Because of the house of the|Lord - our|God,
I will|seek, - will|seek - thy|good. 9

10 Be|honor - and|glory
For|ev - er and|ever. - A|men.

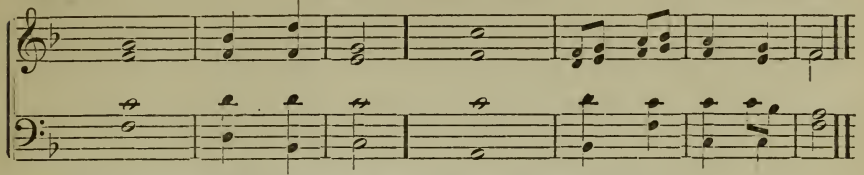
769.

"God so loved the world."

1 GOD so loved the world, that he gave his|only be - gotten|Son,
That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but|have - ever|last - ing|life

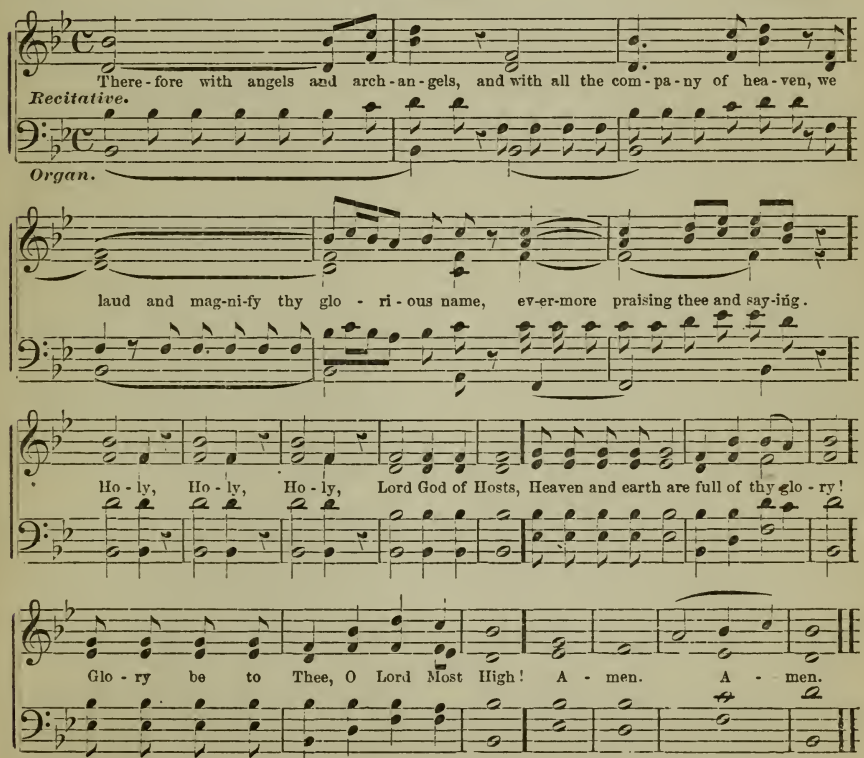
2 For God sent not his Son into the world to con|demn - the|world
But that the world|through - him|might - be|saved.

CHANT 18. *"Blessed are the poor in spirit."* CHARLES KING.



770.
1 Blessed are the | poor - in | spirit: For | theirs - is the | kingdom - of | heaven.
2 Blessed are | they - that | mourn: For | they - shall be | com — | forted.
3 Blessed | are - the | meek: For | they - shall in | herit - the | earth.
4 Blessed are they which do hunger and | thirst - after | righteousness: For | they - shall | be — | filled
5 Blessed are the | mer - ci | ful: For | they - shall ob | tain — | mercy.
6 Blessed are the | pure - in | heart: For | they - shall | see — | God.
7 Blessed | are - the | peace-makers: For they shall be | called - the | children - of | God. heaven
8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteous - ness | sake: For | theirs - is the | kingdom - of

771. **TRISAGION.** R. TAYLOR.



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